THE

GLEANER:

A SERIES OF

PERIODICAL ESSAYS;

SELECTED AND ARRANGED FROM

SCARCE OR NEGLECTED VOLUMES,

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES,

BY

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——— apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum. HOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

THE

GLEANER.

No. XLVIII.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Dîs plura feret. Nil cupientium
Nudus castra peto.———

———Rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti.

HORAT.

Since the firm mind that curbs desires,
Far happier gifts from heaven await,
I fly where temperance inspires.———

Him, purest happiness attends,
Who heaven's distinguish'd gifts employs
With steadfast wisdom to the noblest ends.

BOSCAWEN.

IT is observed in the life of the famous Dr. More, that by a constant adherence to one temperate and regular course of diet and exercise, he fitted and prepared his body to be an assistant to his mind in contemplative studies: till

at length the evil tendency of nature was almost entirely subdued, and his appetites were no otherwise perceived by him than by their admonition for his necessary corporal refreshment, and their assistance of his elevated conceptions. His passions were refined by his virtues, his virtues were strengthened by his passions: the vivacity of his imagination gave life to the solidity of his judgment; and in the same manner, his corporal functions coincided so willingly with the rectitude of his thoughts, that the body never led the mind astray, nor did the mind need to exert a painful sovereignty over the body.

Perhaps the author of this account may have carried the point too far; but though such a union of intellectual and sensual pleasure may not be found in extreme perfection, it is certainly probable, and even actual, in a degree. So close a union must have been designed by providence for wise purposes, and happy effects; and even in this life the energy of religion, the prevalence of custom, and the watchfulness of a well-disposed mind, may produce such a harmony in the human frame, as may soften the cares of this life, and lift both soul and body into most delightful foretastes of a better. Our bodies are no other than temples of the Divine

Grace, where, if good thoughts and pious intentions be the assistant priests, and the fire of devotion still kept alive (though perhaps not always vigorously burning), the Almighty Being will condescend to inhabit corruption, and carnal affection shall vanish in the brightness of his presence; and the body, purified and illuminated, shall assist the soul in her sublime speculations and righteous dealings: and if the body must be thought an incumbrance by that spark of divinity still longing for releasement, it will be such a one, as will, by the weight it adds to the zealous traveller, increase his merit, and double his reward.

Intellectual pleasure is in vain pursued, till the passions and appetites are brought under proper restraints. The thinking faculty can have no true satisfaction in examining, comparing, and surveying her own attainments, till the prospect within is cleared from the disagreeable views which vice and depravity raise; till these are removed, she flies from her own reflections; science but increases her dismay, and solitude (the nurse and parent of true speculative felicity) but gives light to the shocking scene.

To look [illegible]ur bodies as enemies to our peace, would be ingratitude to the wise and good Author of them: to cherish them as friends or in-

dulge them as favourites, would be destructive of our own spiritual advantage. They are, in short, such as we ourselves make them: it is in the power of temperance, attention, and resolution to correct them into promoters, and of luxury, negligence, and instability to soothe them into destroyers, of our real happiness.

The senses are the wings of contemplation; we see the present operations of providence, we hear the mighty works of God to them who lived in the days before us, we feel his mercies to ourselves, and the very means by which we observe his goodness are the immediate gifts of it.

In pursuance of this union of sense and understanding we are to take proper care of our health, in justice to both these faculties; but particularly that we may enjoy the contemplations of the latter in their full perfection. Sickness and pain disturb and cloud their beauty, and distract the sobriety of reflection. If God should see fit to afflict us with weakness and anguish of body, he will undoubtedly make allowance for the disturbance they occasion; but we have additional guilt to account for, if, by our own debaucheries or want of care, we throw ourselves into a state of torment or dispiritedness, and consequently into an incapacity for

religious duties; embittering with pain of our own procuring those last moments in which we have the greatest occasion for tranquillity, to call to our sober and serious reflexion the things in which we have offended.

THE STUDENT, vol. i. p. 15.

No. XLIX.

Quod si corporis gravioribus morbis vitæ jucunditas impeditur, quanto magis animi morbis impediri necesse est!

CICERO.

But if intellectual happiness be interrupted by the diseases of the body, how much more is it broken in upon by those which vitiate the mind!

JUCUNDITAS VITÆ, in the motto of this paper, must be understood to signify that noble and refined felicity of the soul, which arises from intellectual pleasure; if we apprehend it in any other sense, the assertion contained in the sentence is by no means true; since sensual pleasure is rather advanced and augmented by that depravity of mind, through which her votary beholds his vicious pursuits under the appearance of real good. A deviation from virtue is indeed the great and most dangerous disease of the soul, by whose influence she loses the delicacy of her original frame, and becomes inured to those habits, which are destructive of her real happiness and the design of her creation.

In the former essay, notice was taken of the advantages which the soul may derive from the

subordinate assistance of the body; it was then observed, that unbridled appetites, and pain and sickness, throw the mind off from her bias, interrupt her contemplations, and make her unfit for the delight arising from the cool and undisturbed enjoyment of the intellect. In the present paper I shall just hint some reflections upon those more frequent and more invincible obstacles, which the soul meets with from the intellectual faculties themselves, in which I suppose the passions to be ingrafted and established.

The specific difference, between the nature of the soul and that of the body, naturally puts the former something upon its guard against the snares of the latter. It is indeed too true, they frequently are united, and the divine spark within us is oppressed and almost extinguished by the sensual mixture it receives from our mortal mass; yet, for the most part, reason and appetite maintain some little struggle; the understanding disdains to give up all her dignity, and is victorious after many repulses. The danger is infinitely greater from the soul herself: when her own faculties begin to taint and be corrupted, when the passions swell themselves into vices, and when the power of thinking corrupts itself by remaining too much within, and not

soaring upwards to those divine regions from whence she had her own original. Celestial contemplation is to the soul, what the air of one's native country is to the body, and invigorates it when all other remedies fail. It is an exercise which performs, in its divine excursions, the same service to the intellect, that walking or riding performs to the animal spirits, increasing their force, improving their operations, and ennobling their nature. The soul, which never thus exerts its powers, returns too frequently upon herself, stagnates for want of her natural and proper nourishment; passions and inclinations at random, whether good or evil, engross her attention, and the body becomes their counsellor and assistant.

The mind, when improved, brightened and dignified by exalted speculations, will have an influence upon our bodies, from whose union in the cause of religion and virtue intellectual pleasure arises. Her operations are not confined to things "above the visible diurnal sphere;" but, like the sun, illuminates every subject, and is then in her highest degree of perfection, when she can assimilate the objects she considers to her own nature.

Purity of heart, and benevolence of temper, are the only means of attaining this happy

turn of thought. The one comprehends those speculations which relate to heavenly operations, the attributes of God, and the survey of his mercies, which none but the pure in heart can conceive or relish: and to them these divine perfections unfold their charms with even additional lustre, as the rays of the sun increase their force when collected in a mirror of crystal. By the other we enjoy those more congenial subjects of intellectual pleasure, which arise from events within our common observation, the prosperity of our friends (for our own is too interested to deserve the name), the virtues we observe in others, the composure of the state, the fertility of the earth, and the operations of nature. But it will not be ever in our power to follow either of these ways, till we can gain that noble triumph over our passions, which Sir Thomas Brown so touchingly describes in his Christian Morals; "till anger walks hanging down the head, till malice goes manacled, and envy fettered after us, till we lead our own captivity captive, and are Cæsars within ourselves."

When this conquest is gained, the pleasures of the intellect will open to our view a new world of beauties, satisfying our thirst of knowledge, and demanding our attention; equally

solid and substantial in our serious, pleasing and entertaining in our gayer hours. We shall not be then indebted to a combination of events, or the actions of others, for our happiness; but every observation, every incident, will increase the stock of our contemplations; we shall be pleased with the successful opening of a flower, and behold with refined pleasure a field waving with grain, though the ground belongs to another: the success of the virtuous will put us in humour with this world, while the prosperity of the wicked will naturally incline the stream of our thoughts towards a better. The same turn of reflection, which thus collects all the scattered and (by themselves) inconsiderable advantages of life into a regular system of felicity, will likewise disperse all disagreeable circumstances, and reduce them to nothing by dividing their forces.

STUDENT, vol. i. p. 220.

The perusal of these papers on intellectual pleasure brings to my recollection the philosophic enthusiasm of Akenside:

> Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and heaven!)
> The living fountains in itself contains
> Of beauteous and sublime:—to man alone
> Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye
> To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
> The sacred laws of action and of will,
> Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
> And temperance from folly.

No. L.

——— Gemitus lachrymabilis imo
Auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad aures.
VIRGIL.

——— From the tomb I hear
A hollow groan, that shock'd my trembling ear.
PITT.

PRODIGUS was left by his father in possession of a large estate well-conditioned, but by his continued extravagances had greatly impaired it. At one time particularly a considerable sum was wanted; the only resource left was to fell a sufficient number of trees that grew in a wood near the mansion-house. Among the rest an old venerable oak was marked out to fall a victim to his owner's necessities. The youth stood by with a secret satisfaction while the labourers were preparing to give the fatal stroke. But lo, a hollow murmuring was heard within the trunk, and the oak (or, if you will, the Hamadryad that inhabited it) spoke distinctly in the following manner:

"My young master,

"Your great grandfather planted me when

he was much about your age; and though he intended me perhaps for the use of his posterity, yet I cannot help repining at my present usage. I am the ancientest tree in all the forest, and have largely contributed by my products to the peopling of it: I therefore think some respect due to my services, if none to my years. Though I cannot well remember your great grandfather, I with pleasure recollect with what favour your grandfather used to treat me. Your father too was not neglectful of me; many a time has he rested under my hospitable shade when fatigued with the sultry heat of the weather, or sheltered himself from an unexpected shower. You was always his darling, and if the wrinkles of old age have not quite obliterated it, you may trace your name in several places cut out on my bark; for this was his constant amusement whenever with me.

"Nobleness of descent, I know, signifies nothing in a tree, or else I could boast of as noble sap in me as any tree in England: for I came from that oak which is so famous for the preservation of King Charles. I have often with pleasure supplied your whole household with leaves, and with pride I can tell you, that you yourself have worn some of my broadest and most flourishing, properly gilded, on that occasion.

"But I do not mention this as an inducement for you to spare me; I could fall without regret, if it were to do any real service to my master. If I were designed to repair your old mansion house by supplying the place of my rotten predecessors, or to furnish materials for your tenants' ploughs, carts, and the like, I could still be useful to my owner. But to be trucked away for vile gold, which perhaps is to satisfy the demand of some honourable cheat, to be subservient to luxury, or to stop the importunities of some profligate madam, is more than a tree of any spirit can bear.

"Your ancestors, I fancy, never thought of what havoc you would make among their woods. 'Twas a pleasure to be a tree while they lived; we old ones were honoured and caressed by them, and young ones were continually springing up around us. But now we must all fall without distinction, and the rooks in a short time will not find a branch to roost on. Yet, why should we complain? all your old country friends are equally neglected; your farms and your manors have almost all followed you to London already, and we must take the same journey. Indeed, while your father was contented to wear a plain drugget, this was needless; but my young

squire's coat must be laced, and it is but reasonable we should pay the expense. For what is a tree worth while standing? and what signifies who comes after you? Why should an heir pinch himself or grudge any expenses, while there is a bit of timber on the estate?

"You know an old tree loves to prate; and therefore you will excuse me if I have been too free with my tongue. 'Twas not, I assure you, to preserve my old trunk, which must otherwise soon decay of itself, that I opened my mouth: I was in hopes that advice from an oak might make more impression than any animate being can give. My brothers of Dodona, you may remember, were often consulted; and why should a British tree be denied the free liberty of speech?

"By this time, I fancy, you are heartily tired of my harangue, and wish me to return to my dumbness again. I will not detain you any longer than to make one petition. You will, I am afraid, have too much reason to remember me when I am dead and gone! all I beg of you now is, if I must fall, to send me with the rest of my brethren to Plymouth, to be thence transported to one of his majesty's docks. Whatever ship I have the honour to be employed in, they

may depend on my firmness and integrity; in a word, I shall fall with pleasure, if I fall to serve my country."

The reader, I suppose, would be glad to know what was the consequence of this speech. He will doubtless imagine it had such an effect on the mind of the young fellow, as induced him not only to spare the old tree, but to reform his evil courses. Shall I tell him the truth? Why our Prodigus heard all that was said without any concern; and as soon as the oak had done speaking, he ordered his workmen to proceed. When immediately, as Virgil has it,—

—— Ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant,
Eruere agricolæ certatim: illa usque minatur,
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat;
Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta, supremum
Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam.

ÆNEID II. 627.

STUDENT, vol. i. p. 12.

No. LI.

Adfirmabant autem, quod essent soliti stato die ante lucem convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere secum invicem: seque sacramento non in scelus aliquod obstringere, sed ne furta, ne latrocinia, ne adulteria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, ne depositum appellati abnegarent.

PLINIUS TRAJANO.

They affirmed that they met on a certain stated day before it was light, and addressed themselves in a form of prayer to Christ, as to some god: binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for the purposes of any wicked design, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor deny a trust when they should be called upon to deliver it up.

MELMOTH.

HONOUR, like happiness, though universally discoursed of, has never yet been justly defined. It is a kind of chameleon, which assumes a different colour in different situations. In a woman it is chastity, and in a soldier valour. While we endeavour to ascertain its properties, it rises in a new shape; we are going perhaps to draw its picture from the heart of a hero, and it catches our eyes in the delicacy of a Clarissa: till, at last, wearied with observing its operations through so many characters, we give up the pursuit without ever losing sight of the game.

I own it an arduous undertaking to attempt

fixing this volatile spirit; to venture upon a subject where so many have been bewildered; and to attempt in an essay the nature of a science which is the darling of the polite and gay, and has been long an enigma to the learned and contemplative.

How much shall I disappoint the men of gallantry without reason, of daring without courage, of nice punctilio without common decency,—the women of exactness in their play-debts without charity to their neighbours,—and all the other votaries of false honour, when I presume to affirm that the principle of true honour is religion! When honour is established upon this foundation, it strikes its root into the very centre, and extends its branches to heaven. Its ornaments are intrinsically valuable, and its essential properties lovely and engaging. The solid excellences of virtue are adorned with all the graces that affability and true politeness can bestow; and those graces of affability and politeness are confirmed and made durable by the more important excellences of virtue.

To prove that real honour has its rise from religion, we need only consider those points in which the nicety of it is allowed to be more particularly conspicuous: and if these are all naturally contained in religion when improved

to their highest perfection, it must necessarily follow, that religion certainly comprehends honour in its most refined state; or in other words, that honour is then most real and illustrious, when it has religion for its basis.

Among the efforts of honour, there is none more universally admired than the noble fortitude of the hero, who maintains his post against the united force and artifice of his enemy; who prefers his character of intrepidity to the preservation of his life; and though many opportunities might offer of retaining the one by abandoning the other, chooses rather to fall valiantly in the station where his military duty has placed him, than to lengthen out a life without glory, and gradually fall into oblivion, even sooner than into the grave.—Such a behaviour is undoubtedly brave: it has honour for its constituent, and justly exalts the name of the person who can exert it.

But how mean does even this behaviour appear, when laid in the scale against the resolved and uniform Christian, firm against persecution, wary against temptation, and superior to contempt! who maintains the post his Creator has given him, not against men, spears, chariots, and horses, not against human policy and perishable weapons (for these are scarce worthy of

being mentioned as important circumstances in his warfare), but against thrones, dominations, and powers; against a vicious world, and the legions led forth by the prince of darkness; against lusts and passions, against pleasures more formidable than danger, and more insinuating than the wiles of the most refined statesman. How much greater is his fortitude, how much more exalted his principles of honour!

Is it justly believed that honour is amiably and nobly exerted, when the innocent and beautiful virgin preserves by unshaken resolution the native innocence of her heart; when neither persuasion nor deceit, neither force nor negligence, can influence her to violate the unspotted temple of her bosom?—More, much more justly should that principle of religion be applauded, which preserves that original purity of the soul in which she delights; which flourishes against more than a lover or a ravisher; against every corrupt inclination, against the depraved appetites which nature herself implants; against even the appearance of vice; and which is itself the parent and cause of every virtue which she defends.

Is Apicius esteemed a man of strict honour, because he is punctual to his promises; because he is scrupulous in paying his debts, and rigo-

rously just in discharging the duties of his station? The pious man certainly has a much greater claim to that character in so diligently acting the part he owes to creation, and in the most refined sense paying his debts to nature, while he considers that the universe has a claim to the industry of each individual, and that he was sent into the world to advance the felicity of it.

The duke De la Rochefoucault calls Honour the good sense of pride. But it surely is giving it a much higher encomium to say it is the picture of Religion; a transcript of her excellences without her name affixed, and whose value is alone derived from its resemblance to that original;—a beam of her light which will penetrate into hearts not purified enough to imbibe all her rays; a polish which prepares the human breast for reflecting her power more strongly when it shall be more enlarged.—That Honour, in a word, is a well-cut jewel which exhibits different dyes, but all beautiful, in different positions; but that religion is the sun which gives every one of them its colour and radiancy.

STUDENT, vol. i. p. 46.

No. LII.

An allegory should be like a veil over a beautiful face, so fine and transparent as to shew the very charms it covers.

POPE.

In that infancy of the world, which the poets have styled the golden age; when every meadow wore a perpetual verdure, and honey dropped from every oak; when the language of each swain was constancy and love, and the eyes of his shepherdess spoke nothing but compliance; when, like the trees under which they sat, the blossoms of benevolence budded in all their looks, and, at the same time, the fruits of it ripened in all their actions; the gods themselves would often condescend to visit the earth, and share with mankind that happiness which they gave them. Apollo then would have thought it no punishment to tend the herds of Admetus; nor would Vulcan, though banished from heaven, have regretted any thing but his lameness. One evening, as the former of these deities was wandering through Cyprus, he met by chance with the goddess of the place; when, the season and the country inspiring him with love, he eloquently urged his amorous suit. She, being under no engagements to the latter, heard him

not undelighted; and, as she was utterly unacquainted with the artful coyness and reluctant delays of the moderns,

> ——— to a myrtle bower
> He led her nothing loth.
>
> MILTON.

The fruits of this interview were two girls; the eldest of whom inheriting the vivacity, sprightliness, and sense of Apollo, was called Wit. When the youngest grew up, the resemblance she bore to Venus was so striking, that it was difficult to distinguish them; and her bloom was so fresh, her complexion so clear, and all her features so completely regular, that, in a full assembly of the gods, it was unanimously agreed to call her Beauty. After what has been said, it may be needless to add, that Wit was the father's favourite, and Beauty the mother's. Wit, by her ready jokes and innocent pleasantry, would frequently extort a smile from Jupiter himself; not but that she would sometimes carelessly play with her father's arrows, to the no small hazard of wounding herself and those that were near her. This, joined to a mischievous disposition, made her narrowly watched by her parents, and Venus was often obliged to confine her to her own dressing-room; which however was no great punishment to her, as she there enjoyed

the company of Beauty, these sisters being no less twins by inclination than by birth; for it was observed that Beauty was always most agreeable and shone to greatest advantage when Wit was by; and Wit herself found her pleasantry much more relished when it was uttered in the presence of Beauty. The latter (as we hinted before) was always in waiting at her mother's toilet, as none of her attendants were so skilled in the fashions, or knew so well what head-dress suited her best, or where a patch would be most becoming. Wit, on the contrary, was so entirely ignorant of all these essentials, as sometimes to appear in a gown of her great grand-mother Cybele's; was, in short, a very sloven, and had so little regard to the female minutiæ or delicacies of dress, that Venus used often to tell her, Nature had mistaken her sex.

Thus Beauty and Wit led for many years a life of tranquillity and happiness among the gods; not but that sometimes the charms of a mortal would induce them to visit the earth. But at last Beauty grew so vain and conceited of her charms, as openly to jeer at the other goddesses, and once proceeded so far as to call Diana a homely prude. Wit too was so flippant with her tongue, as to transgress the bounds which Pallas (who had taken a sort of fancy to

the girl) had often prescribed her; nor was she a scrupulous observer of truth, being prevailed on by a female friend called Slander, to insinuate to Jupiter an unlikely story of a blind Grecian (in reality a gallant of her own) who, she told him, had been intimate with all the Muses. Many other complaints of this kind being daily made, he at length banished them both from Olympus.

Being sentenced to dwell for ever on the earth, long they wandered about uncertain where they should settle. At last, through some misunderstanding, the sisters parted. Wit lived for sometime very happily in Greece, till the fruitfulness of the soil and mildness of the climate invited her over to Italy. There too she dwelt, still pleased and pleasing; till the irruption of the Goths, and the desire of seeing her sister, obliged her to remove. After travelling long in search of Beauty, she arrived at an Island in the North, where, agreeable to her wishes, at length she found her. She found her indeed, but in a situation she by no means approved of, surrounded by a crowd of admirers; and, being taken with a splendid outside, of all the addresses she seemed most to encourage those of a glittering coxcomb, called Wealth. In spite of her sister's remonstrances, she married him. But though

they were as unhappy as Wit had foreseen they would be, yet, as they had a numerous progeny, she consented to undertake the care of the sons, while Beauty had an eye to the education of the daughters. But she, being desirous of marrying them to some sons that Wealth had by his former wife Vanity, attended only to their dress, their shape, and their air, and withal grew so fond of them, that they would certainly have been spoiled, if she had not prevailed on her sister to undertake their management too. She, leaving to Beauty their outward accomplishments, applied herself to the improvement of their minds; to Beauty they owed their natural endowments, to Wit their acquired ones; to the former they were indebted for the symmetry of their features, to the latter (assisted by Pallas) for the delicacy of their tastes. And even in their old age, when their mother had entirely abandoned them, Wit still continued to render them amiable by the help of her handmaid Good-humour, who smoothed every wrinkle, diffused over their faces a youthful bloom, and made them beloved, even in the decline of life, for sweetness of temper and affability of manners, enlivened with easy cheerfulness and innocent mirth.

STUDENT, vol. i. p. 361.

No. LIII.

——— *Vestemque relinquere, ut anguis*
Gauderet, prælonga senex aut cornua cervus.
LUCRETIUS.

Charm'd to throw off its vesture, like the snake,
Or like the stag his antlers, and be free.
GOOD.

THE brightness of the morning yesterday tempted me to enjoy it in the open air, out of the dirt and bustle of this busy town, and free from the intervention of that dusky cloud which the smoke of so many thousand chimneys continually spreads over its whole extent. It was about noon when I arrived at Kensington gardens; and it will not be easy to persuade those who had not this opportunity of feeling it, how warm, how enlivening the sun-beams were, or how evidently universal nature acknowledged and rejoiced in it.

The birds that had been silent for five whole months, now perched on the naked branches of the trees, looked up with a kind of joyful adoration to their enlivening deity, and began to plume themselves in his presence, and try their unaccustomed throats in songs of praise to him: the very boughs on which they stood, seemed to

disclaim their late dead, withered state; and swelling out in ten thousand buds, promised soon to meet his radiance with a more cheerful aspect: the little lambs that had hitherto, since their very birth, known no enjoyment beyond the supplying the calls of nature from the cold wet herbage, now seemed to feel new motions in their blood, and new ideas with them; and by a thousand antic friskings joined in the general joy.

I was contemplating all this from the side of the bason, and had afterwards occasionally turned my eye upon the liquid plane, and viewed, through it, the various things it covered: it was somewhat long before this thicker colder medium transmitted the influence that had invigorated the inhabitants of the air; but by degrees, the soul of nature, the Promethean universal fire, made its way through this obstacle.

It was with infinite satisfaction that I traced the gradation of this pleasing effect: I cast my eye upon the shallow part of the bason, where the fluid was most influenced; the sun darted his glowing beams uninterrupted on this spot, and soon began to triumph in the success of his influence. The smooth surface of the bottom began to elate itself in bubbles, and quickly after to send up parts of its green coat, with every rising bladder of detached air. These

were continued in long filaments to the surface, where the bubble that had raised them burst its watery shell, and mingled in the common expanse: the fibre which had marked its course remaining; and, with its congenial attendants, forming what the blind naturalist shall investigate as a plant, and trace in it imaginary organs.

The real plants, expanded flat upon the level surface, now began to rear their rough leaves, and their numbed branches; they rose to meet the cause of their new life at the surface, and to kindle into genial warmth to propagate their species.

The surface of the dusky floor, now naked, exposed more immediately to the influence of this inspiring deity, began soon after to disclose beings of a higher rank; myriads of worms were seen unwinding their coiled forms, and tossing their sportive tails about in wantonness and revelry; whole series of creatures, whose torpid state had before rendered them undistinguishable from the mud they lay among, began to expand their little limbs, and creep or swim, or emerge above the surface.

As I was contemplating the opening scene, I could not but persuade myself that the source of the Egyptian enthusiasm, all that had given

rise to their fabled stories of the production of animals from the mud of the Nile, was now before me; and I pitied those, who, instead of adoring the First Cause of all things, believed in the mad doctrines of equivocal generation; or, looking up to his great minister the sun, adored the instrument, instead of paying the rational tribute of their praise to him who employed it.

As I was ruminating on this, a little creature of a peculiar form and singular beauty rose from the surface of the mud; and soon after began to vibrate its leafy tail, to play the several rings of an elegantly constructed body, and to poise six delicate legs, as if to try whether they were fit for use; numbers of others followed it, and in a few minutes all that part of the water seemed peopled only by this species.

I was ravished with delight at the joy I saw these creatures take in their new animated beings, and was offering an honest silent praise to him whose unlimited benevolence had created so many happy beings, and who had created them only to be happy; when a hungry fish, allured by the prospect of so full a repast, left his companions, and throwing himself among the insects, like a hungry tiger into a sheep-fold, destroyed, and gorged them by numbers at a time.

Of the multitude that were now scattered to

every part of the adjacent space, I luckily cast my eye upon a cluster that had sheltered themselves together under the leaves of a tall plant, part of which was immersed in the water, part emerged above its surface; one of this number, allured by the warm rays, rose higher up the plant, came boldly out of the water, and basked in the more free sun-beams under the open air.

The plant was near the shore, and I determined to watch the motions of this little adventurous animal. It had not stood long exposed to the full radiance of the sun, when it seemed on the point of perishing under his too strong heat: its back had suddenly burst open lengthwise; but what was my astonishment, while I was pitying the unhappy insect, to see, as the opening enlarged, a creature wholly unlike the former arising from within it! A very beautiful fly, by degrees, disengaged itself from this reptile case, and left behind it only a thin skin that had been its covering.

Such is, undoubtedly, the production of the butterfly from the silk-worm, and from all the caterpillar tribe: the pretended metamorphosis of these creatures is but the child of error and ignorance in the observers; and the caterpillar is no more than the future fly, covered by a peculiar case, and preserved from injuries in it,

till its wings, and every other part of its delicate frame are in a condition to bear the impulse of the sun and air naked.

The new-born inhabitant of the air would now have been suffocated, in an instant, by the element in which it had before so long lived and enjoyed itself: it carefully avoided it; it first tried its newly disentangled legs, and gained by these the summit of the herb; to it, a towering pine: the sun, which at first seemed to create it, in its reptile state, out of the mud, now seemed to enlarge its wings; they unfolded as they dried, and at length shewed their silky structure perfect and bright; the creature now began to quiver them in various degrees of elevation and depression, and at length employed them to their destined purpose, launching at once into the sea of air, and sporting in the wide expanse with unrestrained jollity and freedom.

Happiest of thy race! said I; how would thy brother insects envy thee, could they imagine what was now thy state! safe from the danger of the devouring fly; delivered from the cold wet element they live in, and free as the very air thou wantonest about in! I had scarce finished my ejaculation, when a sudden cloud came on; the sun's face was obscured, the air

grew chill, and a storm of hail came rattling down upon the water.

The newly animated swarms of reptiles instantly plunged to their original inactivity in the mud again; forgot the transient pleasures of the last half hour; and waited in tranquillity the more favourable season. These were now safe and at ease; but, alas! what was my concern to see the little volatile I had before thought an object of their envy, destroyed by the first falling of the frozen rain, and floating dead upon its watery bier.

The storm, that had been fatal to this unhappy creature, sent me from the scene of its destruction, ruminating on the various turns of fate below, and determined never to be insolent in prosperity; never to triumph over my friend or neighbour, because some favourable event has happened to me; but to remember, in every occurrence of that flattering kind, that the poor fly, who knew not how his peculiar fortune came about, foresaw not to what ruin he alone was exposed.

THE INSPECTOR, No. 5.

This is the first of several essays on Natural History, and more particularly on Entomology, by Sir John Hill; and which form, by far, the most valuable portion of the Inspector: they are, indeed, written with peculiar elegance and spirit.

"Insects may be classed into four tribes. Those who

have no wings, and creep about till they die. Those who have wings, but so cased up when produced from th· egg, that they cannot be seen. The third, those of the m .h and butterfly kind, who have four wings, and a mealy substance of various colours. The fourth, those which come from a worm instead of a caterpillar, and yet go through changes similar with moths and butterflies, but have not the mealy substance. To which may be added, a fifth order, the zoophytes, which may be propagated by dissection; such as the polypus, the earth-worm, and all the varieties of the sea-nettle.

" Most insects pass through a variety of transmigrations, and assume the form of two or three living creatures successively, which bear no resemblance or affinity. In issuing from the egg, they are generally little worms, and nothing more; some with, and others without feet. The former take care of themselves; the latter are properly lodged by their parents. Several of them cast off their old skins, and assume new ones; then change them again and again at certain periods. All of them, who undergo a transformation, pass through an intermediate state, called chrysalis, nymph, cone, or bean. The minute worm, ceasing to eat, encloses itself in a sort of tomb, or little monument. There, under a cover which preserves its surprising delicacy from all injury, it is again conceived, and born again. Their last state is when they arise out of their dormitory, and become flying insects. It was long imagined, indeed, that an insect actually dies at the time of its transformation. It is a living creature, however, furnished with every member suitable to its nature; though it bears no manner of resemblance to a winged animal that is substituted in its room. Although it divests itself of its most essential parts, it yet does not inevitably die. The deprivation of the parts does not necessarily imply the ruin of the whole. A living embryo, however, they acknowledge, is contained in the preceding animal.

" Individual animation is, in all these cases, unquestionably preserved. But the phænomena of transformation are not,

in fact, simply confined to change of appearance. The fabric, indeed, of the body, the instruments of motion, and the organic system in general, is changed. But, though the animal retains its identity, there is, I confess, a diversity in its manners and propensities. In the caterpillar state, those animals are extremely voracious, and, in many instances, acquire a greater magnitude than they possess after transformation; but they are incapable of multiplying their species, and of receiving nourishment from the same kind of food. Flies who now live upon the nectareous juices of fruits and flowers, in their first state, fed upon putrescency. Some caterpillars, previous to their transformation, live even in a different element. The ephemeron fly, when in the caterpillar state, lives no less than three years in the water. After transformation, this animal seldom exists longer than one day, during which the species is propagated, and myriads of eggs are deposited on the surface of the water.

"An insect that must cast off its exuvia, or moult, five times before it attains the pupa state, may be considered as composed of five organised bodies, enclosed within each other, and nourished by common viscera, placed in the centre: what the bud of the tree is to the invisible buds it contains, such is the exterior part of the caterpillar, or larva, to the interior bodies it contains in its bosom. Four of these have the same essential substance, namely that which is peculiar to the insect in its larva state: the fifth is that of the pupa. The caterpillar is really the moth, crawling, eating, and spinning under the form of the worm; and the pupa is only the moth swathed up. There are not three selves, nor three persons, but the same individual, who feels, sees, tastes, and acts by different organs, at different periods of its life, having sensations and wants at one time, which it has not at another. It, in short, becomes successively the inhabitant of two or three worlds: and how great the diversity of its operations in these various abodes!"

SULIVAN'S VIEW OF NATURE, vol. iii. p. 272. 280, et seq.

No. LIV.

Where the bee sucks
There lurk I. ——

SHAKSPEARE.

THE noblest employment of the mind of man is the contemplating the works of his Creator: in the face of nature we see his power, his wisdom, his beneficence, in pages written by his own eternal hand; in characters legible to every eye; and stamped with proof of all that they assert.

The man who falls into this happy turn of observation, sees his Creator in every object that occurs to him; the vilest weed, the meanest insect, as the vulgar term them, to him are incontestable evidences of the greatest of all truths; and his life is one continued act of adoration.

I am led into these observations by objects no more striking than the structure of a common flower, and the employment of an insect within its little cavity. I had the pleasure to attend yesterday a very amiable and worthy friend to his villa at a few miles distant from town; and, while the company were high in mirth over

the afternoon's bottle, slipped out of the way of an entertainment for which I have no great relish, to enjoy half an hour's sober thought, and salutary air. My eyes are always open to nature's beauties, but a person less apt to pay his attention to such objects could hardly have restrained his admiration here; an almond-tree, in the centre of the garden, presented to the eye one immense tuft of flowers, covering its whole surface. The beauty of such a glow of living purple would at any time have been an object of admiration; but at a season when every thing else is dead, when not a leaf appears on any of the vegetable world besides, but the adjoining trees seem the bare skeletons of what the summer had shewn them, it claimed a peculiar share of attention.

An inquisitive eye cannot content itself with the superficies of objects: it loves to pry into their inmost recesses, and seldom fails of a reward more than proportioned to the trouble of the research. Every one must have observed, that in all flowers there is an apparatus in the centre, different from the leafy structure of the verge, which is what strikes the eye at first sight; the threads which support the yellow heads in the centre of the rose, and those which serve as pedestals to the less numerous, but

larger, dusky black ones in the tulip, are of this kind. In the earlier ages of natural knowledge, these were esteemed no more than casual particles of matter, or the effect of a luxuriance from an abundant share of nourishment sent up to the leaves of the flower, throwing itself into these uncertain forms, as they were then esteemed. The more improved science of our times disclaims such vague ideas, disclaims the supposition of nature's having made any thing, any the slightest particle of the meanest herb, in vain; and, in consequence of researches founded on this hypothesis, has discovered that the gaudy leaves supposed by these philosophers to constitute the essence of the flower, are indeed of very little consequence in the economy of the subject; that they are placed but as a defence to the thready matter within; which, despised as it used to be, is indeed the most essential part of the whole; is that for which almost the whole has been formed, and that alone on which the continuation of the species depends. It has been found, that, of the minutest threads in this little tuft, there is not one but has its destined office, not one but joins in the common service; and that though they appear so numerous and indefinite, there is not a single flower on the whole tree but has them in the same number

to the utmost exactness, and punctually in the same situation; nor that there ever has been, or ever will be, through successive ages, a tree of the same kind, every single flower of which will not be formed with the same perfect regularity.

It was with an uncommon pleasure that I saw a confirmation of this accurate exactness in the care of providence, even in the minutest of its works, in this beautiful object; not a flower of the millions that it crowded upon the sight in every part, but contained its precise number of thirty little threads; and not one of these but had its regularly-figured head placed in the same direction on its summit, and filled with the same powder, destined for impregnating the already teeming fruit: this shewed its downy rudiments in the centre, and sent up a peculiar organ to the height of these heads, to receive the fertilising dust when they should burst, and to convey it to the very centre of the embrio, there to inform its kernel with the vegetable soul, and render it capable of shooting up into a tree of the same kind.

Such is the economy of nature in the production of these treasures; but she has usually more purposes than one to answer in the same subject. It was easy to conceive, that one of

all these little receptacles of dust might have contained enough of it for the impregnating the kernel of a single fruit, for each flower produces no more. Twenty-nine in thirty it was easy to see could not be created in vain, nor was it long before the mystery was explained to me.

The sun which shone with an uncommon warmth, for the season, and had now opened a thousand additional blossoms to the number I had first seen, led forth a bee from a neighbouring hive, who directed her course immediately to this source of plenty.

This little creature first settled on the top of one of the branches; and, for a moment, seemed to enjoy the scene as I did: she just gave me time to admire her sleek, silky coat, and glossy wings, before she plunged into a full blown blossom, and buried herself among the thready honours of the centre. She wantoned and rolled herself about, as if in ecstasy, a considerable time there; and in her motions greatly disconcerted the apparatus of the flower: the ripe heads of the thready filaments all burst, and shed a subtile yellow powder over the whole surface of the leaves, nor did the creature stop its gambols while one of them remained whole, or with any appearance of the dust in its cavity.

Tired with enjoyment, as it might naturally

have seemed, she now walked out, and appeared to have paid for the mischief she had done at the expense of strangely defiling her own downy coat. Though some of the dust from the little capsules had been spread over the surface of the flower, the far greater part of it had evidently fallen upon her own back, and been retained there among the shag of its covering.

She once more placed herself on the summit of a little twig, and soon began to clear her body of this new gathered dust. It was with great admiration that I observed the readiness with which she executed this; it was not half a minute before her whole coat was as clean and glossy as at first: and what appeared more singular was, that not a particle of the dust had fallen upon any of the flowers about her, where it must have been visible as easily as on the surface of that it was taken from.

A very laboured motion of the fore legs of the bee soon directed my eye thither, and the whole business was then immediately explained: I found she had carefully brought together every particle that she had wiped off from her body, and formed it into a mass, which she was now moulding into a firmer texture, and which she soon after delivered to the next leg, and from that, after a little moulding more, to the hinder

one, where she lodged it in a round lump in a part destined to receive it; and having thus finished her operation took wing for the hive with her load.

It appeared therefore evidently, that what had seemed sport and pastime, was business to the insect; that its rolling itself about was with intent to dislodge this yellow dust from the little cases that contained it, and that this powder, the abundance of which it was easy to perceive could not be created for the service of the plant, was destined to furnish the bee with wax to make its combs, and to serve us for a thousand purposes afterwards.

The return of this single insect to the hive, sent out a legion upon the same expedition. The tree was in an instant covered as thick almost with bees as with flowers. All these employed themselves exactly as the first had done, except that some of them being reduced to enter flowers yet hardly opened, in which the reservoirs of this waxy powder were not ripe for bursting, these were forced to take a more laborious method: it was with great satisfaction that I saw them bite open successively every one of the thirty heads in the flower, and scooping out the contents, add them to the increasing ball, that was to be carried home upon the thigh.

Such then is the purpose of nature in what might appear to us profusion in the abundant quantity of this powder: the bee wants it, though the plant does not; and the pains that animal takes to get it out, never fail to answer the purpose of impregnating the fruit, a vast quantity of it being thus scattered over the organ destined to the conveying of it thither.

The making the comb is not the only purpose to which this powder serves the bee: it is the natural food of that creature: what is lodged in the hive is eaten by the swarm, and after it has been retained in the stomach long enough to be divested of its nutritive matter, it is disgorged in a state just ready for moulding farther into real and finished wax.

Thus in the great chain of beings that we see about us, no one is created solely for itself; each is subservient to the purposes of others; each, besides the primordial office to which it is destined, assists, or is the means of good to another, perhaps to many. How great the eye that comprehends this at one view! how infinite the Wisdom that appointed it!

INSPECTOR, No. 7.

It is one great merit of true researches into the insect world, that they are usually, as in the present and preceding paper, accompanied by a well-drawn and apposite moral.

No. LV.

——— Heu plebes scelerata!

SILIUS ITALICUS.

——— O ye wicked rascallions!

It may seem strange that none of our political writers, in their learned treatises on the English constitution, should take notice of any more than three estates, namely, king, lords, and commons, all entirely passing by in silence that very large and powerful body which form the fourth estate in this community, and have been long dignified and distinguished by the name of the Mob.

And this will seem still the more strange, when we consider that many of the great writers abovementioned have most incontestably belonged to this very body.

To say precisely at what time this fourth estate began first to figure in this commonwealth, or when the footsteps of that power, which it enjoys at this day, were first laid, must appear to be a matter of the highest difficulty, perhaps utterly impossible, from that deplorable silence which I have just mentioned. Certain however it is, that at the time of the Norman conquest, and long afterwards, the condition of this es-

tate was very low and mean, those who composed it being in general called Villains; a word which did not then bear any very honourable idea, though not so bad a one, perhaps, as it hath since acquired.

The part which the fourth estate seem anciently to have claimed, was to watch over and control the other three. This, indeed, they have seldom asserted in plain words, which is possibly the principal reason why our historians have never explicitly assigned them their share of power in the constitution, though this estate have so often exercised it, and so clearly asserted their right to it by force of arms; to wit, by fists, staves, knives, clubs, scythes, and other such offensive weapons.

The first instance which I remember of this was in the reign of Richard I. when they espoused the cause of religion, of which they have been always stout defenders, and destroyed a great number of Jews.

In the same reign we have another example in William Fitz-Osborne, alias Longbeard, a stout asserter of the rights of the fourth estate. These rights he defended in the city of London, at the head of a large party, and by the force of the arms abovementioned; but was overpowered, and lost his life by the means of a wooden

machine called the gallows, which hath been fatal to the chief champions of this estate; as it was in the reign of Henry III. to one Constantine, who having, at the head of a London mob, pulled down the house of the high-steward of Westminster, and committed some other little disorders of the like kind, maintained to the chief justiciary's face, that he had done nothing punishable by law, i. e. contrary to the rights of the fourth estate. He shared however the same fate with Mr. Fitz-Osborne.

We find in this reign of Henry III. the power of the fourth estate grown to a very great height indeed; for, whilst a treaty was set on foot between that king and his barons, the Mob of London thought proper not only to insult the queen with all manner of foul language, but likewise to throw stones and dirt at her. Of which assertion of their privileges we hear no other consequence than that the king was highly displeased; and indeed it seems to be allowed by most writers, that the Mob, in this instance, went a little too far.

In the time of Edward II. there is another fact upon record, of a more bloody kind, though perhaps not more indecent: for the bishop of Exeter being a little too busy in endeavouring to preserve the city of London for the king his

master, the mob were pleased to cut his head off.

I omit many lesser instances, to come to that glorious assertion of the privileges of the Mob under the great and mighty Wat Tyler, when they not only laid claim to a share in the government, but in truth to exclude all the other estates. For this purpose, one John Staw, or Straw, or Ball, a great orator, who was let out of Maidstone-gaol by the Mob, in his harangues, told them, that as all men were sons of Adam, there ought to be no distinction; and that it was their duty to reduce all men to perfect equality. This they immediately set about; and to do it in the most effectual manner, they cut off the heads of all the nobility, gentry, clergy, &c. who fell into their hands.

With these designs they encamped in a large body at Blackheath, whence they sent a message to king Richard II. to come and talk with them, in order to settle the government; and when this was not complied with, they marched to London, and the gates being opened by their friends, entered the city, burnt and plundered the duke of Lancaster's palace, that of the archbishop, and many other great houses, and put to death all of the other three estates with whom they met, among whom were the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury and the Lord Treasurer.

The unhappy end of this noble enterprise is so well known, that it need not be mentioned. The leader being taken off by the gallantry of the Lord Mayor, the whole army, like a body when the head is severed, fell instantly to the ground; whence many were afterwards lifted to that fatal machine, which is above taken notice of.

I shall pass by the exploits of Cade and Ket, and others. I think I have clearly demonstrated, that there is such a fourth estate as the Mob, actually existing in our constitution; which, though, perhaps, for very politic reasons, they keep themselves generally, like the army of Mr. Bayes, in disguise, have often issued from their lurking-places, and very stoutly maintained their power and privileges in this community.

Nor hath this estate, or their claims, been unknown to the other three; on the contrary, we find, in our statute-books, numberless attempts to prevent their growing power, and to restrain them at least within some bounds; witness the many laws made against ribauds, roberdsmen, drawlatches, wasters, rogues, va-

grants, vagabonds; by all which, and many other names, this fourth estate hath been from time to time dignified and distinguished.

Under all these appellations they are frequently named in our law-books; but I do not perfectly remember to have seen them mentioned under the term of the fourth estate in all my reading; nor do I recollect that any legislative or judicial power is expressly allowed to belong to them. And yet, certain it is, that they have from time immemorial been used to exercise a judicial capacity in certain instances wherein the ordinary courts have been deficient for want of evidence; this being no let or hinderance to the administration of justice before the gentlemen who compose this fourth estate, who often proceed to judgment without any evidence at all. Nor must I omit the laudable expedition which is used on such occasions; their proceedings being entirely free from all those delays, which are so much complained of in other courts. I have indeed known a pickpocket arrrested, tried, convicted, and ducked almost to death, in less time than would have been consumed in reading his indictment at the Old-Bailey. These delays they avoid chiefly by hearing only one side of the question; conclud-

ing, as judge Gripus did of old, that the contrary method serves only to introduce uncertainty and confusion.

I do not however pretend to affirm any thing of the legal original of this jurisdiction. I know the learned are greatly divided in their opinions concerning this matter, or rather, perhaps, in their inclinations; some being unwilling to allow any power at all to this estate, and others as stoutly contending, that it would be for the public good to deliver the sword of justice entirely into their hands.

So prevalent hath this latter opinion grown to be of modern days, that the fourth estate have been permitted to encroach in a most prodigious manner. What these encroachments have been, and the particular causes which have contributed to them, shall be the subject of my next paper.

COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL, No. 47, June 13, 1752.

No. LVI.

Odi profanum vulgus.
HORATIUS.

I hate the Mob.

In my last paper, I have endeavoured to trace the rise and progress of the power of the fourth estate in this constitution. I shall now examine that share of power which they actually enjoy at this day, and then proceed to consider the several means by which they have attained it.

First, though this estate have not as yet claimed that right which was insisted on by the people or Mob in old Rome, of giving a negative voice in the enacting laws, they have clearly exercised this power in controlling their execution. Of this it is easy to give many instances, particularly in the case of the gin-act some years ago, and in those of several turnpikes which have been erected against the good will and pleasure of the Mob, and have by them been demolished.

In opposing the execution of such laws, they do not always rely on force; but have frequent recourse to the most refined policy: for some-

times without openly expressing their disapprobation, they take the most effectual means to prevent the carrying a law into execution; these are by discountenancing all those who endeavour to prosecute the offences committed against it.

They well know, that the courts of justice cannot proceed without informations; if they can stifle these, the law of course becomes dead and useless. The informers, therefore, in such cases, they declare to be infamous, and guilty of the crime læsæ mobilitatis. Of this, whoever is suspected (which is with them a synonymous term with convicted) is immediately punished by buffeting, kicking, stoning, ducking, bemudding, &c. in short, by all those means of putting (sometimes quite, sometimes almost) to death, which are called by that general phrase of mobbing.

It may perhaps be said, that the Mob do, even at this day, connive at the execution of some laws, which they can by no means be supposed to approve.

Such are the laws against robbery, burglary, and theft. This is, I confess, true; and I have often wondered that it is so. The reason perhaps is, the great love which the Mob have for a holiday, and the great pleasure they take

in seeing men hanged; so great, that, while they are enjoying it, they are all apt to forget, that this hereafter, in all probability, is to be their own fate.

In all these matters, however, the power of this estate is rather felt than seen. It seems indeed to be like that power of the crown in France, which Cardinal de Retz compares to those religious mysteries that are performed in the sanctum sanctorum; and which, though it be often exercised, is never expressly claimed.

In other instances, the fourth estate is much more explicit in their pretensions, and much more constant in asserting and maintaining them; of which I shall mention some of the principal.

First, they assert an exclusive right to the river of Thames. It is true, the other estate do sometimes venture themselves upon the river; but this is only upon sufferance; for which they pay whatever that branch of the fourth estate, called watermen, are pleased to exact of them. Nor are the Mob contented with all these exactions. They grumble whenever they meet any persons in a boat, whose dress declares them to be of a different order from themselves. Sometimes they carry their resentment so far, as to endeavour to run against

the boat, and overset it; but if they are too good-natured to attempt this, they never fail to attack the passengers with all kind of scurrilous, abusive, and indecent terms, which indeed they claim as their own, and call mob-language.

The second exclusive right which they insist on, is to those parts of the streets that are set apart for the foot passengers. In asserting this privilege, they are extremely rigorous; insomuch, that none of the other orders can walk through the streets by day without being insulted, nor by night without being knocked down. And the better to secure these footpaths to themselves, they take effectual care to keep the said paths always well blocked up with chairs, wheel-barrows, and every other kind of obstruction; in order to break the legs of all those who shall presume to encroach upon their privileges by walking the streets.

Here it was hoped their pretensions would have stopped, but it is difficult to set any bounds to ambition; for, having sufficiently established this right, they now begin to assert their right to the whole street, and have lately made such a disposition with their waggons, carts, and drays, that no coach can pass along without the utmost difficulty and danger. With this view we every day see them driving side by side, and

sometimes in the broader streets three a breast; again we see them leaving a cart or waggon in the midst of the street, and often set across it, while the driver repairs to a neighbouring ale-house, from the window of which he diverts himself, while he is drinking, with the mischief or inconvenience which his vehicle occasions.

The same pretensions which they make to the possession of the streets, they make likewise to the possession of the high-ways. I doubt not, I shall be told they claim only an equal right; for I know it is very usual when a carter or dray-man is civilly desired to make a little room, by moving out of the middle of the road, either to the right or left, to hear the fellow answer: "D—n your eyes, who are you? Is not the road, and be d—ned to you, as free for me as you?" Hence it will, I suppose, be inferred that they do not absolutely exclude the other estates from the use of the common high-ways. But notwithstanding this generous concession in words, I do aver their practice is different, and that a gentleman may go a voyage at sea with little more hazard than he can travel ten miles from the metropolis.

I shall mention only one claim more, and that a very new and a very extraordinary one. It is the right of excluding all women of fashion out

of St. James's Park, on a Sunday evening. This they have lately asserted with great vehemence, and have inflicted the punishment of mobbing on several ladies, who had transgressed without design, not having been apprised of the good pleasure of the mob in this point. And this I the rather publish to prevent any such transgressions for the future, since it hath already appeared, that no degree of either dignity or beauty can secure the offenders.*

Many things have contributed to raise this fourth estate to that exorbitant degree of power which they at present enjoy, and which seems to threaten to shake the balance of our constitution. I shall name only three, as these appear to me to have had much the greatest share in bringing it about.

The first is that act of parliament which was made at the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, and which I cannot help considering as a kind of compromise between the other three estates and this. By this act it was stipulated, that the fourth estate should annually receive out of the possessions of the others, a certain large proportion yearly, upon an implied condition

* A lady of great quality, and admirable beauty, was mobbed in the Park at this time.

(for no such was expressed), that they should suffer the other estates to enjoy the rest of their property without loss or molestation.

This law gave a new turn to the minds of the Mobility. They found themselves no longer obliged to depend on the charity of their neighbours, nor on their own industry for a maintenance. They now looked on themselves as joint-proprietors in the land, and celebrated their independency in songs of triumph; witness the old ballad which was in all their mouths,

> "Hang sorrow, cast away care;
> The parish is bound to find us," &c.

A second cause of their present elevation has been the private quarrels between particular members of the other estates, who, on such occasions, have done all they could on both sides to raise the power of the Mob, in order to avail themselves of it, and to employ it against their enemies.

The third and the last which I shall mention is, the mistaken idea which some particular persons have always entertained of the word liberty; but this will open too copious a subject, and shall be therefore treated in a future paper.

But before I dismiss this, I must observe,

that there are two sorts of persons of whom this fourth estate do yet stand in some awe, and whom consequently they have in great abhorrence: these are, a justice of peace, and a soldier. To these two it is entirely owing that they have not long since rooted all the other orders out of the commonwealth.

COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL, No. 49, June 20, 1752.

No. LVII.

> Os homini sublime dedit; cœlumque tueri
> Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.
>
> OVID.

> Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
> Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
> Man looks aloft; and with erected eyes
> Beholds his own hereditary skies.
>
> DRYDEN.

IN my opinion, there is no science more useful, and at the same time more delightful, than astronomy. It fills the soul with beautiful as well as magnificent ideas. It has a certain tendency to open and enlarge every avenue of knowledge, and puts our nobler part upon exerting its highest powers. It has an admirable efficacy to fix the attention, and enable the mind to sustain the fatigue of laborious studies. It likewise gives us the most exalted conceptions of that infinite power and wisdom, which are so gloriously exhibited throughout the whole creation. It raises in us the highest, and consequently the worthiest, notions of the great Author of nature. The soul of man is naturally delighted with what is grand and sublime. She hates restraint and loves an enlarged sphere of action. Here, then, she is at full liberty to expatiate. Here

she may elegantly employ her noblest faculties. Unbounded space surrounds her, and a scene of infinite wisdom is displayed before her. He can never want a companion, who has cultivated acquaintance with those glorious objects which adorn the canopy of heaven. Neither can he stand in need of a book to fill up the vacant space of his leisure hours, when the magnificent volume of nature is always open to his view. Nor is he ever at a loss for profitable as well as pleasing topics of conversation, who has furnished his mind with that rich variety of ideas, which this noble science affords. And as it inspires us with the most exalted sentiments of the deity, so at the same time it suggests to us the most becoming notions of ourselves. For as it most clearly discovers the perfection of the Creator, so it as evidently demonstrates the imperfections of the creature; I mean in point of intrinsic worth, and real excellency, when compared with the first, greatest and best of beings. And therefore it has a natural tendency to mortify pride, and extinguish every spark of arrogance and self-conceit. For though the astronomer's knowledge is vastly more extensive than another's, yet he is, upon that very account, more sensible of his ignorance and imperfection.

The contemplation also of these sublime and heavenly objects lifts up the soul above every thing that is human. "Erigimur (says Tully) altiores fieri videmur; humana despicimus; cogitantesque supera atque cœlestia, hæc nostra, ut exigua et minuta, contemnimus." Whilst she is employed in these sublime exercises, she looks with an eye of contempt, upon all sublunary things. All earthly objects seem beneath her notice. Their vanity and emptiness are conspicuously displayed; nay, they almost vanish and disappear upon the comparison. She pities the turbulent princes of this earth, whose restless and ambitious souls are continually waging war for an inconsiderable part of this little ball, when the whole bears no proportion to the objects of her meditation.

It must be a noble entertainment indeed, and something wonderfully engaging to the human mind, to contemplate the glorious theatre of nature; where the divine geometer, as Plato calls him, has observed the exactest rules of symmetry and proportion. The regular vicissitudes of the seasons, and the constant and invariable returns of day and night; the revolutions of the planetary orbs, and the various phænomena of the heavens, must be beautiful spectacles indeed; but to know the causes of

these appearances is something inexpressibly agreeable to the mind of man; as it, in some measure, satisfies that restless desire of knowledge, which is inherent in human nature.

The advantages which arise from this noble science are too many to be here enumerated. Every one knows that navigation and geography are indebted to astronomy for all the valuable improvements that have been lately made in those useful sciences. What a high opinion the ancients had of astronomy, may be learnt from Plato, Strabo, Cicero, Plutarch, and others. Cicero himself had no small skill in this divine science; as we may learn from all his philosophical works, but more particularly from his second book of the Nature of the Gods. Homer had some acquaintance with it; and Virgil, if I am not mistaken, a much greater. It is with inimitable beauty and propriety, he introduces the astronomer Iopas, at that elegant entertainment prepared by Dido for Æneas, making known the principles of his art:

——Citharâ crinitus Iopas
Personat auratâ, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem lunam, solisque labores:
Unde hominum genus, et pecudes; unde imber, et ignes:
Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque triones:
Quid tantum oceano properent se tingere soles
Hyberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.

ÆN. i. 744.

With curling tresses grac'd, and rich attire,
Iopas stands, and sweeps the golden lyre;
The truths, which antient Atlas taught, he sings,
And nature's secrets, on the sounding strings.
Why Cynthia changes; why the sun retires,
Shorn of his radiant beams, and genial fires;
From what originals, and causes, came
Mankind and beasts, the rain, and rising flame;
Arcturus, dreadful with his stormy star;
The watry Hyads, and the northern car;
Why suns in summer the slow night detain,
And rush so swift in winter to the main.

PITT.

It is generally, I think, agreed, that the Egyptians and Babylonians, by their constant observations, laid the first foundations of astronomy; and that the Greeks improved them into a science, by the application of geometry. This was, indeed, the infancy of astronomy. Then it just began to dawn; but now it is arrived at its meridian glory, by the exquisite sagacity and unwearied diligence of Newton, Flamstead, Halley, Bradley, and other exalted geniuses, who have done honour to the British nation: men who will enjoy a kind of immortality upon earth, and be reading lectures to future generations!

STUDENT, vol. i. p. 336.

No. LVIII.

Animalia sunt jam partim tantula, ut horum
Tertia pars nullâ possit ratione videri.
Horum intestinum quod vis quale esse putandum est?
Quid cordis globus, aut oculi? quid membra? quid artus?
Quantula sunt?—quam sint subtilia, quamque minuta!

LUCRETIUS.

Insects so minute, the view
Not half their puny members can discern.
What here are organs! what intestines here?
The globule what, that forms their heart or eye?
Their tiny limbs? their tendons?———
Each part so subtile, so minute the whole.

GOOD.

It has been a common observation among the curious and inquisitive part of mankind, that in investigating one subject, there often is thrown new light upon another. Something quite unexpected starts up in the course of the inquiry, and the accidental discovery is often of more importance, than the original business of the research. It is in this light that we see the infinite use of experimenting: to a careful and attentive man, scarce any one observation of this kind ever passed without its use, without some addition to science; however much it may have failed in regard to the purpose it was instituted to serve.

A very singular instance of this is the occurrence that is to be the subject of this paper. The extreme clearness and tranquillity of one of the mornings of the last week, had carried me out on my accustomed walk somewhat earlier than usual, into Hyde-Park: the grass was spangled with ten thousand frozen dew drops, which as the sun darted his slant beams against them, gave, by their varied reflections, all the colours of the rainbow; and represented nothing less upon the green floor, than a pavement covered with brilliants.

The edges of the little ponds were frozen; and as I cast my eye on a sheltered corner of one of them, there appeared something of a very beautiful regularity in the frozen rime that rose above the surface of the ice. I am a universal admirer of the works of the Creator; and never am unprovided of a convenience for carrying home any thing that seems to demand peculiar attention, or to promise something new. I carefully packed up a portion of this ice, with the rime upon it, between two parcels of the frozen grass, and hastened home to examine it.

What I had intended as the business of the inquiry was, whether the beautifully ramose figures into which this rime had concreted,

were or were not referable to any of the known figures of the natural flakes of the snow.

To be ascertained of this, I cut off a small portion of the ice, with its ramifications on it, and laid it on a plate of glass before one of Scarlet's double microscopes. Though I had brought it safely home, my purpose here was frustrated: I had the caution to make the observation in a room where there had been no fire; but the whole expanse of the air was so warm by this time, that the delicate fibres of my icy efflorensence melted to water, before I could adapt the glasses for the observation; the more solid ice that had been their base, thawed instantly also into water, and the whole became a half-round drop of clear fluid on the plate.

I was taking my eye from the observation, when I accidentally discovered motion in the water, and could discern some opake and moveable spots in it; the glasses calculated for examining the structure of so comparatively large a body as the piece of ice, were by no means fit for the viewing these infinitely more minute objects: I adapted magnifiers of greater power, and when the drop of water was thus swelled into a sea for my observation, I could distinctly observe that it swarmed with living inhabitants. The extreme minuteness and delicate frame of

these tender animalcules, one would imagine, must have rendered them liable to destruction from the slightest injuries; but, on the contrary, it appears from experiment, that they are in reality, hardy beyond expression: it has been already proved by that excellent naturalist, Mr. Turbeville Needham, that the heat of boiling water will not destroy the tender frames of those minute eels that occasion the blight in corn; and here is an additional proof that animalcules of vastly finer structure and minuter parts, are not to be hurt by being frozen up and embodied in solid ice, to them solid adamant, for whole nights, probably for whole weeks together.

The discovery of animals in a fluid thus produced, was matter of sufficient admiration; but the inquisitive mind knows not where to stop: I put on yet more powerful glasses, that I might not content myself with barely seeing that there were animals in the water, but might examine their parts.

Nature is pregnant with subjects of admiration. These glasses, at the same time that they discovered to the eye the amazing structure of the first-mentioned animalcules, produced to view myriads of other smaller ones of different forms and kinds, which had been invisible under

the other magnifiers, but which were now seen sporting and rolling their round forms about, in a thousand intricate meanders.

How great the power, how unbounded the beneficence of him, who, not to leave the least part of space unoccupied by what may be happy in it, has created such innumerable series of beings, invisible to us; nay, which if twenty thousand times larger than they are, would still be invisible to our unassisted eyes! How infinite the wisdom that has provided for them all! the mercy that gave them being, did it but to give them happiness, and would not leave them unprovided of any thing necessary.

I was examining the larger, first-discovered animalcules, which appeared colossi to the rest, and were rolling their vast forms about in the sea of liquor, like whales in the ocean; when one of them expanding the extremity of its tail into six times its former circumference, and thrusting out all round it an innumerable series of hairs, applied it closely and evenly to the surface of the plate, and fixed itself firmly, by means of it, in its place.

In an instant after, the whole mass of the circumjacent fluid, and all in it, was in motion about the head of the creature; on directing my eye that way, the cause appeared evidently

enough: the animal had thrust out, as it were, two heads in the place of one, and each of these was furnished with a wonderful apparatus, which by its incessant rotatory motion, made a current in the water about it, and, in consequence of that, brought it in successive quantities, full of the lesser animals, under the mouth which was placed between the two seeming heads, so that it took in what it liked of those unhappy creatures for its food. The motion and the current of the water continued till the insect had thus satisfied its hunger, when the whole became quiet again; the protuberances that appeared like heads were drawn back and disappeared, the real head assumed its wonted form, the tail became loose from the plate, and recovered its pointed shape; and the animal rolled about as wantonly as the rest of its brethren.

While I kept my eye upon the object, many other of the animalcules of that same species performed the same wonderful operation: the appearance was wholly like that of a pair of wheels, such as those of a water-mill, in continual motion, and forming a successive current; but a strict examination soon explained the apparatus, and shewed that it consisted only of six pairs of arms, capable of expansion and contraction in their breadth, and of very swift

movement. These the creatures kept in a continual motion, like that of opening and shutting the human hand; this movement naturally described a part of a circle, and as the creature always expanded them to their full breadth, as it shut them, and contracted them to their utmost narrowness again, as it drew them up, they drove the water forcibly before them in the closing, and were brought back to their open state without much disturbance to the current.

How wonderful an apparatus is this for the service of an animal, a thousand of which would not together be equal to a grain of sand in bigness! Animalcules of this kind have been occasionally seen before by naturalists, but the mechanism has never been at all understood; the apparatus about the head has been declared to consist of real wheels, and the creature has been thence called the wheel-animal. It ought to have occurred to these gentlemen, that the wheel they imagined in this part, could not perform its continued and unchanging rotatory motion unless detached; and that, if detached from all other parts of the animal, it could not be nourished.

INSPECTOR, No. 9.

No. LIX.

Volvuntur varia pereuntium forma, et omni imagine mortium.

TACITUS.

The various forms of the dying and the dead float before his eyes.

SUCH and so great is the power of deceit, that, while health is our own, specious shews and fair appearances will blind the judgment of the deepest observer :

For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone.

MILTON.

In order therefore to know the true state of the human heart, we must wait till the closing hour of life; for then only, in the hearts of many, sincerity takes possession; then indeed, whatever shews we may have made, if they were false, the prospect of approaching death will soon discover the deceit.

Full of these reflections I fell asleep, and was, methought, insensibly conveyed on to an eminence, whence I saw a city crowded with inhabitants, who seemed in general afraid of a

spectre that constantly stalked among them armed with a dart, with which whosoever was struck immediately expired. Some, indeed, I observed who seemed not to fly from him; but I perceived nevertheless that whenever he passed, they shrunk and turned pale. His arm was constantly employed; some, and those the most indeed, he met and killed, while he followed others and struck them unseen or unapprehended. I longed eagerly to go among them, because I saw that whenever Death (for it was he) lifted up his arm to strike any one, his breast appeared transparent, so that one might behold what passed within; but though my ardent curiosity excited me to join them, yet the stronger fear of the spectre restrained me.

While I was thus agitated by fear and desire, a youth approached me with an instrument in his hand, opened my breast, took thence my heart, and, pressing it, the fomes peccati flowed out so abundantly, that I was struck with shame at the sight; he then breathed fresh vigour into it, replaced it in me, closed the wound, and disappeared.

Every one will imagine I was not a little startled at this operation, but I was not less pleased with the wonderful effects of it that I

felt in me; all fear of the late dreaded spectre vanished, and I descended the hill, and made one in the crowd. As I was under no apprehension or concern for myself, I kept near him, in order to observe the hearts of those he approached.

We entered a house together, where I heard a confused noise in a room which we made up to; it proceeded from a set of atheists and blasphemers, one of whom was particularly loud in praise of the poor arguments of Spinosa; as—

> ——Over him triumphant Death his dart
> Shook, but delayed to strike.——

I discovered his heart, wherein sat Ignorance with her eyes shut, and Fear, who, upon sight of the uplifted dart, forced him upon his knees, made him beg his life, renounce his principles, and own the deity. Upon the spectre's withdrawing his arm, and stalking out of the room, I followed him, rejoicing at this wretch's apostacy, when I was surprised with hearing the noise renewed afresh, and his voice distinguished in blasphemies and lies above the rest.

The next was indeed a sight of pity; a young lady, in the bloom of beauty, lay expecting the final stroke. I will not describe the affecting

scene of mourners round her, indeed it is not to be described; but she herself most engaged (as she most merited) my attention. I trembled while I saw the uplifted hand of Death, but the view of her heart dispelled that concern, and filled me with a generous pleasure. I there beheld Faith with a smile upon her countenance as expressive—nay, nothing could be so expressive of expected happiness: Virtue, in the form of an angel, and Religion, with uplifted hands and eyes, were visible inmates of her heart. The dart descended; she died, (angelic creature!) and soared to the seats of immortal life and joy.

We then approached a youth, whose heart, at sight of the impending dart, was in wonderful agitations; hope and fear, rage and trembling, reigned in it alternately; it sometimes shrunk to nothing, and immediately after swelled to a more than ordinary size; but when the dart, after some delay, struck him, it burst amidst the most dreadful execrations imaginable.

I was in amaze at his fearful exit, and was something pleased at hearing another whom we approached, profess an entire resignation to providence; when the dart was raised, I exa-

mined his breast, but could perceive no passage from his heart to his tongue; he still continued his protestations, when he was struck with a lie in his mouth.

Leaving him, Death followed several; but at last turned into the house of one of my friends: tremblingly I followed; but how delighted was I to find, that, while the dart was pendant over him, religion, peace, and quiet, reigned in his breast. His tongue, from the sincerity of his heart, breathed unaffected piety. When Death brought down his arm, he closed his eyes, and died in the utmost serenity of soul and body.

I could relate many more occurrences, but through fear of being too long I forbear; though I cannot but mention one, in a red coat, was notorious for perpetual boasting how little he feared any thing, who, but upon the distant prospect of the spectre, fainted, sunk, and died away.

After many slaughters, the horrid image faced about, and turned upon me. I remember that I was under no manner of surprise or concern, but, upon his striking me, fell, in hopes of soon finding myself in some Elisium; but to my sorrow found I was in bed, and that all had been a dream.

This use, however, let me (and with me my readers) make of it, that it may be my care, "To die the death of the righteous, and that my last end may be like his."

STUDENT, vol. ii. p. 281.

No. LX.

——— *Omnia migrant:*
Omnia commutat natura, et vertere cogit.
Namque aliud putrescit, et, ævo debile, languet;
Porro aliud concrescit, et e contemptibus exit.

LUCRETIUS.

Clamat — auctorem natura; opus undique summum
Arguit artificem.

POLIGNAC.

——— All migrate:
Varying each hour, from change to change propelled.
This grows and ripens, and with age corrupts;
That, from its ruins, springs, and perfects life.

All nature speaks its author; the vast work
Proves the vast workman.

GOOD.

ONE of the greatest pleasures of my life is the study of nature in my mornings' excursions: these are as regular and certain as so unstable a director, the weather, will permit; and are bent different ways for the sake of meeting with different series of objects. I am happy to perceive I have found the way to make them the sources of something agreeable to my readers, as well as to myself; and may venture to engage, that, if they will continue in a humour to join with me in admiring nature, and reverencing its author, from the successive objects which

the effects of these rambles lay before them, nature will not be wanting, on her part, with an inexhaustible variety.

A suspicion there is among people not acquainted with observations of this kind, however, which it is necessary should be absolutely removed; the accounts hitherto given of these things have been allowed pretty by people who were not willing to believe them true. It may be proper therefore, once for all, to say, on this occasion, that, as they are nothing if not true, there never has been, nor ever shall be, so much as a stretched circumstance in any of them. I intend them as papers of information, and shall therefore never attempt to propagate error; but to speak most seriously of the subjects. I mean them also as an honest tribute of praise, from a happy, a grateful heart, to him who made it so; and I can never dare to think of mixing falsities with such an offering.

The walks which give occasion to these peculiar papers are not always taken alone. I have a set of friends, pupils I may almost call them, one or other of whom is always with me in them; and who, though they engaged in the scheme with no further view than to the advantage of air and exercise, have been, by degrees, won to the love of the same kind of ob-

servations; and, as their various fancy leads them, direct their researches, some to the animal tribe, others merely to the plants and trees, and some only to the subterranean treasures which the labour of the digger exposes here and there to view.

Nature teems with wonder in each of these branches, and each observer finds ample reparation for his labours.

One of my botanical pupils, to whom I had been the day before explaining the structure of some minute vegetables of the fungus kind, called upon me the evening before last, to tell me of a discovery he had just made of a new and beautiful plant of this lowly class, and begged I would direct the succeeding morning walk to the place of its growth.

He led me to a brook near Kentish-town; over a narrow part of which an antique willow, declining under the infirmities of age, and robbed of half the earth that used at once to support and supply nourishment to its roots, by the effects of the undermining stream, extended its slant trunk, and spread every way its tortuous branches.

The youth mounted the little ascent to the head of the tree with all that warmth that attends the pride of a discovery, and, pointing to a

dropping bough that hung immediately over the water, shewed me a multitude of his favourite objects.

I am such a veteran in these researches, that I discovered at first sight what they were; but, as information always remains longest when it is the effect of the person's own observations, I took out my pocket microscope, and desiring the youth to cut off a piece of the branch on which what he called the plants were placed, separated one of them from it, and adapting it to the glass, gave it into his hand for examination.

It was not half a minute before he burst out into an exclamation, "How have I been deceived! As I am alive, the egg of some animal!"

While he was yet speaking, I had fixed my eye upon a fly employed on another part of one of the branches, already loaded with these bodies, in a manner that perfectly explained what they were.

I led him to the properest place for making the necessary observations, and we had the pleasure to see the whole process of their formation. The creature presently applied the extremity of her tail, to which, at that instant, there hung a drop of a glutinous fluid, close to the branch. She by this means lodged a particle of liquid glue, as it were, on its bark: from this, raising her

hinder part, very slowly, to the height of three quarters of an inch, she drew after her a thread of the liquid, which almost immediately hardened in the air into a firm and solid substance, capable of supporting itself erect. She paused a few moments, while it acquired a sufficient firmness for her purpose, and then deposited upon its summit an egg of an oblong figure, milk-white in colour, and covered with the same gluey moisture. The egg became fixed in an instant on the top of its slender pedestal, and the fly went on depositing more in the same manner.

A cluster of these eggs, regularly supported on pedicles of the length of small pins, and arising each from a broad shining base on the bark, had given my young botanist the idea of a set of little fungi; but on examining the first that came to hand before the microscope, it proved to be big with life: an egg just disclosing a fine white worm.

Nature has so provided for the winged tribe of insects, that they all of them pass a part of their lives, and that, indeed, much the greatest part, in form of reptiles; their wings, their eyes, and the rest of their wonderful apparatus, are too delicate and tender to be trusted to the air immediately from the egg: the creature

is, therefore, covered with a peculiar skin, under which it wears the form of a maggot, a worm, or a caterpillar, till, at the destined period, when all the parts are grown firm and ready to perform their several offices, the perfect animal appears in the form of its parent, out of the disguise of its reptile state.

The worms that are thus produced from the eggs of beetles, and are the disguised forms of the beetle brood, feed on wood: the caterpillars, which are the reptile state of the butterflies, on several different substances. It is the fate of the worm, hatched from the egg of this peculiar species, to live under water, protected by the covert of a clay shed in the bank, and there to feed on lesser insects that inhabit the mud; when the time of its appearing under the fly-state approaches, it leaves the water, and the perfect insect bursts from its case on dry land.

The life of the creature in this winged state, is but of a few hours' duration; the propagating the species is all the office to which it is destined, in the economy of the animal; the female, when impregnated, is prompted by nature to get rid of her load. Instinct points out to her the necessity of the young, to be hatched from these eggs, finding their support in the water; but how is the parent animal to provide for the get-

ting them there? Should she attempt to lay her eggs upon the surface of that fluid, she would probably be drowned in the attempt; or, could she lay them there, their thin coats would be rotted by the moisture before their time; or the eggs, could they resist this attack, would be a prey to fish and a thousand other devourers.

Nature, the God of nature, whose tender mercies are over all his works, unnoticed of whom not a sparrow, not the meanest reptile falls, instructs the parent animal to suspend them in this artful manner, on trees that grow over waters; were they lodged close upon the bark, they would be in the way of mites, and a thousand other destroyers; and, if they escaped these, and came favourably to the hatching, the young worms might crawl about upon the branches till they perished of hunger, not knowing that the source of food for their necessities was below. Whereas, in this careful disposition of them, they are out of the reach of all the insect tribe that crawl upon the tree; and are so situated, that the worms no sooner are hatched from them, than they naturally and necessarily fall into the water, where every thing necessary is provided for them.

INSPECTOR, No. 13.

No. LXI.

——Rura, quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.
HORACE.

——Fields that gentle Lyris laves,
In silence stealing o'er the plain.
BOSCAWEN.

ONE of my accustomed morning walks led me, a few days since, before I was aware, to the skirts of a little hamlet, so near this great town, that I was amazed to find such a difference as there appeared between the manners and dispositions of its inhabitants, and those of the same rank with us. Weary with a longer exercise than I had intended, or indeed used myself to, the unexpressive daubing of a board, supported by the rough natural branch of a tree, invited me in to taste the pleasures of rest, which there is no way to know but through fatigue; and to feast on the homely fare so poor a cottage afforded, with more relish than any thing but air and exercise can give to the most elegant dishes.

I had entered the humble door, not high enough to admit a man erect, at the time when the mid-day sun had sent in also the neighbour-

ing wood-men to eat the cheerful bread of industry, and rejoice at the remembrance of half the labour of the day being over. It was with uncommon pleasure that I paid my attention to the rude civilities and unornamented compliments of the rustics to one another. A perfect harmony reigned among them; each was happy in the society of his fellow-labourer; and some of the severest things that have been said on the subject of solitude, dropped from the homely mouth of one of them, who had been engaged for the whole month before to toil without a companion.

The repast was short, and all the company immediately returned with new vigour to their employment: only two persons stayed behind; these were a tanned hedger, and a nut-brown shepherdess, whom it was easy to see love had kept a little longer than the rest from their afternoon's engagements. The honest simplicity of this scene of courtship surpassed every thing that has been painted in pastoral; the youth was earnest; the nymph was afraid of complying, not averse to it: I attended to his entreaties, which were honestly earnest; and to her fears, among which suspicion, I found, had no place. I envied the happy innocents, in whose engagements ambition or interest had no

share; whom no address or artifice had brought together; who were engaging in an eternal union merely because they mutually liked it; and were carrying to the bridal bed lusty health and peace of heart, which must give a transport to the naked, the hard couch of indigence, that down and velvet never can be conscious of.

After an hour's conversation they walked away, arm under arm, together; and as I passed by an aged oak that bordered on the path-way, in my return homewards, I found the utmost extent of their journey had carried them no farther. They were under its shade continuing the conversation, which my company had before put some restraint upon. As I passed by them, I could not help thinking I read in her blushing countenance every circumstance of that beautiful picture of Lord Roscommon of his rural maid:

Whose little store her well-taught mind can please,
Not pinch'd with want, nor clogg'd with wanton ease:
Who, free from storms that on the great ones fall,
Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all:
No care but love can discompose her breast,
Love, of all cares, the sweetest and the best;
While on the grass her bleating charges lie,
One happy lover feeds upon her eye:
Not one whom parents' stern decrees impose,
But whom Love's self has for her lover chose;
Under the fav'rite oak's o'ershading boughs,
They feed their passions with repeated vows;

And, while a blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful heart makes as sincere returns.
Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
And, while they live, their flames can never die.

How enviable a state! how infinitely above the utmost pride and pomp of the nuptials of a prince! how unanswerable a proof that innocence alone can dispense blessings of the highest rank, where even the very necessaries of life are almost wanting.

The recollection gave me a distaste to every thing that we call pleasure. In how contemptible a light did the comparison set the jollity and noise of the drunken rioter, of the distracted gamester, or of the expensive libertine, who purchases, at the expense of half his fortune, the favour of a mistress that hates him, because she sees herself sold to him; that abuses his bed with a new intrigue every time she is assured of his sleeping out of it; and, in the end, will not fail to repay with diseases the beneficence of him who had raised her above the necessity of prostituting herself to them!

I grew out of love even with the more innocent diversions; and though, in the morning, I had promised myself no common pleasure from seeing the greatest player that ever the

English, or perhaps any stage produced, in one of his capital parts, I sacrificed it to the mere contemplation of the fields and hedges. I indulged, as long as day-light lasted, in a reverie of indolently successive images, under the shade of a tall elm, which thrust its roots into the banks of a little brook that, humble and unnoticed as it crept along in this place, at a mile's distance, I knew, was to swell into a vast expanse, and be the pride and ornament of the gardens of a king. From such humble beginnings do we see the height of human splendour rise, unconscious that it is to sink again into the same obscurity.

There is a pleasure in loitering away an hour or two in such a scene as this, that few know who have not often repeated it; it is impossible to enter upon such retirement, after the bustle of a day or two of business, without feeling a tranquil delight, that inspires one with a desire to remain in it, if it were possible, for ever; without throwing one's self on the green couch that nature spreads to tempt to it; and, as one looks up among the waving branches of the trees about the place, saying to one's self, with all the sweet enthusiasm of poetical indolence:

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful, lying,
Hear the soft winds about me flying,

With all the wanton boughs dispute;
And the more tuneful birds to both replying:
Nor be my own voice mute:
Thou silver stream that roll'st thy waters near,
Gilt with the sun-beams here and there,
On thy enamell'd bank I'll walk;
And see how pleasantly they smile, and hear
How chirpingly they talk.

A ramble of this kind is a pleasure many more people would take, than do at present, if they were sensible what it was. There is something in a clearer air and solitude, that puts people, accustomed to smoke and hurry, into a humour to be pleased with every thing they see: nature abounds with objects that deserve attention; an infinite variety of them disclose themselves in succession in a retirement of this kind, and the least of them gives a pleasure to the mind in this state, that scarce any thing else is equal to; the least of them sufficient to raise the rational mind to heaven in songs of praise to him who created them, and who gave the eye to observe, and the heart to be delighted with them.

INSPECTOR, No. 14.

No. LXII.

Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ:
Sic virgo dum intacta manet, tum cara suis; sed
Cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.

CATULLUS.

As in a garden fenc'd with skilful care,
By herds uncropt, unwounded by the share,
Some latent flower displays its blushing hues;
Which, while it drinks pure gales and fost'ring dews,
Drinks the strong sunshine that its bosom warms,
Each longing youth, each longing maid it charms:
But, from the tender stem once pluck'd, it fades,
And charms no more the longing youths and maids:
So, while the nymph her flow'r untouch'd retains,
Her sex's dearest pride she still remains;
But, from that nymph if one chaste bud be torn,
Both youth and maid her worthless beauty scorn.

NOTT.

WHILE I am reading over the Roman History, and admiring the public spirit and other heroic qualities of the greatest people the world ever saw, I am very much pleased that the historians have not forgot to mention their women. —It gives one an agreeable satisfaction to find, that the wives and daughters of those heroes equalled their husbands and their sires, in all

the virtues which are the glory and ornament of the fair sex.—Modesty, temperance, and chastity were the characteristics of every Roman maid.

When we come to the corrupt age of the common-wealth, how is the scene changed; as the men became mercenary and effeminate, the women grew lewd and luxurious.—In the history of the first ages, if a matron is named, it is to celebrate her virtues; if in that of the latter ages, it is only to record her adulteries; and the women kept pace (if they did not exceed the men) in vices, as they had done before in virtues.

As we, in this country, have the honour to equal the Romans in our degeneracy and fall from public spirit, I am afraid the women are not the more virtuous or chaste for such an example; but I shall not enter into proofs, or give examples of what I wish could be concealed: but, when I see a fellow that has prostituted his honour for a place, a pension, or a bribe, coupled to some lewd quean, I cannot help thinking it a very equal match, because neither of them can reproach the other.

But, since I am lamenting the great decay of all public virtue, I cannot help mentioning an anecdote which has happened in my own time,

and which I am sure Juvenal, as a satyrist, and Tacitus, as an historian, would have taken notice of, as instances of the profligate manners of the age, had the same thing happened in their days. I have lived to see most extraordinary funeral honours paid to a common prostitute, by placing her amongst kings and heroes, with ceremonies I am almost ashamed to mention.—I cannot say, as the world goes, but some persons of the other sex may have monuments erected to them there, who, according to their deserts, ought to be buried under the gallows. I say, it is possible such a thing may happen. Be that as it will, as it is a place assigned to commemorate the names of those who have done honour to their country by learning, wit, or arms, &c. therefore what was done in respect to this woman, was the greatest insult upon virtue and modesty, that ever was known in any country in the world.

But, let some persons amongst us take what pains they will to keep lewdness in countenance, virtue will still look lovely in the eyes of all men of sense; a painted outside, and a corrupt mind, will soon grow nauseous to the most profligate of the other sex; and nothing can properly be called Beauty that is not accompanied with modesty.

He that robs a young woman of her virtue, robs her of her greatest charm, and robs her parents and friends of their peace of mind. Who can describe the sorrow of that parent who has placed all his happiness in the hopes of a virtuous child, and sees her defiled, and numbered among those prostitutes who are the shame of their family?

I was reading the other night, in the Chevalier D'Arviena's Travels into Arabia the Desert, and met with a story upon this subject so extremely moving, that I am persuaded the giving it an English dress, will have no bad effect upon my Female readers.

There was an Arabian living at Aleppo, whose name was Abah Rabieh, who had two children, a son and a daughter. The son, now grown a man, put himself into the service of France; the daughter was a genteel young woman, and very pretty; so that Abah, who was so extremely jealous of the honour of his family, and of his whole race, as the Arabians generally are, was under continual uneasiness, lest the girl's beauty might tempt some man to endeavour to seduce her chastity; her mother being dead, made him doubly watchful of her; he seldom suffered her to stir out of his sight; but all this watching, all this restraint would not do. Whe-

ther the girl was of a complexion more than ordinarily amorous, or what arts were used to come at her, is uncertain; but all the father's vigilance could not prevent the approaches of a lover, and, at last, of her proving with child.

The jealous father soon perceived some alteration in her person, which awaked his suspicion; he was upon the rack to be satisfied, and one morning as she lay fast asleep upon a carpet, for so they lie in summer in the Levant, he was resolved to discover the truth. It was a fatal examination, and he repented his curiosity, for he found the symptoms of what he dreaded but too evident. Poor Abah Rabich was ready to sink into the earth. Imagine the distress of a man who loved his child, and was jealous, even beyond his own nation, of the honour of his family: however, he dissembled it for some days. In the mean time the poor creature's burden increased to such a degree, that the father thought she was ready to drop to pieces; he then took her aside, and commanded her to tell him who the man was that had injured him in her person; the unhappy creature, in her fright, denied all; she said she was sick, and that the swelling he perceived was owing to a dropsy, for that she had never known man in her life. Abah pretended to believe her, and gave her more li-

berty than usual, imagining that this liberty would draw the gallant to her again, and that he should by this means discover him; but this stratagem did not take: he then used menaces, but nothing would bring her to own it. She stood it out to the very hour that it proved itself, to the very hour of her labour.

When she was delivered of a child, he made her no reproaches; on the contrary, he carefully concealed from all his relations, and the whole world, the misfortune that had happened in his family; he carried the child himself privately out of the city, and delivered it to a country-woman to be nursed; telling her he found it upon the road, giving her a sum of money to take care of it, and pretending he did it out of charity, to save the life of an infant that must have perished. When he came home, he acquainted his daughter with what he had done to hide her dishonour.

The poor unhappy girl thought that all was over, but Abah Rabieh had quite different sentiments; he went next morning to the cadie, or chief justice of Aleppo, and begged a private audience of him; when he told him the misfortune that had happened to him, and begged that he might be permitted to kill his daughter; the cadie, astonished at the proposal, sometimes

treated him as a madman, and sometimes endeavoured to pacify him; but, in the end, sent him away with severe menaces, in case he meddled with her.

The unhappy Abah went away, but could find no rest in his mind; he took a resolution to sell all he had in the world, and to convert it into ready money; as soon as this was done, he puts the greatest part into a bag, and goes to the bashaw of Aleppo, and begs an audience of him; here, again, he recounts his misfortune, and throwing the bag of gold at the bashaw's feet, he said, "My lord, I am come to offer you all I have in the world; my honour is gone; permit me to kill my daughter, who has brought this disgrace upon our family, that I may repair the injury she has done our whole nation; or kill me, for I cannot survive my misfortune."

The bashaw was struck with horror at the strangeness of such a request, bade him take his money, go home, and endeavour to forget his misfortune; but Abah threw himself at the bashaw's feet, and, by the strongest entreaties, endeavoured to prevail upon him to consent: the bashaw, on the contrary, said every thing he could think of to soften him, to comfort him, and to turn him from such a design.

Abah Rabieh perceived plainly he should never be allowed to execute his purpose; he therefore took up his money, and seemed to be pacified, fearing, if he appeared in another temper, that the bashaw, touched with compassion for his daughter, might take her from him. —As soon as he went home, he sent to all his kindred, to all that had any relation to his family, to invite them to dine with him the next day, and prepared a most magnificent entertainment for them.

The friends came, and, as they were entertaining each other with discourse while the dinner was getting ready, Abah Rabieh withdrew, and went to his daughter's chamber, where he had ordered her to wait till he should send for her; and here he executed a most cruel tragedy upon his own flesh and blood; in a word, he took away the life of his own child: when she was dead, he cut off her head, and put it into a dish, over which he placed a cover, and then carried it into another room; when this was done, he returned to his friends, putting on as cheerful a countenance as it was possible for a man to do in so melancholy a situation: he sat down, he ate and drank with them.

Towards the end of the dinner he proposed a question to the company; he asked them, what

they thought that child should deserve, that should disgrace his family and his whole nation; they all answered, that, no doubt, he deserved death.—He then turns to his servant, and ordered him to bring in the covered dish, that stood in such a place; then, applying himself to his friends again, he said to them, I hope you will excuse the poorness of this entertainment; it is the best I could prepare in so short a time; but however, that there was one dish to come, which he was sure would please them all; as he spoke that word, the servant laid it upon the table, when, taking off the cover, he discovered the poor girl's head swimming in its blood; the whole company was seized with horror at so dreadful a sight.—Some fainted, some quitted the table, and all were in confusion.

After the first astonishment was a little over, Abah Rabieh begged they would hear him: he related to them the paternal affection he had for his daughter, the care he had taken of her, and then her crime; he acquainted them with what had passed betwixt him and the cadie, and betwixt him and the bashaw; adding, that, since he had by this action, which wounded him to the very soul, restored to them his kindred, as well as to his nation, that honour which this unhappy girl had lost, he hoped they would be

so kind to perform the last rites to a poor victim which he had sacrificed for their sakes; with that a flood of tears burst from his eyes, and he threw himself upon the earth, unable to utter another word.

The relations put the body and the head, together, into a coffin, and accompanied it to the usual burying-place, with the same lamentations, and same ceremonies, as if the unhappy young creature had died a natural death. As for Abah Rabieh, he retired next day into the deserts of Arabia, and never was heard of at Aleppo more.

COMMON-SENSE, July 23, 1737.

The following translation, or rather imitation, of our motto from Catullus, is taken from Mr. Bland's exquisite poem, entitled "The Four Slaves of Cythera."

A tender maid is like a floweret sweet,
Within the covert of a garden born;
Nor flock, nor hind, disturb the calm retreat,
But on the parent stalk it blooms untorn,
Refresh'd by vernal rains and gentle heat,
The balm of evening, and the dews of morn:
Youths, and enamour'd maidens, vie to wear
This flower, their bosom's grace, or curl'd around their hair:

No sooner gather'd from the vernal bough,
Where fresh and blooming to the sight it grew,
Than all who mark'd its opening beauty blow,
Forsake the tainted sweet and faded hue.
And she who yields, forgetful of her vow,
To one but newly loved, another's due,
Shall live (though high for heavenly beauty priz'd),
By youths unhonour'd, and by maids despis'd.

Canto iv. Stanza 50 and 51.

No. LXIII.

Nullum bonum philosophiâ optabilius, nullum præstantius.

CICERO DE UNIVER.

There is nothing more to be wished for, there is nothing more excellent, than philosophy.

I HAVE always found that natural philosophy, when treated in an intelligible and unaffected manner, without the terms too generally brought into discourses on it, merely to shew that the author is acquainted with them, becomes as familiar and as agreeable a subject of common disquisition, as any in the whole round of science.

Under this persuasion I shall venture to make a topic of this kind the subject of to-day's entertainment; and though I shall, on this occasion, contradict, at my first setting out, the common opinion of the world in regard to a thing supposed universally known, I am in no doubt but I shall be able, in the short limits of this paper, to prove what I assert: and I am well convinced that, after that, none of my readers will continue in known error.

The falling of the dew is a phrase received

in all languages, among all people, learned and ignorant; and all express by it their opinion, that those drops of water which we find in mornings and evenings on the grass and herbage of the fields, have descended from the upper regions of the air. On the contrary, I assert, not as an opinion, but as a certainty, that these drops of dew, never, in this state, were higher above the earth than we see them, and that they do not descend from on high at all, but rise out of the earth, and never, as dew, fall to it again.

There is, indeed, no law in nature by which dew could be formed, as it has been generally understood to be; but all the established doctrines of philosophy and mechanics concur in the production and formation of it on this plan. The earth is, to some considerable depth, always more or less moist; the action of the sun heats the earth's surface, and heat must raise that moisture up in vapour: the heat occasioned by the sun will continue, though in a more remiss degree, during the whole night; and while it continues, vapours will also continue to be raised; it is evident, therefore, that vapours are rising all day and all night from the earth. What rise in the day-time are dispersed and evaporated by the heat of the air, as soon as raised, and we see nothing

of them; but what rise in the absence of the sun, and in a cooler state of the air, form themselves into drops according to the known laws of attraction.

Such, then, is the nature and origin of dew; it is water raised in form of vapour from the earth, in consequence of its being heated by the sun; it collects itself into drops on any thing proper to receive and retain it; or it hangs in the lower regions of the air, in form of a fog or mist, till the sun's rays evaporate and dissipate it. Such are the assertions of the Inspector in regard to dew; the facts which led to, and will be found to support them are these. The late Lord Petre, with whom I had the honour to enjoy a particular intimacy, had engaged me to spend a part of the last summer of his life at his house in Essex. He was as fond as myself of experiments that tended to some obvious purpose, and accompanied my observations during that whole period. One of these was an experiment in regard to the quantity of dew suspended in the air at the different periods of the night. The manner of experimenting this, was by hanging up several bundles of tow at different heights in the air, and weighing them, from time to time, as they became more and more wetted by it. We evidently found from

this, that the dew impregnated the air in greater quantities in the beginning of the night than at any other time; the increase of moisture growing less and less to the morning.

Additionally to this, however, I discovered that those bundles of tow which had hung lowest, or nearest the earth, were wet sooner than those which were placed higher. From this circumstance I alleged, that the dew did not descend from the air, but ascend from the earth. The thought at first startled his lordship, but we determined to give it a fair trial. We suspended a large square of glass flatwise, by a string, from a horizontal pole laid over the tops of two distant trees in the garden; and we found its lower surface became wet sooner than its upper.

A large tree had just at this time been transplanted by this nobleman's order, and was supported erect by three poles of thirty feet high, which were fixed with their tops at its trunk, and their bottoms at a considerable distance from its root in the earth. A carpenter was employed to make grooves at three foot distance, all the way up each of these poles, for the reception of plates of glass: a number of these plates, of four or five inches in diameter, were fixed by their edges in those grooves; and

as they were so placed as not to obstruct the passage of vapours either from above or below to one another, we knew it must be easy, by observing which of these, and which surface of those, was wetted first, to determine whether the dew rose or fell. The whole apparatus was fixed in the day-time, and the gardener's steps were placed near for making the observation.

The evening proved windy, and I excepted against it, as improper for the observation, since it was evident the course of the vapours either way must be disturbed: the same objection held against many successive nights; at length there was a perfect calm one; we were up great part of the night at the observation, repeating it occasionally on one of the posts, by wiping the glasses. We found the under surface of the lowest plates first wet, after that the upper surface of the same plates, but much less so; after these the lower surface of the second plates, then their upper; then the lower surface of the third set from the ground, and so in perfect regularity.

When both surfaces of all these were thoroughly wetted, we mounted the steps and examined the upper plates; all these we found perfectly dry; they continued so for some time,

and afterwards they became gradually wet, one after another, from below."

Nothing can be more evident than it is from these experiments, that the falling of the dew is an improper phrase, and the generally-received opinion, which gave rise to it, a false one; the dew, in reality, ascends from the earth, in form of a thin vapour, and by the common laws of nature, which are invariable and unalterable, forms itself into the drops which we see hang on shrubs and plants, and which we have been used to suppose descended from the clouds.

If I imagined I should not be credited on my own assertion in this case, I could call in the testimony of Mr. Defay, under very parallel circumstances; but, as I am always punctual in relations of facts on these occasions, I claim the privilege of being believed, till I have been once found not to deserve it.

INSPECTOR, No. 18.

This account of the origin of dew is nearly correct, and will be found corroborated by the best systems of hygrology. Though the doctrines of heat, and the laws of evaporation, as established by the experiments of Black, De Luc, and De Saussure, have thrown great light on the modifications of evaporated water, and produced many important discoveries, yet will the process of Hill in this paper, and the inference which he has drawn, be considered, in no slight degree, ingenious and accurate.

No. LXIV.

Thrasius istis
Jurgatur verbis.
HORATIUS.

This war of words poor Thrasius must endure.

I WAS waked this morning by a very great noise, which, in my first confusion, I imagined to have been thunder; but, recollecting it was a season of the year when that rarely happens, I began to think the great guns were firing on some public solemnity; till at last I was very much surprised, and I believe the reader will be so too, to understand that this dreadful hurricane was nothing more than my wife Joan, who was laying about her with great vigour, and exercising her lungs on a maid-servant, for the benefit of the family.

This good woman is one of those notable house-wives whom the careless part of the world distinguish by the name of a scold; this musical talent of hers, when we were first married, did not so well agree with me. I have often thought myself in the cave of Æolus, or perhaps wished myself there on account of this wind-music; but it is now become so habitual

to me, that I am little more alarmed at it, than a garrison at the tattoo or reveille; indeed, I have, I thank God, for these thirty years last past, seldom laid myself down or rose up without it; all the capitulations I have made are, that she would keep the garrison hours, and not disturb my repose by such her performances.

It hath been remarked by some naturalists, that nature hath given all creatures some arms for their defence; some are armed with horns, some with tusks, some with claws, some with strength, others with swiftness; and the tongue may, I think, be properly said to be the arms which nature has bestowed on a woman.

This weapon, however harmless it may appear, is generally found sufficient, as well for all offensive as defensive purposes. I think it is the wisest of men that says, "Beware of an evil tongue." A scold is very often dreaded by her whole neighbourhood; and I much question whether my wife's tongue be not as great a terror to all her acquaintance as my cudgel can be.

The wisdom of our legislature seems so sensible of the danger of this weapon when wantonly used, being, indeed, little less than a sword in a madman's hands; that, in certain districts, they

have erected over canals, a wooden stool, wherein the offender being placed, is to be very severely ducked; which kind of punishment, as it stops the mouth of the scold, so it also seems to intimate the violence of this weapon, whose force, like that of fire, can only be extinguished by water.

Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Staffordshire, gives the following account of the method of curing scolds at Newcastle and Walsall; "which method (says he) so effectually, and so very safely does it, that I look upon it as much to be preferred to the ducking stool, which not only endangers the health of the party, but also gives the tongue liberty betwixt every dip; to neither of which this is at all liable: it being such a bridle for the tongue, as not only quite deprives them of speech, but brings shame for the transgression, and humility thereupon, before it is taken off; which being an instrument scarce heard of, much less seen, I have here presented it to the reader's view, tab. 32, fig. 9, as it was taken from the original one, made of iron, at Newcastle-under-Lyme. Wherein the letter *a*, shews the jointed collar that comes round the neck; *b*, *c*, the loops and staples to let it out and in, according to the bigness and slenderness of the neck; *d*, the

jointed semi-circle that comes over the head, made forked at one end to let through the nose; and *e*, the plate of iron that is put into the mouth, and keeps down the tongue. Which being put upon the offender by order of the magistrate, and fastened with a padlock behind, she is led round the town by an officer, to her shame; nor is it taken off, till after the party begins to shew all external signs imaginable of humiliation and amendment." I am very sorry I have not an opportunity to give my fair readers, and particularly my own wife, a representation of the figure referred to in this paper, but shall advise all who may be any wise concerned, to consult it in the Doctor's book, as I apprehend it may tend very much to edification.

A certain ingenious and learned gentleman, some years since, published a very elaborate treatise on, "The Art of Altercation, or Scolding;" wherein he proved, much to its honour, that the gods, goddesses, and heroes of the ancients, were great proficients therein, and produced several passages from Homer and others, where Juno, Venus, Pallas, &c. fight (to express myself in a proper language on this occasion) very handsome bouts thereat.

For my own part, I cannot help thinking, that several very good effects are produced from this

practice. My wife Joan tells me, that, on going into any family, we may easily see by the regularity and order of affairs, whether the mistress of the house be a scold or not, to which, perhaps, the old adage concerning mustard may allude.

A very ingenious clergyman of the church of England hath assured me, that he found a very sensible alteration, for the better, in his parishioners, upon the settlement of a very excellent scold among them. Whatever vice or enormity any in the parish were guilty of, they were sure of hearing it, as the proverb says, "on both sides of their ears," by this good woman; who, the Doctor very pleasantly assured me, did more towards the preservation of good manners by these daily lectures, which she exhibited gratis in the streets, than he could by all his sermons in the pulpit.

I believe, it hath been often found, that men, whom the preservation of their healths and fortunes, nay, even the very terror of the laws, could not restrain from extravagancy, have owed their reformation to a curtain lecture. I do remember, when I was a young fellow, to have heard a man excuse himself for retiring early from his debauched companions, by saying, "Gentlemen, you know I have a wife at home."

Nor is this practice, as it hath been represented, confined within the precincts of Billingsgate, or the lower orb of people only. There are scolds of all ranks and degrees, and I have known a Right Honourable, who could be heard all over a large palace, to her praise, with great facility.

Notwithstanding what has been here said, it is very certain, that this, as well as other customs, however good in itself, hath sometimes been used to evil purposes, and that a too sonorous tongue hath often made a pretty face a very disagreeable companion. On such occasions, I have known several devices practised with good success, nor do I think I can sufficiently applaud the ingenuity of a certain gentleman, who used to accompany his wife's voice with a violin, thereby turning what another would have esteemed a harsh entertainment into a very agreeable concert.

CHAMPION, vol. i. p. 238.

The following epitaph, in the collection of the late facetious Mr. Grose, celebrates a lady who appears to have even excelled Mrs. Joan Vinegar, in the intemperate use of her tongue.

My dame and I, full twenty years,
Liv'd man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone the Lord knows whither,

Of tongue she was exceeding free,
I purpose not to flatter;
Of all the wives that e'er I see,
None e'er like her could chatter;
Her body is disposed well,
A comely grave doth hide her;
And sure her soul is not in hell,
The devil could ne'er abide her;
Which makes me think she is aloft;
For, in the last great thunder,
Methought I heard her well-known voice,
Rending the clouds asunder.

GROSE'S OLIO, 2d edit. p. 301.

No. LXV.

Pabula quom præbet, quibus omnes corpora pascunt,
Et dulcem ducunt vitam, prolemque propagant.
LUCRETIUS.

Countless tribes,
Fed from the various banquet of the fields,
Live their gay hours, and propagate their kind.
GOOD.

Ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven gate ascend;
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
MILTON.

THE present uncommon cold and dripping season has very unluckily interfered with such of our public diversions as were to be exhibited in the open air. The proprietor of one of the places, where they have been unsuccessful, has ventured to exclaim against it, with all the insolence and impiety of a wit: we have heard, too, that it has been unfavourable to our gardens, and are told of a thousand bad events that are likely to attend it; but were we certain of all that has been guessed at, shall we dare to question with him, who can "bind, at his pleasure, the influence of the Pleiades, and loose the bands of Orion;" whose beneficence is

equal to his wisdom, and whose wisdom to his power; who formed us to be happy, and who sees, at one equal view, all that can make us so; and who, by a nod, can direct the course of every blessing upon us?

Though we have complained thus loudly of a want of sunshine for our diversions or our luxuries, there has not been such a real scarcity of it, as to affect those myriads of more grateful animals, who depend, as it were, immediately on its influence, and whose very vital principle is to be awakened by it. The numberless inhabitants of the air and waters, the insects of a thousand forms and dyes, that sport about the moister element, or bask and wanton in the sun-beams, have all appeared at their accustomed times, and all enjoy their day of life in pleasure and security. Nor have the reptile class, the larger tenants of the earth's recesses, who are annually, from the torpid state in which they have passed the winter's severity, without feeling it, called by it, though not into existence like the others, yet into a renewed life and vigour, felt any of those inconveniences, that we, from our trifling dependencies, complain of.

The field-mouse screams aloud her hourly acclamations to the auspicious luminary that

calls her forth to feast on a variety of dainties, which its own warmth has raised for her; the dronish beetle bursts through the crevices of the loosened bark, and, as it crawls along the branches of the tree that had so long afforded it habitation, and that now expands a profusion of tender buds for its sustenance, claps its scaly wings, and, with their plaudit, mimicks the voice of praise it hears from kindred reptiles, favoured with happier organs; the very toad, obscene and hateful to the sense, and dull to every other offer of enjoyment, crawls from his covered cell, beneath the mossy stone, and, as he lifts his bright eye toward the animating power that gives his limbs to move, and his cold blood to creep along in its neglected channels, fills his swelled sides with the warm air, to throw it forth again in the deep croak he utters, though it cannot express his gratitude: the very serpent, poisonous and rancorous as its nature formed it, yet feels this general call of gratitude; it issues nimbly from its winding den, vibrates its scaly coat in separate portions, puts on new colours as it feels the enlivening air, and, as it glides along the sunny bank, darts out its forked tongue in wantonness; and while it wreathes its tail into a thousand varied figures, expresses in mute jollity, its sense of that invi-

gorating ray. All this while, man, who, in comparison of these, can scarce be said to want it, dares to be witty with his Creator, for not indulging his unimportant wishes with their perhaps fatal satiety.

These, and a multitude of other beings, happy in the same way, in what we only fancy ourselves in want of, presented themselves to the little company, who yesterday attended me in an afternoon's ramble about the flowery sides, and the green summit of the pleasant, the tree-topped Primrose-hill.

We were all, toward the conclusion of the afternoon, got together in a circle, round a common white-thorn-bush, admiring the address and art with which the bees, who had flown in numbers to it, were collecting honey from its flowers; when one of our company exclaimed, in the utmost horror, that a hornet had settled on his leg.

It surprised them to see me, after a moment's examination of its form, advance my naked hand to it, and seize upon it without fear. I soon explained to them, that this insect, though perfectly like a hornet, in shape, size, colour, and almost every obvious particular, was not one, but was a mere harmless fly, no more capable of inflicting a wound, than those that in

such numbers frequent our houses. Nature, continued I, has probably given the form and appearance of the hornet to this creature, as she has bestowed much of that of the poisonous viper on the harmless snake, that crawls every-where about the bottoms of our hedges: she seems to have given these merely as a preservation against a thousand injuries, which those who would inflict them, are deterred from, by the fear of a revenge, which it fully answers the creature's purpose, that it has the appearance of being qualified to take.

This, however, was not all in which the creature which had given rise to the observation was singular. Some observations on its origin and means of life, employed me in a lecture to my little auditory all the way home; the substance of this, if the reader have as just an esteem for these disquisitions as that company had, he will not be displeased at my repeating.

There is not perhaps in the whole visible creation, a stronger instance of that great truth, that the several parts of it are created, not solely for ourselves, but for the uses and support of one another, than appears in the course of life of this creature.

The cuckoo, we hear, with a kind of wonder, builds no nest for the rearing of her young, but

deposits her eggs in that of another bird; singular as this may appear to those acquainted only with the larger animals, it is frequent among the insect tribe, and the origin of this fly is one of the instances of it.

The female parent, in this species, makes no receptacle for her young. She enters the habitation of the common humble bee, and deposits one by one her eggs in the separate cells, in which the progeny of the natural proprietors of the hive are also placed; with these last there is laid up a store of food, by the parent animal: the embryo fly has no such provision made for it, nor is it formed for being nourished even by that which is stored up for the support of the other: the worm hatched from the fly's egg is carnivorous, its organs are formed for digesting no other food but fleshy, and the young of the bee is its destined prey.

It will perhaps be asked on this occasion, why has nature armed the proprietors of the nest with offensive weapons, with stings, a single wound from which must destroy the harmless, as well as the defenceless animal, that enters the habitation with so unwarrantable an intent, if she has denied them that sagacity that ought to point out their making this use of the

weapons? or what is it that prevents the creature who, with such infinite provision, lays up the stores for the support, as well as forms the cells for the lodgment of her young, from seeing that the strange inhabitant feeds on the flesh of her children, or from destroying it for the attempt? the answer is easy; and the difference between instinct and reason is in no circumstance perhaps more obvious.

The creature who had excelled the art of man in forming the cells for her young, who had yet more excelled all art in selecting stores for their provision, all which was necessary to the great end, the continuation of the species, can go no farther; she cannot lift her very tail to save what to that purpose is not necessary to be preserved.

The bees, the wasps, and all the other insects of that class, at a certain period, first destroy all the males of the swarm, and, after that, murder and carry out the remains of their very young. Nature has provided for the support of such part of the progeny as is produced within a certain number, and a certain period of time; after this, whatever should be added to the brood would starve the rest, and, finally, would

itself perish, without answering any purpose of its creation.

In the instance of the common bees, this abundant progeny is thrown out for food for insects of many kinds; but in this of the humble bee, it is reserved within, for the peculiar sustenance of a new animal. The fly which has given occasion for these observations, enters the cells of this animal, but at an appointed time, at a period when all the young of the proper inhabitants of the nest, that could either support themselves, or be of use to the swarm, are arrived at their perfect state before these devouring worms are hatched. Those which they feed on, are such as the bees and wasps would have destroyed themselves; and such as, whenever it happens that these flies do not lay the foundation for their destruction, these creatures never fail leaving to perish of themselves, for want of a supply of sustenance.

He who created millions of caterpillars for the food of birds, for one intended to produce its future butterfly; and ten millions of the young of every common fish, as sustenance for others, for one designed to grow to its maturity: he who has always many ends in

view, of which we, who dispute his wisdom, scarce see one clearly; he has, in this instance also, provided, and has intentionally disposed, what we are blind enough to wonder that he suffers.

INSPECTOR, No. 26.

No. LXVI.

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti perculsus amore,
Accipiant.

VIRGIL.

Me first, ye muses! at whose hallow'd fane,
Led by pure love, I consecrate my strain,
Me deign accept!

SOTHEBY.

Sir,

I'M a giddy young girl, and, as you will guess, very fond of flights. My wings were hardly fledged before I began to flutter; and I am now so well plumed, that I am almost always on the wing, and am seldom to be seen but between heaven and earth. I know you are fond of flights yourself, or else you would not be so much admired by the ladies, or the wits at George's; and, therefore, I shall communicate one, which I take to be the highest that ever mortal wight arrived to. It was the last and most extravagant of all flights, the poetic, and that greatly sublimified by dream.

In the midst of Milton's Pandæmonium, thinking myself in Ranelagh, I fell into a profound sleep, and instantly, methought, a winged palfrey, much resembling the Pegasus of the

ancients, appeared before me. I could rather have wished a pair of them to my chariot, that I might have taken the grand tour with Apollo, or at least have made a visit to Olympus; and I felt a considerable uneasiness, when I found, by his furniture, he had not been used to female riders. However, resolved not to lose so precious an opportunity, I threw myself astride my celestial pad, and ere I had well grasped the reins, I found myself out of the limits of the orbis magnus; and should certainly have forgot all earthly things, had not the galaxy brought to my mind the Opera-house in the Hay-market; Saturn's ring, the riband of Lord Littlewit; the horns of Venus, the diamond crescent of Lady Vermillion; and Jupiter's belts, Jack Bugle the fox-hunter.

I was now about entering into the vacuous regions of fancy, quite out of the attraction of gross matter. Here I was borne away with such an enthusiastic rapidity, that thought sickened in the pursuit, and reason grew delirious, unable to endure the stupendous volatility. The fixed stars appeared beneath me; time and place sunk to their dull orbs; the shore of nature vanished, and I immerged into an ocean more astonishing than chaos, and more profound than the abyss. I immediately quitted

these realms of nothing, where I found my steed often travelled, and descended again towards the scene of life and activity. I soon reached the confines of creation, where ten thousand celestial lamps illumined my way to the solar system; which I had no sooner entered, than I discovered this opaque mansion of mortal men. Here, methought, I hovered awhile, to take a more distinct view of the mighty scene of horror and confusion.

The bright summit of heaven-propping Olympus appeared next in view. I expected instantly the full assembly of the gods to ravish my sight; to see the cloud-compelling Sire snatch an ambrosial kiss from the Cyprian goddess; or Vulcan hobble over the ethereal pavement, with a golden goblet in his hand; or at least to have been transported with a solo from Apollo's harp; but to my infinite surprise and disappointment, I found this renowned seat of ancient gods, like those of many modern ones, quite abandoned: the ever-blooming groves and delightful bowers were cut down, the nectareous streams run dry, the cooling shades vanished, and the flower-enamelled lawns burnt up.

Mortified, beyond measure, with such a shocking reverse of my eager expectations, I gave

the reins to Pegasus, who, with great rapidity, bore me away towards his native pasture. The seat of the Muses was the only curiosity now worth my attention, and a jargon of undistinguishable sounds conducted me within its view. Large and steep were these cloud-coifed hills, where resided the Pierian nymphs, who, upon a nearer approach, became quite familiar to my sight. They were rural unadorned virgins, and not a riband or a petenlair were to be seen among them; their nut-brown locks flowed with a charming negligence over unkerchiefed necks; smiles of innocence and pleasure dwelt on every face: a light vestment of azure hue, fanned by ethereal breezes, wantonly embraced and twined about their snowy limbs. All had the face of health and ease, for all were employed: one was just ascended from Hippocrene with a pitcher of water; another was preparing a mess of caudle for a bard just delivered of a water-nymph; a third was combing her hair, that she might be ready to receive the addresses of Mr. Lun; a fourth seemed engaged in a very amorous dalliance with a young fellow, whose face I remembered to have seen in a country church-yard; another was starching the beard of Shakspeare, and the band of Swift; and what pleased me most of all, was to see one of those amiable

nymphs binding a wreath round the temples of Mrs. Leapor, who seemed more like a tenth muse, than the neglected Mira of Brackley.

Having thus surveyed the daughters of Jove, I turned my eyes towards the sons of Apollo. Five or six venerable forms, clad in different attire, soon drew my attention. They had an infinite deal of fire and sweetness in their aspect; and when they spoke, enchanting strains of music spread through the neighbouring hills. Two, of superior majesty above the rest, wrapt in darkness and silence, sat musing ineffable things: profound tranquillity soothed their divine features: they bemoaned not the loss of sight, for they had a prospect within, more boundless than the creation, and more various than the works of nature.

As I descended lower, the inhabitants of those stupendous hills seemed almost infinite in number, but, alas! how degenerated in form! The air became thick and heavy; a confused murmur of discordant sounds rushed at once into my ears; when immediately I discovered a vast crowd of meagre wretches, who, stung by envy and ambition, were climbing up the steep ascent: poverty and wretchedness hung on their backs, while hunger and despair sat aghast in their faces: they all proudly meditated the

highest eminence; but unhappily, either through the steepness or slipperiness of the hill, very few ascended half its height; every one strove to trip up his neighbour's heels, and, as often as any one fell to the bottom, arose a general hiss, which was more or less loud in proportion to the height of the fall. 'Twas diverting to behold so many tormentors, heaving their heavy genius up the hill; which, like the stone of Sisyphus, recoiled upon them, and bore them headlong down into the gulf of oblivion. Those who escaped this most dreadful doom, were exposed to the devouring jaws of critics, who, like sharks, swallow shoals of this Grub-street fry.

Sick of the noise and stench of this babbling crew, I was about to retire, when a thick fog, rolling from off the surface of the ground near the foot of a hill, discovered the chaotic abyss of the Bathos. Amazed at the dark unfathomable womb, and dizzy with the exhalations that issued from it, oh dire mischance! I fell with incredible velocity to the very brink of that detestable cavern. Stunned with the fall, awhile, methought, I lay insensible of my disgrace; but at length recovering a little, I found myself groveling amidst the dirty hovels of Durfey, Blackmore, Dennis, &c. with the whole tribe

of Magazine authors, and many other such profound and deep spirits of ancient and modern times. In the midst of these gloomy mansions, lies this yawning unrefunding gulf, into which thousands daily plunge, like croaking frogs into a muddy pond. They leave behind them a frothy kind of matter, which issues from their mouths, and floats like spawn on the green-mantled surface; from hence the race is propagated by the genial rays of all-quickening Phœbus, who darts his warmest beams on his favourite spot, next to sacred Delos, famous for the birth of fiddlers, bards, and quacks.

FLIRTILLA.

STUDENT, vol. ii. p. 381.

This essay contains an instance of the total inefficacy of attempting to suppo.t names by juxtaposition with those of acknowledged superiority, or established fame. Who can forbear smiling to pe.ceive Mr. Lun, and Mrs. Leapor, of whom nothing is now known, or merits to be known, associated with Shakspeare, and Gray? In other respects, this vision possesses merit.

No. LXVII.

Cuncta suo domino depromunt munera laudum,
Seu semper sileant, sive sonare queant.

OVID.

All things that breathe,
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator ;—forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice.

MILTON.

THERE is something in the waking into a new period of life, after a series of hours spent in a kind of non-existence, or, at the utmost, in a state of scarce conscious existence, that never fails to excite in me a warm sense of veneration and gratitude, toward that being to whom I owe my new life, and to whom I have owed the refreshment of the past scene of tranquillity, and my protection under it. I don't know whether it is common to all the world to be affected in the same grateful manner by this striking incident, or whether the familiarity of it has, in many, created a disregard and neglect; but to me, it ever serves as an admonition both of what I ought to do, and with what spirit I ought to do it, in the succeeding day.

I am apt to believe, the pleasing tranquillity, the happy cheerfulness of this interesting period, is very intimately connected with, very closely dependant on, the employment of the night before; and that it is in every man's power to influence the one by the other; to say with what spirit he shall wake in the morning, by determining in what condition he will lie down at night. Temperance, I am apt to believe, leads this among the long train of blessings that attend on it; and I have never failed to pity those whom I have heard complaining of aching heads in the morning, in consequence of cheerful hearts over night, as people who had bartered pearls for pebbles.

Instead of a listlessness to rouse even at noon, a confused imagination, trembling limbs, and eyes that ache to meet the light, how happy to wake with all the cheerfulness of having received a new life; and being prepared to meet the day-break on the mountain's top, to feel returning pleasure with the returning senses, and to know this for such a one as will be permanent in itself, and lead the way to others! There is a tranquil something that attends a consciousness of having done one's duty, which no consideration but that can bestow, and which those who have not

felt it must never expect to learn from description; and, to a mind formed on the principles of reason and virtue, there is no one of all the duties so interesting as that of praise to our Creator: the very act of paying it repays itself: we rise above mortality when our thoughts are elevated to the supreme source of thinking; and, while we seem to converse with God himself, we feel, what we never can have a sense of from any other occurrence, that we are allied to him; and have our portion, though infinitely minute, even in his attributes.

The business, the pleasures, or the employments of the day, be they of whatever denomination, claim their interest in our passions, and have no sooner stolen in upon our thoughts, than they disturb and mix themselves with every portion of them. It is only before their admittance that the soul is free and pure, and 'tis then only that it is in a state to expatiate undisturbed on its own nature, and on its obligations to honour, and to be obedient to the laws of him who formed it. I often visit the neighbouring fields to indulge the happiest of all ideas, that of gratitude and praise to him who made the heavens, as early as industry has called up the labouring hind to share the freshness of the morning with me: oft have these pain-

ful visitants of the day-break met me, as the poet sings it,

> ———At the peep of dawn,
> Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
> To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, while the morning lark alone has accompanied the song of praise, have I, in all the joyous tranquillity of admiration, joined the rapt psalmist in his early hymn; and, while no other thought had broken in upon my transport, borrowed his phrase to exclaim, "O Lord, thou art my God, early will I seek thee. I laid me down and slept, and thou sustainedst me: under the shade of thy almighty wings have I been safe: thy faithfulness and truth have been my shield and buckler: thy goodness has defended me from the terrors of the night, and under thy protection shall I be safe from the arrow that flieth by day."

To a mind thus turned, every consideration is, as it ought to be, a source of praise. Let the besotted creature, who, in the security of the blessings he enjoys, remembers not the source of them, forget that he is fearfully and wonderfully made; but he who remembers that, as man, he is born to pain, will recollect that he might have laid down in anguish, that the sleep which has recruited his spirits for

the business of the day, might have been interrupted by the remembrance of misfortunes; that he might have tossed about in search of rest, but found none; or (a much more dreadful thought), that he might have slept for ever; that the sleep of death might, that night, have given up his soul, but ill prepared for its tribunal. He, to whose thoughts such considerations recur with their due weight, will not think the mercy less because it has been often repeated to him: he will not despise the sun, because it shines upon him every day, but will feel double gratitude rising in his heart, at the sense of the continued, the repeated beneficence; he will pay his thanks for his sleep and for his waking; he will express his gratitude for the ease and pleasure of his sleep, and for his safety in it; he will thank his Creator who bestowed upon him that short respite from the bustle of the world; he will mix awe with his gratitude, when he recollects that he has time to prepare for an hour that might have happened now, and he will prepare for it.

There is sometimes pain and distaste in the making our acknowledgements to men; they strike us with a disagreeable sense of a superiority in another, whom nature formed no more than our equal: but this is not the case when

they are paid to heaven; the sense we there receive of our lowness hurts us not, as the subjects are beyond all reach of comparison; and we feel a joy in communicating our thoughts to an infinity of perfections, which diffuses a glow of triumphant pleasure over our whole frame; and, while it reminds us that we are the work of such hands, gives us pride in our humility.

The consecrating our first thoughts in this serious manner to our Creator, does not fail to influence us for the day: our passions, our pursuits, a thousand busy intermeddling considerations, draw us insensibly away from the pure tenour we should naturally have held from it, if not incumbered with this rebellious flesh; but enough of it will always remain to give a colour to the succeeding actions; and, even if we banish it so far as to plunge into real ill afterwards, we shall not want a check within to tell us that it is so, and to call us back.

We can have no adequate idea of that enjoyment of the presence of God, which is named to us as one of the joys of a happy immortality; but some faint glimpse of it may be obtained from this happy consideration: the pleasure of an hour's tribute of undisturbed praise of this kind, is assuredly the first of all human satisfactions; and, while we feel that

every thing we compliment with the name of joy, makes but a poor return for what it robs us of in breaking in upon it; while we quarrel with our bodily sensations that interrupt it; we may form some idea of the full pleasure we shall feel in more elevated thoughts of the same kind, when we are free from the incumbrance.

INSPECTOR, No. 83.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

'Twas when bright Cynthia with her silver car,
Soft stealing from Endymion's bed,
Had call'd forth ev'ry glitt'ring star,
And up th' ascent of heav'n her brilliant host had led.

Night, with all her negro train,
Took possession of the plain:
In a hearse she rode reclin'd,
Drawn by screech-owls slow and blind:
Close to her, with printless feet,
Crept Stillness in a winding-sheet.

Next to her deaf Silence was seen,
Treading on tip-toes o'er the green;
Softly, lightly, gently she trips,
Still holding her finger seal'd to her lips.

Then came Sleep, serene and bland,
Bearing a death-watch in his hand;
In fluid air around him swims
A tribe grotesque of mimic dreams.

You could not see a sight,
You could not hear a sound;
But all confess'd the night,
And horror deepen'd round.

STUDENT, vol. i. p. 353.

The seventeen immediately subsequent lines are omitted. Smart, though possessing true genius, was a very unequal and careless writer; many of his poems exhibiting great beauties and as great defects in close approximation.

No. LXVIII.

——Erunt, et crescent, inque valebunt,
Quantum quoique datum est per fœdera naturæ.

LUCRETIUS.

————All
Exist, increase, and perish; following firm
The laws by nature framed.

GOOD.

I WAS the other afternoon upon the ramble with my often-mentioned little party; and as I always wish to set those who would follow me in my observations on the right scent, I hope no body will think me impertinently circumstantial when I add that Hampstead-heath was the scene of our observations. It cost us some wounds, among the furze bushes, to make our way to a little bog that stands on the declivity of the hill: at the lower verge of this quagmire, I pointed to a puddle of reddish water, the surface of which was in continual motion; and desired the guesses of my company as to the occasion of that circumstance. After some had imagined that it was the effect of fermentation, some of the shaking of the bog under our feet, and some that it was owing to a spring bubbling up there, I desired one of our party to dip in his

hand, and taking out a quantity of what came first in his way, to give me, by that, an opportunity of explaining the motion to him.

I had loaded our equipage, on this occasion, with a large glass vessel, and a servant was ordered to follow us to the heath with it. The gentleman who had dipped his hand into the water, brought up in it more than a hundred dirty shapeless animals, with much of the appearance of common maggots, but vastly uglier. They were brown, thick, short, and furnished with tails. I ordered these to be laid down upon the grass, and dispatching a servant for some clear water, sat down, and called a council of philosophy to inquire into their nature, origin, and properties.

I had so often already informed my little auditory that none of the winged insects were hatched in their perfect state from the egg, but that they all are first produced in form of worms, maggots, or caterpillars; or, in other words, covered with skins under which they live, move, and eat, and have the appearance of very different animals from their parents; that it did not appear strange to them, when I observed, that these creatures before us were not now in their ultimate state.

I informed them that they were the produce

of the eggs of the bee-fly; an insect perfectly resembling the common humble bee, in form, size, and colour, but having only two wings, instead of the bee's four, and wanting that creature's sting.

This fly is instructed by that universal guide and guardian, instinct, to lay its eggs about the edges of waters; its young, while in the worm state, are to live and feed in water; but the female parent cannot go about to deposit her eggs in that element, without perishing in the attempt. She lays them, therefore, on dry land, near the proper places of residence of her young, and the same instinct which instructed her to place them in such a situation, directs the young ones, as soon as they are hatched, to make their way into the water; and, finally, when they have there acquired their full growth, and the animal within is ready to burst forth into a new life, and enjoy the regions of the air, to emerge out of it again, that this great event may be finished at land.

We had got about thus far in our observations, when the servant returned with a little water in the glass, and with a larger quantity in another vessel, to add occasionally to it. Respiration, continued I, is necessary to all animal life, but it is variously performed in the several species:

the snake respires but once in half an hour; whence she can, without injury, bear her throat to be wholly filled, and even greatly distended, for so considerable a time in getting down her food: but it is yet more singular, that different organs may be employed in this office, and those situated in different parts of the body: and that while we, and the generality of other animals, respire by the mouth, this creature does it by the tail.

The insects we were examining were about half an inch long in the body, and their tails near an inch. I proportioned the water in the glass to this measure in depth; and, on our throwing them into it, their bodies naturally sunk with the head downward; and while they seemed searching after food about the bottom, the extremities of their tails were seen just above the surface, and in continual motion. This explained to my company the disturbance we had observed in the water of the puddle; and the impatience of any of the creatures on our forcing the tails to the bottom, together with the air-bubbles sent up through the water from it in that situation, abundantly proved both that it was a necessary organ to the animal, and that respiration was the office for which it was intended.

My little party, who have long since learned to make every observation of this kind the source of adoration to the supreme creator, disposer, and preserver of all things, were admiring the care of his providence in contriving, thus amazingly, that a poor reptile should not be suffocated while it fed, when I ordered a pint more water to be poured into the glass; they all cried out, at first, against my destroying the unhappy animals; but their admiration was raised much higher than before, when I observed to them, that they would receive no harm by this; that nature had not provided so partially for them, as to give them the means of life only in a puddle, which the first shower of rain would swell so as to drown them. I made them observe, that, when the water was now raised to an inch more than its former depth, they lengthened their tails, so as to make their extremities still reach the surface, while their bodies were all the while, as at first, at the bottom. I told them this was about the utmost elongation the tail itself was capable of; but that they were not left without the means of life, even in a much more increased depth of fluid; on adding a quart more water, it was soon found that the apparent tail of this insect was a mere tube, containing another within it

much smaller, yet sufficiently large for the passage of all the air that was necessary to the animal; a fine slender pipe was immediately darted up out of this, and extended to the new surface: on raising the water to two inches higher, this pipe was immediately lengthened again as far as necessary; and so on till the verge of the glass suffered us to carry the trial no farther.

We never go out on these expeditions without all the necessary apparatus for examination. I opened, with a fine lancet, one of the insects after it had drawn in this lengthened tail, and shewed, by the help of a small magnifier, in what manner this inner tube lay folded in the body of the creature, ready to be explicated and lengthened with the utmost facility. The rest of the animals we returned to their native puddle, not more delighted with their restored liberty, than we with the observation of such an instance of the unlimited care of our Creator over what might be esteemed one of the most inconsiderable of his works.

INSPECTOR, No. 31.

No. LXIX.

Deponas animos truces monemus.
MARTIAL.

We admonish you to lay aside a revengeful spirit.

WE do honour to our nature when we express cruelty by the term inhumanity; we declare it unnatural to man, while we call it by this name; and there is indeed no character so amiable as that of him whose heart is most perfectly free from all tincture of it: there is a false pride that sometimes keeps this hateful passion alive in tempers otherwise thoroughly averse to it; and, under the influences of this, men, naturally compassionate, are barbarous. The sense of an injury excites in them a desire to inflict a greater on the person from whom they have received it; and they suppose they own a superiority in him from whom they suffer the severity which they do not return. Pride thus becomes the parent of cruelty, and cruelty of a passion still less justifiable, even in the eye of reason, than itself, of revenge.

The man who supposes he appears great by returning an injury, and who, against his very

nature, nay, at the expense of pain to himself, revenges it, that he may appear great, would assuredly omit this, if he could be convinced it missed the intended effect: how, then, will he look upon himself, when, on a fair scrutiny, he finds all the eminent men in the world agreed in asserting, that true greatness of mind is shewn in despising an injury; and that there is no man so weak, but can revenge one? The Romans, one of the wisest as well as the greatest people in the world, abjured all barbarity of this kind: they gave cruelty its true origin, when they declared it always proceeded from fear; and revenge from poorness of spirit. Their actions countenanced their words: after fighting, at all disadvantages, the people who had rebelled against them, or had offered them the greatest indignities, they no sooner saw themselves conquerors than every hostile passion vanished, and they received, as children, those whom they, a moment before, had treated as parricides. They could not condescend to destroy a vanquished enemy, lest it should have been suspected that they feared him; and they were too proud to revenge an injury, while that act would convince the world they felt it.

The opinion of the great men, at all times, has countenanced the system of those truly no-

ble people, by declaring all cruelty the genuine effects of cowardice, all revenge the legitimate child of fear. Tyrants and usurpers have ever been the most bloody in their reigns, because they have feared every body who had, or who was suspected to have, power to hurt them. Civil wars have always been more bloody than others, because fought by cowards; by people who had no notions of honour, and who were in continual fear of one another: and women, from the natural timorousness of their dispositions, are induced to murder whenever they are concerned in robberies.

It was gloriously answered of our Duke of Marlborough, when he was warned that an officer, whom he had broke for ill-behaviour, would take some opportunity to do him a mischief privately, "I am in no apprehension on that head, because I know him to be a man of courage." And I have been greatly struck with an opposite observation of the father of Philip, who, when he was told that Phocas had laid a design to murder him, replied, "I believe it: I know him to be a coward, and there is no doubt but he can be cruel and a murderer."

Revenge, which, indeed, is but cruelty under a certain form, is as constant an attendant on the same contemptible and abject disposition,

as that passion in its more general appearance: we always see the weakest minds the most malicious and revengeful; the great, who despise it, avoid a torment, which cheats those who embrace it under the name of a pleasure. It is one of those crimes which nature has made its own avenger; it never is harboured in any breast, but it gnaws the very heart that fosters it; nor is it ever exerted but it gives more pain to the person who employs, than to him who is the object of it. Many uneasy days, and many watchful nights, does he who meditates revenge suffer, while he against whom he is levelling it goes free; and, to add to the anguish, perhaps, sees the distress in which his enemy is involved, and makes it the subject of his mirth.

When the scheme is laid, the execution is attended with more pain than the projecting it, always with guilt, and often with immediate danger; the blow seldom takes place exactly as intended; the over-charged mischief often retorts with fatal fury on the head that designed it; and, even if it succeed, the consequence is worse than that of the miscarriage: no law divine or human protects it; the eye of justice will view the act without entering into the consideration of its causes, and all that is gained by having, at the immediate hazard of life,

obtained the end that was desired, is, that the person who has succeeded, finds himself banished, by the action, from his country and his friends, and doomed to wander among strangers, attended only by a wounded conscience, a testimony written in his heart, that what he suffers is not a misfortune but the punishment of a crime.

When we are too violent in our pursuits, we over-run the goal: the cruelty which urges us to kill the person on whom we would revenge an injury, destroys the very possibility of the end at which it aims. What pride, which is the genuine source of this passion, dictates to us, is, to make the man who has wronged us stoop to us, and groan beneath the effects of our resentment; to give him pain that he cannot avoid, and increase the bitterness of it by telling him, from time to time, this you suffer for having injured me. Unjustifiable as all this is, it is the natural result of vengeance, and is the point at which the temper that employs it aims; but this is prevented, not accomplished, by murder. The person who has given the original offence is, by this means, set at rest, is plunged into a state in which all power of farther hurting him is over; and he who before thought himself so injured, that the pain of it was not to be supported, now

finds he has given his enemy rest, but has heaped on his own head more than all the distress and anguish he could have wished to inflict on that of the other.

As difficult and dangerous in the execution, and as painful in the consequence, as revenge in its nature is, so easy and safe, so peaceful and secure, is the opposite quality of forgiveness. If we would study true greatness of mind, this is the path by which we are to hope to arrive at it; nothing is so easy as to resent, nothing is so noble as to pardon. To be above the reach of an offence, bespeaks more greatness than the most effectual revenge; but to feel it, and afterwards to forgive it, is greater. The man who does but intend vengeance, confesses in that intention, that he feels himself hurt; he gives a certain triumph in this to the person who aimed the mischief against him, and it is fifty to one that himself never can attain so essential a triumph. Injuries levelled against a man who despises, or only will assume indifference enough to say he is not hurt by them, retort upon the very person who offered them; nor can there be a severer punishment, on him who makes the world a witness to his attempt of giving pain to another, than the

shewing the same world that he is too inconsiderable to effect it.

The generality of injuries are of this kind; they call for contempt instead of resentment, and there is more triumph in baffling than there possibly could attend the returning them. It must be allowed, indeed, there are some of a higher nature; some that it is impossible to despise, and that the world could hardly blame us for resenting; but would we think justly in regard even to these, revenge is not the conduct that would be dictated to us by reason. Would we arrive at true greatness of soul in this point, we should consider, that by how much the greater the wrong is, by so much the nobler it is to pardon it; and by how much the more justifiable revenge would prove, by so much the more honour there is in clemency.

INSPECTOR, No. 73.

No. LXX.

Quid tibi tanto opere est, mortalis, quod nimis ægris
Luctibus indulges? Quid mortem congemis, ac fles?—
Denique, tanto opere in dubiis trepidare periclis
Quæ mala nos subigit vitæ tanta cupido!
Certe equidem finis vitæ mortalibus adstat,
Nec devitari letum pote, quin obeamus.

LUCRETIUS.

——O mortal! whence these useless fears?
This weak, superfluous sorrow; why the approach
Dread'st thou of death?——
Through what vast woes this wild desire of life
Drives us, afraid! what dangers, and what toils!
Yet death still hastens, nor can mortal man,
With all his efforts, turn th' unerring shaft.

GOOD.

I HAVE often reflected with great pleasure on the moral conveyed by the ancient mythologists under the story of Chiron, who, when his father Saturn offered him immortality on earth, considered the conditions and refused it. How noble a lesson against the common dread of death is a determination like this thrown into the mouth of a character eminent for wisdom! If such was the resolution of mere prudence, among a people who had but very dark and uncertain expectations of a future period, how ought we to be scandalised at the terrors we see so

universal on this occasion, who have assurances, from the very mouth of heaven, of what their Socrates and their Cato were happy, when they could but shew to be probable from reason.

Fear is, in itself, a mean and contemptible quality; but, of all the circumstances under which it can influence us, it is most hateful when it thus robs us of every rational enjoyment of our lives, by the terror of an event which no art, no power, can evade, and which the ancients were perfectly right in determining that it would be folly and madness in us to escape even if we could.

One of the earliest notices we receive in the course of our lives is, that they must have a period, and every succeeding day not only puts us in mind of this, but gives us proof of it in the deaths of multitudes about us: would one suppose it difficult for people to resign themselves to an incident that they see so universal, that they know so unavoidable? yet nothing is more obvious, than that of the millions, who are continually submitting to it, there is but once, perhaps, in a dozen ages, a man who appears resigned.

Had we received our lives, such as they are, without this condition, without the means of parting with them, we might with great

justice have complained of them as an insupportable burden. Men, remarkable for their wisdom, have ventured to say, as it is, that no one would accept of life, if offered to him at a time when he was able to judge of it; but how infinitely more justifiable would this assertion have been, if life had been imposed on us without a period. To enjoy it easily, under whatever circumstances, is one of the most difficult attainments of human reason; but to leave it gracefully is yet more difficult. A consciousness of having employed it rationally, of having used it to the purposes for which it was given, is the great, indeed the only means of laying it down without discomposure; or, to quote from a book which I shall always be proud of professing an acquaintance with, the way to die the death of the righteous is to live their life.

It is infinitely oftener that we deceive the world, than that we impose upon ourselves: it is consequently much easier to keep up an affected spirit through the whole prior course of our life, than in the single moment of our leaving it: the love of fame, or a thousand other motives, may support the dissimulation, while we regard the world as connected with us, but when that is no longer the case, when the moment is arrived at which it is of no farther

concern to us what is thought or what said of us, it is no longer worth our while to dissemble. The mask drops off, and we shew a face of which our very intimates have no knowledge.

It is on this principle, that the hour of death has been always declared the test of our actions; their events, and even our resolution in the conducting them, the world may have been before acquainted with; but the principles that gave origin to them, and their real motives, are often, I could almost say are usually, concealed till that period.

When Epaminondas was told that it had been warmly disputed, whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or himself, were the wiser and better man, he coolly answered, we must all die before that can be determined. One would not, after this, doubt the temper of his soul at the approach of what is, to others, an hour of so much terror; the calmness of his reply to a debate that would have roused the passions of almost any other man, bespake him perfectly easy under the expectation. We are not, however, without an instance of another sage of the same country, who was more than resigned to death; who treated it, even in the instant of its approach, nay at a time when he might have avoided it, with a glorious indifference, with a contempt

that scarce any man since his time has been able to equal. I believe it is scarce necessary to explain myself by mentioning the name of Socrates: when this great, this innocent man, was solicited at his trial to speak in his justification, and stop the sentence that was about to be passed upon him, "My friends (said he), if I should plead in favour of my life; if I should request these judges that I may not die; how can I be assured that I speak not against myself? I know not what it is to die, I am not informed what good or what ill there may be in it: those things which I know to be evil, I avoid; those which I know not to be ills, why should I fear? death is of this number: I know not (continued he, addressing himself to his judges) whether it be more eligible to die, or not to die: I commit myself therefore to you; determine of it as you shall think good."

INSPECTOR, No. 53.

No. LXXI.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
POPE.

ZULIMA, the daughter of Abukazan, was formed for pleasure, and finished for delight. She was tall as the towering palm, and straight as the lofty pine. Her countenance was animated with the glow of health, and her smile was as the dawn of the vernal day. Symmetry was discernible in every limb, in every gesture grace. The hearts of the young men bounded with joy at her approach. They declared she was fairer than a houri; and even the daughters of the land confessed she was beautiful.

Yet, with all her personal advantages, Zulima, though she excited admiration, could not attract esteem. She was thoughtless and volatile, fantastical and capricious; and so giddy with the intoxicating fumes of adulation, that she spent the greatest part of her time in changing the position of her vestments, and altering the arrangement of her jewels. Sometimes she braided her jetty tresses, which were black as the feathers of the raven, and turned them up

under a muslin, bordered with silver and gold; sometimes she suffered them to flow carelessly on her shoulders, over an azure robe, and placed new blown roses on her forehead, which was as spacious as a full moon. Sometimes she threw a transparent veil over her, but practised a thousand arts to make it rise and fall, and discover, to the enamoured gazer, teeth white as the tusks of the elephant, lips red as the ruby of Ava, cheeks tinged with the blushes of the morning, and eyes piercing as those of the eagle.

While she was reclined on a sofa, one evening, after a sultry day, under a pavilion in the garden of her father Abukazan, and lay ruminating on methods to increase her charms, and extend her conquests, she saw a thick smoke rise out of the ground. It curled like a vine, and ascended like a column. While she was earnestly watching its progress, a little old man, with a beard whiter than snow, which reached to his feet, appeared before her. "Zulima (said he), listen to the voice of instruction, and let not the accents of reproof be disregarded. I am the genius Abdaric. I behold thy beauties with delight. Be not therefore vain, for know I behold them with concern. I am come from the bottom of the earth, to teach thee wisdom, and to snatch thee from destruction. Follow

my advice and be happy. Thou vainly fanciest, unthinking Zulima, that the fame of thy beauty will be wafted to the pinnacles of Agra by the sighs of thy adorers, and that their applauses will be heard from the cliffs of Taurus, to the Indian ocean. Thou dost not consider, frail child of the dust, that thou art subject to the most loathsome distempers. Thou dost not consider, that a leprosy may render thee an object of detestation, and that the springs of life may be poisoned by maladies innumerable. If the angel of benevolence should intercede for thee at the throne of the great Alla; if the governor of the universe should command the clouds of sickness never to burst upon thy head, yet no interceding angel can rescue thee from the gripe of age, and disengage thee from the talons of decrepitude. Thy love-darting eyes must lose their lustre, and grow dim with years: thy blooming cheeks must be shrivelled like autumnal leaves; and thy graceful body must be bent like the bow of the hunter. Thy admirers will then shun thee with as much caution as they would the mouth of the famished tiger, or the jaws of a hungry crocodile; and start from thee, affrighted, as if they had felt the sting of a scorpion, or the puncture of an asp. Then wilt thou be the unhappiest of women. Thou

adornest with too much solicitude thy outward form, which will perish like a garment devoured by the moth, and which will be smote by the arrows of death, as grass is levelled by the scythe of the mower; whilst thy mind, which will endure for ever, resembles the barren mountain or the uncultivated desert. Think, therefore, O daughter of pleasure! ere it is too late. Reflect, whilst thou art capable of reflection. I am come from the bottom of the earth to make thee wiser, better, and even more lovely.—Watch thy behaviour with the strictest vigilance, and let not the slightest signs of pride, levity, or self-admiration, be perceptible in thy looks, thy actions, or thy words. Seem not to be conscious of thy charms, and they will beam forth with redoubled splendour: forget that thou art fairer than other women, and thou wilt be the fairest among them. Be not over-studious to make thy neck shine with the glossy pearls of Manar, and thy hair glitter with the diamonds of Golconda. Be neat in thy person, be plain in thy apparel. Simplicity is beyond magnificence. Loveliness wants not the aid of ornament, but is when unadorned, adorned the most. Do not hang over fountains for the pleasure of seeing thy image reflected in them. Such a desire can only be prompted by vanity, and

ought, therefore, to be suppressed. Censure not thy virgin companions, because they have not the same external attractions thou art favoured with; for they may be possessed of accomplishments superior to thine, though they are not so conspicuous. Behold this talisman; view it with attention: it is the talisman of truth, made with the finest crystal, and so wonderfully constructed, that it will not only shew thee what thou art, but what thou shouldest be. When thou resemblest, in every respect, the character I have drawn for thee, thou wilt appear in the most amiable light: but when any irregular passion, or any vicious inclination, takes possession of thy heart, and stimulates thee to commit an unbecoming, or an immoral action, thou wilt be changed into a monster of ugliness. In such circumstances think on me. Repent, reform, and thou wilt be restored to thy pristine beauty."—When the genius had uttered the last word, he put the talisman into her hand, and instantly disappeared, with the pillar of smoke, but left a scent behind him grateful as the evening breeze which plays among the Sabæan spices, or the fragrant gale which flutters upon the gum-distilling trees of Arabia.

Zulima's astonishment at the sudden appearance of the genius, deprived her of the powers

of speech; but the various emotions which she felt during his address to her were charactered in her countenance. When he told her that he was delighted with her person, she threw off her veil with exultation: her eyes sparkled with joy, her bosom panted with satisfaction. But when he informed her she was subject to the most loathsome distempers, she trembled, and grew pale. She was chilled with horror when he talked of the gripe of age, and shuddered at the mention of the talons of decrepitude. When he told her she would be deserted by her admirers, as soon as she had no charms to allure them, she was torpid with amazement; but when he afterwards assured her she would become more beautiful by regarding his admonitions, her heart danced with rapture, and her lips quivered with ecstasy. She was somewhat disconcerted to hear him prefer plainness, neatness, and simplicity, to pomp, grandeur and magnificence: and to hear self-admiration and censoriousness condemned by him with severity. She was convinced, however, soon after his departure, that it was necessary to follow the rules he had prescribed; for, on surveying herself in the talisman, she discovered such an alteration in her person, that she was struck with fear, and let it fall to the ground; but, when she

carefully took it up, with a wish that it might not be broken, she looked, on a second view, as engaging as ever. From that moment she determined to obey her monitor with punctuality; and, after having prostrated herself to implore the assistance of him who dwelleth in the third heaven, she returned to the house of her father.

PRATER, No. 13.

No. LXXII.

Veluti in speculo.

As in a mirror.

WHEN a few moons had passed away, Hamed, a young man of large possessions, and remarkable integrity, demanded Zulima for a wife. His palace dazzled the eye with its magnificence. His dress was purple enriched with gold, and the jewels in his turban glittered like the rays of the sun. He commanded, by inheritance, an extensive tract of land, which was cultivated like a garden. Herds innumerable lowed in his fields, and flocks without number bleated in his pastures. Yet, in the midst of his riches, Hamed was temperate; fifty women only had he in his Haram. He had many personal perfections, but they were trifling compared with the beauties of his mind, which resembled an emerald of inestimable value, deposited in a golden casket. The first view of Zulima's uncommon charms struck him at once with wonder and delight. She appeared to his ravished eyes as majestic as the cedar of Lebanon and graceful as the tulip of Candahar. He

poured forth his soul before her, called her the light of his life, and swore she was more lovely than the daughters of Paradise. Zulima soon became inebriated with the homage paid to her, and, imagining, too hastily, that she should increase his sensibility by retarding the completion of his wishes, and quicken desire by protracting the moment of possession, urged him, by turns, to hope and to despair, by every feminine artifice she could think of. But Hamed soon discovered that the heart of Zulima was deceitful as the ocean, when it is unruffled by a breeze, and that she was neither charmed by his person, nor captivated by his manners. He discovered that the voice of adulation alone was music to her ear, and that she was blind to all beauties but her own. At this discovery his soul was filled with indignation. Resentment extinguished all emotions of tenderness, and drove him abruptly from her presence.

Zulima, as soon as Hamed had left her, hastened to her talisman with the rapidity of a roe, to see in what light she had appeared to him, and to embellish herself with new graces against the next interview; for, as he had not mentioned his intention never to return, the hopes of fanning the flames of love with fresh allurements, made her spirits flow with unusual briskness,

and her feet bound with unusual agility. But, how great her surprise, when, instead of eyes sparkling with pleasure, and cheeks glowing with expectation, she beheld in the polished crystal a monster of ugliness. Shocked at the unexpected sight, she gazed at her altered image. She gazed and was astonished. Abdaric instantaneously darted into her mind. She found, on a retrospect of her conduct, that she had encouraged the addresses of Hamed, not out of regard for himself, not out of obedience to her father, not from a desire to be happily married; but to hear the sighs of fondness, to have her ears regaled with the soothing strains of eulogy, to be admired and praised, to be flattered and adored. Her conscience smote her. She repented, and, at the same time, determined to receive Hamed with more affability, and to listen to him with more attention; to deserve his love, and to merit his esteem. These resolves had, in some measure, the wished-for effect. She saw with ecstasy her face, by degrees recover its accustomed bloom; but its bloom, alas! was recovered too late; for Hamed had, during the eclipse of it, placed his affections on Zelis, the daughter of Nouradin, and friend of Zulima.

Zelis, though not so striking a beauty as Zu-

lima, was not less engaging. Zulima shone like the sun in its meridian splendor; Zelis, like the sky, tinged with its rising and departing rays. The first resembled a large edifice, full of lofty apartments, decorated with the most costly ornaments, and blazing with the united lustre of gems and gold. The last might be compared to a small plain building, executed with the utmost elegance, and adorned with the utmost simplicity. Zulima was more admired than Zelis, but Zelis was more beloved than Zulima.

Zelis had an expressiveness in her countenance, which was, like the magnet, irresistibly attracting. She was modest, gentle, affable, and unconscious of her perfections. These amiable qualities soon bound the heart of Hamed in adamantine chains. He was pleased with her person, but enraptured with her mind, and had soon the satisfaction to find that Zelis viewed him with equal delight, loved him with equal ardour, and esteemed him with equal sincerity. The news of their intended union flew, with the swiftness of lightning, to the house of Abukazan. Zulima felt a disorder she had never known before at the receipt of this intelligence. To think that she had lost her lover was perturbation, but to think that Zelis was in possession of him, distraction. Many hours she spent in contriving

methods to recall her lover, and at last fixed on a design which she executed immediately with an assurance of success. She prevailed on Cadige, an old nurse who had attended her from her infancy, to make herself serviceable to Zelis. Zelis was pleased with her assiduity, and told Zulima she was very happy in possessing so useful a slave. Zulima, who beheld Zelis with the eyes of a lion when a tender kid lies bleeding at his feet, was so delighted to find she was fallen into the toils which were spread for her, that she entreated her to keep Cadige for her own use; telling her, with an air of pleasantry, that she had won her affections, and adding that she could not therefore offer her with so much propriety to any other person. Cadige, in a short time, took advantage of the confidence Zelis placed in her, and endeavoured to make her contemptible in the eyes of Hamed, by throwing a veil over her virtues, and to weaken his attachment to her, by insinuating, with an anxious concern for his happiness, that the woman he had chosen from the rest of her sex, was, of all her sex, the most unworthy of his esteem. While Cadige was thus employed, and while Zelis reflected on the coldness of her lover with tears and with complainings, Zulima was full of gloomy doubts, and alarming fears. The

cause of her first deviation from rectitude, by attempting to lessen Hamed's affection for Zelis, gave her many uneasy throbs; but these were agreeable sensations, compared to the piercing pangs she felt when she reflected on the immorality of her actions. Conscious of the mischiefs she was perpetrating, she was pre-eminently wretched. Her mind was agitated like the sand of the desert by a whirlwind: revenge engrossed her thoughts, banished every other idea, and eradicated every other passion; she vowed to pursue Zelis to destruction, because her importance was lessened by the desertion of Hamed, though she abhorred, at the same time, the turpitude of her intentions. She forgot to survey herself in the talisman of truth, and Abdaric was no longer remembered by her. One evening, while she was in this torturing situation, Cadige informed her, that by perpetually filling the ears of Hamed with the ill-health, ill-nature, and ill-behaviour of Zelis, she had almost persuaded him to abandon her; and that the anguish of disappointment had greatly diminished the lustre of her charms. Zulima heard the news with alacrity, and, flushed with the hopes of triumphing over a formidable rival, began to deck herself with new ornaments. All the vivid colours of the rainbow glowed on her

silky vestments. But her joy was of short duration; for on casting her eye accidentally on the talisman, she sunk down upon her sofa without motion and without sense. While the slave flew to procure a resuscitating medicine, the earth opened, and Abdaric appeared. Zulima heard the rustling of his beard, which sounded like the roaring of a cataract, and awaked; but was awe-struck, and endeavoured to screen herself from his penetrating looks with her veil. But that stratagem was a vain one, for, with a touch of his wand, it fell to the ground. She reddened with shame, and was abashed. When thus the genius—"Thou canst not conceal thyself, O daughter of the dust, from an all-seeing eye. Thou hast made use of the most criminal methods, to render thyself an object of horror. I am now come, not to entice thee to act right, but to condemn thee for having acted wrong. Thy crimes are of so black a dye, they cannot be punished with too much rigour. I warned thee of thy danger, when thou stoodst tottering on the brink of a precipice—why didst thou not follow my counsel?—Know, inconsiderate Zulima, that a beautiful woman, without innocence and virtue, is like an almond-tree in winter, stripped of its foliage and its fruit."

When he had uttered these words, he struck

the unhappy Zulima with his wand. She instantly became a spotted serpent, and crawled upon the earth before him. Abdaric then turned to Cadige, who, at this juncture, arrived with the juice of a plant, which the sages of physic always administer when the powers of reason are suspended. "Behold (said he) thy wretched child. Seven years shall she thus creep upon the ground, a noisome reptile in the gardens of Hamed, who now revels in his bower, completely happy in being united to Zelis, the most amiable woman in the East. When she can take a pleasure in the felicity of others, she shall re-assume a human form. Seven years shall she continue in beauty's brightest bloom, but without one lover to soothe her pride, one admirer to flatter her vanity. If, at the expiration of the last year, she is convinced of her past errors, and can render her mind as faultless as her person, she may then, even Zulima, may then be happy."

At the conclusion of this speech he sunk into the earth again, which closed with a noise like the bursting of a cloud impregnated with sulphur.

PRATER, No. 15.

No. LXXIII.

Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam.
VIRGIL.

Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue.
WARTON.

THAT insatiable curiosity which I have long esteemed the source of one of the principal and most rational pleasures of my life, led me, the other morning, while an agreeable party that I had attended at Putney bowling-green were galloping over the jovial hours to the sprightly tabor, to the edge of a little pond before the door; to see what quieter objects the unruffled face of nature, the burnt green, or the still pool afforded, that might court the contemplation of a mind devoted to the adoration of its Creator, and eager to find occasions of it amongst the minutest, the seemingly most inconsiderable, of his works.

The surface of the water, in this scanty reservoir, was obscured by a thick green crust, which the slightest motion dissipated, and which appeared to be composed of the mere unconnected particles of fine powder. A common observer would have called this dust, filth,

or the foulness of the water. I had, however, another opinion of it: I promised myself great satisfaction in the discovery of what composed it; but the present moment was no time for that investigation. The agreeableness of the place, the universal cheerfulness of the company that had crowded together there, and particularly the happy gaiety of my own party, of whom Euphrosyne herself was one, called me irresistibly back to the room; and all the respect I could pay to my intended object of observation was, the loading a servant with a quantity of the water to be examined at home.

How greatly entertained would every one who does me the honour to cast his eye over the description, have been, could he have seen with me, to-day, that every particle of that which, to the naked eye, appeared lifeless dust, was, in reality, a living animal, formed with as complex an organization, as many parts, as himself; all which served to as many purposes, and were sure to continue to the period of the creature's existence, in the same uninterrupted course of action.

Besides these animals, however, which the unassisted eye could distinguish to be existences, though wholly incapable of discovering their forms and qualities, every the minutest

drop of water swarmed with life, and was peopled with animalcules of another kind, in so abundant a degree, that it must have been impossible for any of the humble inhabitants of the heath, to have quenched their thirst at the place, at a less expense than that of the destruction of a greater number of animals, than there are men at this time upon the whole face of the earth.

A drop of the clearer part of this water, so small as to be itself scarce visible, when applied before the microscope, entertained me with more than a thousand little creatures, all full of life and gaiety, as the company from whom I had parted to obtain it; and all as insensible of the open jaws of two or three devourers of a larger kind, who lived among them, and were continually preying upon them, as those lords of the creation were of that universal grave of natural death, into which one or other of them are to be daily dropping, though human prescience can never say whom it will first call upon.

The greater number of the inhabitants of this little portion of the water, which was extended to a sea by the power of the glasses, were mere little globules, and, though full of life and jollity, seemed only a kind of inflated bladders, com-

posed of nothing more than a thin membrane, containing, amidst a quantity of fluid like the circumambient water, a few organs of life and sensation: among these there rolled about the more unwieldy forms of two or three larger creatures, which were of a different shape, and seemed created only to devour them: they advanced continually among the thickest of them and swallowed them by numbers at a time.

I had selected one of these larger animalcules for my observation, and was admiring the structure of its mouth, formed to take in the living bladders, as they appeared to be, and to burst them as they went down, throwing out the common fluid, and swallowing only their juices; when, the drops of water beginning to dry up, and threatening the creature with instant dissolution, I replenished it with an addition of the same minute kind from the common stock. I had observed the little animal, as the agonies of death approached, extending the extremity of its tail in breadth, and sometimes thrusting out a number of threads all around it. I had then been solicitous to know the use of such an apparatus, and I was soon after informed of it.

Clear and uninhabited as the additional drop had appeared to the naked eye, I quickly found that I had let in with it, not only an innumerable

fresh supply of the smaller animalcules, but there appeared also among them one of a sluggish kind, much larger than even the first-observed destroyer of these creatures. This animal seemed, even more than the other, to have been formed by nature with no other intent than to destroy her other productions, and perfectly to answer the character the Latin poet gives of the generality of certain people whom he calls men, Fruges consumere nati. It was of an oblong shape, destitute of limbs, and, for all that I could observe, of any power of changing its place: it seemed only a hollow body, formed to be the grave of the rest of the inhabitants of the fluid, which it swallowed by hundreds at a time, without giving itself the trouble of seeking after them.

Nature, I soon observed, had furnished this creature with a kind of fringe about the mouth, which it kept in continual play, and which putting the water that was near it, together with all contained in it, into an incessant motion, just as the arms of another minute insect, described in one of these papers some time since, carried the lesser animals into its throat every moment, without its taking the least pains to find them. The larger animal I had been before examining, at length found itself in the

reach of this destructive whirlpool; and instinct, I soon discovered, had implanted in it sufficient terrors for the avoiding the destruction. When it first found it was within the reach of the current, it exerted its utmost strength to throw itself out of it. Several repeated efforts were made to this purpose with additional violence, but in vain; instead of disengaging itself, the unhappy animal found its strength every moment decaying, and its body nearer the scene of destruction, than when it had more power to fly from it.

It now shewed me the use of the expansion of its tail: the extremity of that part formed a broad smooth surface, which it applied to the plate of glass which the water was laid on, as we see boys do pieces of wet leather to stones, in order to lift them from the ground: thus fixed, it seemed, for some moments, to defy the power of the water to dislodge it; at length, however, whether its strength failed, or by what other accident I know not, it lost its hold, and was in an instant drawn vastly nearer the jaws of death: it now thrust out the filaments I had before observed, from the extremity of the tail, and, after fixing the end of it, as it had done before, to the glass, it extended these to their

full length several ways, and fastened itself by them as by so many roots.

The whole multitude of the lesser animalcules had now been successively drawn into the mouth of this destroyer, and were extinct; the only remaining prey was this single animal, which had thus at length fixed itself in defiance. Hunger now influenced the destroyer in a more violent degree; he exerted his power of moving the water with double vehemence; but the destined victim fixed himself so much the more firmly; the struggle lasted some time, and what would have been the issue is not easy to determine; but, in the midst of it the drop of water, in which they were placed before the microscope, exhaled, and they both perished at the same instant.

It was impossible to avoid moralising on an incident like this. "What," exclaimed I to myself, "is the tyrant, whose nod commands ten thousand of his fellow-creatures to butcher one another, but such a hateful destroyer as this unwieldy insect! and what, alas! is the end of his conquests, and of his subjects' terrors! the drop dries up, and they perish, and are forgotten together.

INSPECTOR, No. 39.

The subsequent passages from Sulivan's View of Nature, will throw still farther light upon the microscopic world. "In a single drop of water, what thousands of little animals have been found to exist! So small, indeed, have they been observed by the aid of the microscope, that, from analogy, it may be conjectured, there are organised beings, who can pass through the leaves of a plant with as much facility as a horse can pass through a meadow; who can crouch under the imperceptible filaments of a flower; and who can exist at the fountain of a snow-drop's juices. Among the ephemera, youth is in the morning, maturity at noon, old age in the evening, and death at night. If insects have histories, they are the stories of a little day; and yet contain, perhaps, as much as the natural memoirs of a human century. They must, indeed, have a chronology and optics different from ours. How our science vanishes as we approach the elements of nature! * Since exceedingly small animals are discovered and seen by the microscope, we may reasonably judge there are parts incomparably less yet, which escape all our senses, all the industry of man, and exceed even imagination itself. Since a mite walks along, it must have legs, and these legs necessarily must have joints. In order to move these joints, there must be muscles, nerves, and tendons; and in the nerves, fibres, such as we see in those of larger animals, or, at least, something equivalent to them. And if we could carry this consideration yet farther, and speak of the heart, blood, brain, and animal spirits, we should be at a loss, and forced to confess our imagination unable to comprehend the extreme minuteness of the smallest parts in the system of a mite. †

"Man cannot draw aside the veil of nature: Not all the efforts of all the philosophers that the world has ever produced, have ever been able to penetrate into the inscrutable arcanum. The enormous volumes of their study have only

* Saint Pierre. † Rohault.

shewn uncertainty more uncertain. Enlightened minds, indeed, may have approached to where the secrets of animation commence, but there they have been obliged to stop. Vain is the search to arrive at first principles, vain is the attempt to gain an intimate knowledge of creation. Attend to the atmosphere, which is, perhaps, the mighty magazine in which nature has reposited her immense stores of the germs of diminutive beings; in whose species, manners, and variety of movements, there is every essential difference. Some are like eels; some move slow, others move fast; many even continually revolve like tops upon their axes, though this rotatory motion is attended with a progressive one.* But the animalcula in water are the smallest we can discover; for though animalcula equally minute may fly in the air, or creep upon the earth, it is scarcely possible to get a view of them; whereas water being transparent, and confining the little creatures within it, we are enabled by applying a drop of it to our glasses, to discover with ease a great part of its contents. These little animals move, in all directions, with ease and rapidity; sometimes obliquely, sometimes straight forwards, at other times circularly; one while rolling and turning round, and then running backwards and forwards through the whole dimensions of the drop, as if in sport; at other times, attacking with avidity the little heaps of matter they meet with in their way. One of the wonders of modern philosophy is, the bringing such beings to our acquaintance: a mite was formerly thought the limit of littleness; but we are not now surprised to be told of animals many millions of times smaller than a mite: for there are some animalcula so small, that, upon calculation, the whole earth is not found large enough to be a third proportional to the whale, as the whale is in comparison to these little animals.†

"The human mind, indeed, justly prides itself on the astonishing progress it has made in the science of optics; yet insects, without the aid of art, are probably man's superiors.

* Spallanzani. † Cyclopædia Britannica.

Newton's advances in the path of light and vision, may be ranked among the greatest acquisitions of human knowledge. Hence, what discoveries by the telescope; and what wonders by the microscope! nor let us forget that these discoveries received their birth from the exertion of the mental faculties. But yet the natural eyes of an insignificant insect, can probably seize hold on objects that escape the sight of man: the eyes of many appear to be cut into a multitude of little planes or facets, like the facets of a diamond, having, to the naked eye, the appearance of net-work: each of these small facets is supposed to possess the powers and properties of an eye. Lewenhoek counted 3181 of these facets in the cornea of a beetle, and 8000 in those of a horse-fly! but the eyes of insects are immoveable. These multiplied eyes, therefore, enable them to view surrounding objects:—such numerous inlets to sight also, may increase their field of view, augment the intensity of the light, and be productive of other advantages, of which we have no conception.*

"It is an exquisite pleasure thus to see the Creator of heaven and earth constantly working in all the parts of nature, and nature itself daily renewed by creating power. These are not the productions of mechanism and dead matter. The will of the Divine Being is incessantly operating in restoring the succession of creatures; that same will, or power, and wisdom, which made the first of every species. In inquiring into the scheme of existence, as far as our intellects can reach; in admiring the variety of the contrivances, and the exactness of the execution, we may apply all that we know of geometry and calculation, till our little knowledge is lost amidst innumerable and incomprehensible diversities. The higher we rise, and the deeper we descend, into the scale of animated nature, the more beautiful are our views, and the more extensive is our prospect; each species is continued. The individuals were not indeed created lasting, like the sun

* Adams.

and planets, and the other great bodies of the universe, but the species is evidently designed to be as durable. Thus, as in the renewing of the year, when fruits, and herbs, and flowers are decayed and perished, they are continually succeeded by new productions; and this governing power of the deity is only his creating power constantly repeated; so it is with respect to the races of animated beings. What an amazing structure of parts, fitted to strain the various particles that are imbibed; which can admit and percolate molecules of such various figures and sizes! Out of the same common earth what variety of beings; a variety of which no human capacity can venture the calculation; and each differing from the rest in taste, colour, smell, and every other property! what is still more wonderful, how powerful must that art be, which makes the flesh of the various species of animals differ in all sensible qualities, and yet be formed by the separation of parts of the same common food! In all this, is the Creator every where present, and every where active: it is he who clothes the fields with green, and raises the trees of the forest; who brings up the lowing herds and bleating flocks; who guides the fish of the sea, and wings the inhabitants of the air, the meanest insect, and reptile of the earth. He forms their bodies incomparable in their kind, and furnishes them with instincts still more admirable. Here is eternally living force, and omnipotent intelligence and direction.*

"The number and the variety of living creatures, appear to be greater than those of vegetables. A great naturalist at Paris announced some years ago, that he possessed a collection of upwards of 30,000 different species. But, even this, if accurate, was trifling to what does exist upon the face of the globe; all nature seems to be but one mass of animation.† Buffon, indeed, says there are not, in the whole habitable earth, above three hundred species of quadrupeds, even in-

* Baxter. † Saint Pierre.

cluding forty different species of monkies, and fifteen hundred species of birds; out of which man has selected about twenty which are more useful to him than all the others. But, life is infinite; vitality seems the grand object of creation. The obvious law seems to be, that the sum of the different kinds of organised bodies, shall increase in proportion to the degrees of sensation and animation. Thus the living vegetable world, leaves the unorganised mineral kingdom far behind; while this latter, again, is greatly exceeded by animal nature; which is obviously possessed of higher degrees of sensation. Of the mineral kingdom, not more than five hundred distinct kinds are yet known, if so many. Of the vegetable, not more, perhaps, than twenty-eight thousand; so that the proportion between the mineral and vegetable world, will be as one to fifty-six. It is true, the different species of animals with which we are as yet acquainted, are not supposed to exceed what is above said. But, this family is illimited: no part of the earth's surface, not a single production, not even mineral bodies, a few exceptions being admitted, are inaccessible to animals. Every plant possesses its own peculiar inhabitant; in some, several species are found. The superficies or skin of all animals, not excepting insects and worms, have their own peculiar insect; the intestines afford lodging to various worms, nor are any of the viscera totally exempt from them. The semen of animals abounds with them, and myriads are discovered by means of infusions. To these may be added the multitudinous products of the sea, which from not experiencing the same extremes of heat and cold with terrestrial beings, are as prolific under the pole, as under the equator. Land animals, if their situation be too hot or too cold, cannot so immediately change it for one of a more convenient temperature. Their course is interrupted by rivers, mountains, and seas. On the contrary the inhabitants of the ocean can instantly plunge fathoms deeper, if they should find the degree of heat or cold insupportable near the surface; or they can easily migrate from one country to another. The quantity of living sub-

stances upon the earth, and under the different zones, is proportioned to the degree of heat connected with that of moisture. The aqueous tribe, on the contrary, is universally disseminated, and hence the land may be looked upon as a mere desert, when compared with the ocean." *

Vol. iii. p. 287, et seq.

* Zimmerman.

No. LXXIV.

Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetæ ;
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata ; dulcia sunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
HOR.

Of Poets the chief ends are these :
They study to instruct, or please ;
Or, with a mix'd intention, write,
At once to profit and delight.

'Tis not enough your poem shine :
Sweet pathos should with beauty join,
And lead, by all-persuasive skill,
The hearer's mind where'er you will.
BOSCAWEN.

THE author of my motto was one of the best critics the world has ever produced ; and he has, in the above lines, comprised the three principal qualities of poetry. Its aim, says he, is to afford at once utility and delight, to offer what may be agreeable to the fancy, and also what may conduce to the advantages of human life. He farther adds, it is not enough for a poem to abound in prettynesses, it must also have a sweet access to the heart, and should be able to agitate the soul with what passions it pleases. This description involves all the

leading requisites of poetry; and, it is remarkable, includes the three primary branches of composition, viz. the art of addressing our reason, in order to be useful; the imagination, to be agreeable; and the passions, in order to persuade and gain upon our affections. Here then we have poesy, eloquence, and argument, united; and most assuredly, that performance will be found the most excellent in its kind, which is the most highly finished with regard to these three essentials.

Epic poetry has always had the pre-eminence; and, I suppose, the reason of this determination is, because it affords the freest and most ample room for a display of the three primary and original species of writing. It is by observing how these friendly colours mix and blend with each other, that we are to deduce a judgment upon the different authors who have proved any way eminent in the literary world; referring to the first principles, being the only criterion in every art. Bossu, and other critics, have informed us, that the epic fable must involve one entire action; that this action must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. They have told us, that the poet must not take up the thread of his narrative too near the clue; but that he must hasten into the midst of things,

and occasionally give a retrospect to such things as are necessary to be known. They have treated largely of the machinery, of the time the fable should include, with many other particulars, which, though proper to be explained, do not any way conduce to the refinement of taste, or the improvement of true genius. It is most certainly, by observing from what principles in the human frame each art is deducible, that any real or valuable criticism can be formed.

It is manifest, then, that the epic writer has free latitude of inserting all the graces of every kind of composition. All nature lies at his command; wherever he cast his eyes, he is lord of the manor; he can turn a road by poetical act of parliament, through lawns and groves, and scenes of pasturage; the four seasons obey his directions, and he need never be at a loss for agreeable exhibitions of nature, to please the imagination. The whole system of ethics is also his; he may frequently take occasion to improve his readers by short sentences, and transient reflections on human life, and by these means he may gain upon our reason to approve his performances. The whole art of eloquence is likewise perfectly open to the epic author, and from thence he may derive an irresistible

power over our passions. In this last mentioned requisite, the Abbe du Bos places the consummate perfection of fine poetry. Certain it is, the mind of man never feels such intense pleasure from any of the imitative arts, as when its passions are awakened, and it finds itself roused from an impassive state, and unexpectedly agitated by the skilful touches of a master-poet. The author just quoted, ascribes this ideal appearance, to the satisfaction which the soul enjoys at the perception of its own activity: may we not add to this, what is suggested, if I remember right, by the author of the Pleasures of the Imagination? "Our moral sense receives, on the occasion, an additional delight, to see that the social affections are in harmony and proportion, and feelingly awake to the due sensations of humanity; and this, in conjunction with the gratifications which we are apt to take, in comparing the ideas which reality has suggested with those excited by the art of imitation, conspire to render a warm and well-executed passage in poetry, so agreeable to all mankind in general."

Were I to declare in which of the three powers of the mind, already mentioned, I think Homer, Virgil, and Milton, to be most eminently shining, I should ascribe to Homer the

strongest and most vigorous efforts of imagination, and an amazing faculty of alarming us with noble and amazing descriptions of all the magnificent objects in nature. As to our own Milton, I should be inclined to declare him a rival of the Greek poet, for a comprehensive sublimity of conception; and Virgil's excellence I should place in beautiful touches of poetic eloquence. His whole fourth book I take to be a master-piece in this way. The various agitations of mind which Dido endures, her love, her jealousy, her rage, her tenderness, her many mixed emotions, are perhaps the finest strokes in poetry. In his sixth book, also, there are several scenes of the most tender nature; and, in the ninth book, the grief of the mother after the death of Nisus and Euryalus, and the lamentations of Evander, are all to be ranked in the same class, and, in my opinion, afford a pleasure not to be met with in either of the other poets, even though Homer has succeeded so well in Hector's last scene with Andromache, and though our great Milton has a great deal of finely impassioned dialogue, in his justly-celebrated poem. Virgil more frequently applies himself to the passions of his readers, than the other two; and, notwithstanding some pretty strong improbabilities, he does not so frequently

shock our reason, as the Grecian poet, who certainly, in some particulars, is extravagant to the highest degree. Milton has the advantage of having founded his story upon traditions which our religion has sanctified, otherwise I should consider his fallen angels, and the war waged by them, together with the invention of cannon, and many other circumstances, highly chimerical, even though they expand our fancy with grand and surprising appearances.

I shall take another opportunity to consider how far tragedy may dispute with the epic for the preference; and shall only add, at present, that I have ever been of opinion, that all the writers of heroic poesy have, in general, been too fond of the marvellous. By this I would not be understood to censure the use of machinery, which, when introduced with sobriety and discretion, serves to present agreeable scenery to the mind; and I could wish that the correctness of Mr. Glover's judgment had not entirely excluded it from his poem of Leonidas, which certainly has many passages of warm poetic eloquence, many pieces of beautiful imagery, and several strictures of useful and improving morality, artfully interwoven with the ground-work of his fable.

I shall beg leave to conclude with an obser-

vation, which is not entirely foreign to the purpose. It is remarked by Mr. Addison, that Virgil has but one conceit throughout his poem, and that, says he, is put into the mouth of the young Iulùs, when, with a kind of punning ambiguity, he observes, that they are eating their tables. But surely the great critic had forgot the passage, where the poet tells us that Æneas, in running round a tree after the flying Turnus, follows the man who follows him.——Sequiturque sequentem.

This, tried by the rule of Bohours, appears to have truth for its foundation ; but it is so childish a truth, that I am sorry to find it intermixed with the majesty of the Æneid ; but perhaps it is like the fly on the picture, which a minute observer was going to brush away, and then found it was placed there on purpose by the hand of the artist.

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, NO. 92.

No. LXXV.

———*Eos vita privarant vermina sæva.*
Omnia migrant:
Omnia commutat natura, et vertere cogit.
LUCRETIUS.

———Vile worms devour'd them, void of aid.
All migrate:
Varying each hour, from change to change propell'd.
GOOD.

THE subserviency of the several series of beings in the visible creation to one another; the order in which each of them appears in that appointed season, in which only it could answer the purposes of the others; and the preservation of sufficient numbers of every species, amidst the seeming wild and unbounded havoc that reigns throughout, are equal proofs of the amazing, the incomprehensible wisdom of him who formed them all; who, at one great fiat, called the individuals into existence, and gave them laws that should preserve them.

Let the man whose wild imagination would put that chimera, chance, in the place of his Creator, look into the works of his hands, and he must blush at his own absurdity: to me, these

living testimonies of the being and attributes of a God, have ever appeared infinitely superior to the best arguments that the understanding of man has been, or indeed ever can be, able to advance. In these we read at once his existence and his praise, in pages written by his own hand.

Who calls forth the tender buds on every bramble of the hedge, just at that period in which the reptile tribe, the brood of the extinct parents of a former summer, look up to them for food? or who was it that taught the parent insect to deposit the latent principles of a succeeding generation on the branches of that shrub alone, whose leaves are the food of the young? The butterfly who eats not, who knows not what it is to eat, whose sole business of life, in that her fluttering period, is to deposit those eggs with which she feels herself distended; knows she that a voracious insect, wholly unlike herself, is to be born from them? Knows she that, out of ten thousand species of plants which offer without any immediate mark of preference to her sight, there is but one which the young she is to produce can eat? and is it by this knowledge she is directed to place her burden there.

Who bade the little songster of the woods,

whose brood of craving young ones must be hourly fed with the produce of that insect's eggs, select the very period for building her nest, that will protract the time of hatching, just till the reptile progeny of the other shall be grown fit for their digestion? Could chance do this? Or, even if it could, is it within the reach of so blind, so vague an agent, to bid the devastation made by these destroyers, go just to an appointed length, and step no farther; just serve to take off the redundancy that would have eaten up the verdure of the year, and yet leave so many as shall continue the species; nay, as shall continue it in so exact a portion, that the ensuing year shall afford repast and sustenance for such another race of larger animals, and shall just in the same manner preserve its own species?

What but omnipotence, in its full scope, could have given being to the meanest of these reptiles! What, less than a wisdom equal to such power, could have preserved the regular succession of them all for so many thousand years! could have provided, that, in all this time, there should be no fatal redundancy of any kind; nor the defect of one, out of so many thousand species, left, as it were, to the wild will of one another!

They rise into being they know not how, and they perish without pain; they enjoy the moment of existence that is allowed them, bask in the sun's invigorating rays, and feed voluptuously on the growing herbage: though destined to sudden destruction, they foresee it not; a moment takes them, they know not how, out of that existence which they know not how they received; a pain scarce felt before it is at an end, plunges them into a state in which they have no regret at all that they have lost it.

If the ordinary provision for the animal and insect tribe, when fairly examined, fill us with this astonishment and admiration, what new scenes of wonder are there continually disclosing themselves to him who will carry his researches farther, who will view the peculiar provisions made for the more singular species!

The origin of these observations has been no more than my observing, the other morning, the fate of a multitude of caterpillars, which were feeding as voluptuously on a cabbage-leaf at my foot, as myself was on the best produce of the garden, where I accidentally saw them. While I was regarding them, with thoughts that every moment carried up my soul in praises to their and my Creator, my eyes were directed

toward a part of the plant about which a little fly was buzzing on the wing, as if deliberating where it should settle. I was surprised to see the herd of caterpillars, creatures of twenty times its size, endeavour, in their uncouth way, by various contortions of their bodies, to get out of its reach, whenever it poised on the wing as just going to drop. At length the creature made its choice, and seated itself on the back of one of the largest and fairest of the cluster. It was in vain the unhappy reptile endeavoured to dislodge the enemy. Its contortions, which had at first been exerted with that intent, soon became more violent, and denoted pain. They had been repeated several times, at short intervals, when I at length observed, that each of them was the consequence of a stroke given by the fly.

When the wantonly-cruel insect, as it might naturally enough have appeared to an unexperienced observer, had inflicted thirty or forty of these wounds, it took its flight, with a visible triumph. The caterpillar continued its contortions a long time; but all efforts were vain to rid it of the mischief it had received. A prior acquaintance with the economy of this little world had informed me with the intent and end

of all that had been doing: the wounds I knew were not given in sport; but the creature that had inflicted them had deposited an egg in each, and there left them to their fate.

I ordered a servant to take up the leaf, and wiping off the other caterpillars that were feeding on it, conveyed it home with this wounded one upon it. The creature has been fed with care from that day, and I have had an opportunity of observing the progress of the eggs deposited in its body. They have all hatched with me into small oblong, voracious worms, which have fed, from the moment of their appearance, on the flesh of the caterpillar in whose body they found themselves inclosed, without wounding its organs of respiration or digestion, or any of the parts necessary to life: the unhappy creature has continued eating voraciously: they have, by this means, been supplied with sufficient nourishment, and being now arrived at their full growth, and at the destined period of their first change, they are at this time eating their way out at the sides of the animal in which they have so long lived, and that with sure presage of its destruction.

The caterpillar does not, under this circumstance, answer the general end of its existence:

no butterfly can be produced from it; but it perishes, after having thus supported these strangers. One individual of a numerous species thus is lost, without answering the general end of the production; but, while multitudes of others miscarry under the same disadvantages, serving as food of birds, or sport of children, this gives the means of life to thirty or forty other animals, which could have no otherwise been brought into existence.

The conclusion of the history is this: the worms that feed on the wretched creature, are no sooner out of its body, than they spin every one its web, of a silk infinitely finer than that of the silk worm; under this they pass the state of rest necessary to their appearing in their winged form.

It may be natural enough for us to pity the caterpillar that supports this foreign brood, at the expense of so much seeming pain: but things are not always as they appear to us. The creature shews itself much at rest during their living in it, and till we are acquainted with its organs, and the nature of its sensations, we cannot be assured what may be the effects of that which we see it suffer.

He whose tender mercies are over all his works, allotted all we see in this strange scene; and it is wisdom to suppose we are ignorant, while we know he cannot be cruel.

INSPECTOR, No. 64.

No. LXXVI.

Quanquam animus meminisse horret.

VIRGIL.

Though my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.

PITT.

WHEN a man narrowly scrutinises into his own heart, how little satisfaction arises from such an inspection! His goodness many times extends no farther than to languid and impotent resolutions; whence he hath the mortification to see, that his virtue is daily perishing in its blossoms; while vice deeply roots itself in the corruption of his nature, derives additional strength from the luxuriance of the soil, and is hourly making bold advances to maturity. At the same time that prepossessions and prejudices enthral his mind, they likewise enervate the powers of exertion, and thereby preclude to the captive all prospect of enlargement. Passions are clamorous, temptations are numerous, and reason, too frequently, is of insufficient force to silence the former, and to repel the latter. Thus his breast resembles a chaos, where discord, darkness, and confusion maintain their empire, and triumph over the boasted

authority of man. Disappointed and displeased with the picture which his own bosom exhibits of himself, he is naturally led to inquire into the causes of this involuntary deformity. Some writers have endeavoured to solve all difficulties by affirming, that the creation of such a strange compound as man was necessary, to preserve a a due scale and gradation of beings. Others ascribe all our errors and defects to the fall, and thereby impute to the first parents of mankind the moral evil discoverable in the species. But, without entering upon a discussion of these subjects, I would observe that the human mind, in its present state, wears the appearance of an ancient superb structure, which hath formerly been injured and defaced by hostile fury. There still remain strong marks of its primitive grandeur, although several of its noblest apartments are so miserably maimed and neglected, that they are now become, as it were, an heritage for the dragons of the wilderness.

It is a common observation, that neither the best of men are exempt from faults and follies, nor the worst altogether destitute of worth and virtue. But, sometimes, there is such a mixture of good and bad qualities, so great a contrariety both of sentiment and conduct, in the same individual, that when we ourselves sit upon the

trial of such a character, we are even constrained to suspend our sentence; and our judgment is not only embarrassed by the interspersion of slighter crimes, but it is also frequently perplexed and obstructed in its decisions, when actions of the blackest turpitude have been perpetrated by men, whose general behaviour hath corresponded with the strictest rules of virtue and benevolence. History, sacred and profane, furnishes us with striking instances of the brightest excellences, and the foulest blemishes, concentred in the same person. Oftentimes that predominant passion, which constitutes the very heroism of goodness, shall aggravate every feature of vice, if once it be enlisted under the banner of wickedness. That natural warmth of St. Peter's temper, which rendered his zeal for his injured master so conspicuous, betrayed him into the most horrid oaths and execrations. But there is no necessity of a recourse to such distant examples; we shall find sufficient scope for reflection upon topics of this nature, amidst the occurrences of our own times. Nor will the subsequent story be a bad comment upon the hints already advanced; or too faint an illustration of the deplorable consequences which now and then follow upon an

unlimited indulgence even of the best of human passions.

An innkeeper, at a town in Normandy, had eight children. His wife, whom he loved with the utmost tenderness, died of a fever, after fourteen years' cohabitation. He was inconsolable for a while; but at length he emerged from his grief, and transferred all his affections to the fruits of his marriage-bed. The income arising from the profits of his business was an incompetent maintenance for the family. Hence, several of his sons and daughters, when they had attained to a proper age, quitted their father's house, and entered into servitude. So strong was the innholder's attachment to his children, that he regarded their departure in the light of a temporary banishment. However, there yet remained at home his eldest and his youngest son, who practised every filial duty to supply the deficiency of his absent comforts. Prior to this period, commenced the last war between France and Great Britain: in the progress whereof the French compelled into the service a multitude of young fellows, who were averse to the profession of arms. It unhappily fell out, that the innkeeper's youngest boy, a lad about sixteen years of age, was seized upon

by a recruiting party, and hurried into Flanders. The distress of the poor father, at this melancholy incident, would probably have been insupportable, if his brother, who was the minister of the parish, had not used every argument, which reason and religion suggested, to alleviate the pangs of the bereaved parent. But, although a course of time had assuaged the severity of his sufferings, yet his sorrows were occasionally quickened by the piteous tales the youth transmitted to him, of the many hardships he underwent abroad, by repeated applications of this necessitous son for money, and by the inability of the father to gratify the pressing requests of a starving child.

After some years were elapsed, there rode an officer into the yard of the inn; who, alighting from his horse, called aloud for the landlord. The master of the house, observing that his guest, by his apparel, was a man of rank, approached with deference. At which time the officer, fixing his eyes stedfastly upon his host, acquainted him, that he was just arrived from Tournay, and had been desired to inform him of his son's health. The landlord's fond heart bounded at the mention of the person so exceedingly dear to him, and he was urgent with the gentleman to perpetuate his conversation

upon this engaging theme. But the soldier replied, that he was necessitated to pay a few visits in the town, and would take a more favourable opportunity to satisfy every inquiry of his host.

About ten o'clock at night the gentleman returned to his inn, and told the landlord, that he had invited several friends to dinner the next day: wherefore he directed a plentiful and elegant entertainment to be provided. At this protracted stay of his guest, the innholder secretly rejoiced, hoping thereby to hear many particulars about his boy in the Netherlands. The officer complaining of fatigue, and desiring to be conducted to his bed-chamber, the man of the house catched up a candle, and lighted him to his apartment. No sooner were they both entered, but the gentleman drew a purse of gold from his pocket, and gave it to the landlord, with a charge to take care of so valuable a deposit. Then, wishing him a good night, and reminding him of the morrow's engagements, he shut the door and hastened into bed.

VISITOR, No. 39.

No. LXXVII.

Quanquam animus meminisse horret.

VIRGIL.

Though my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.

PITT.

THE following day, the abbé called upon his brother, and, with great complacency in his countenance, inquired after the officer's health. The innkeeper told him that the officer was well, and had set out early in the morning on his return to the army. "It is impossible," rejoined the abbé, with a smile. "That very officer will most assuredly dine with you to-day, and give you such a history of your son, as must be productive to you of a degree of joy, very little inferior to rapture. The landlord was astonished at these mysterious words, and asked his brother, if he was formerly acquainted with the gentleman. To which the minister answered in the affirmative. "Who is he," said the innkeeper, with great emotion. "The whole secret (returned the abbé) shall be revealed to you at dinner." Hereupon, the innholder appeared extremely agitated, and peremptorily asserted the departure of his guest at break of day.

"Indeed it cannot be so (replied the priest): there is a happiness in reserve for you, my dear brother, which my heart struggles to disclose; but the obligations I am under of secresy, will not permit me to unfold this interesting riddle."

The master of the inn, whose face abundantly bespoke the perturbation of his breast, stared upon the minister with a peculiar wildness in his eyes, and seemed entirely deprived of all power of utterance. "Ah! my brother (cried the abbé), this is too, too much. I cannot any longer keep you in this painful state of suspense. I beseech you to recollect the features of the military gentleman. Pray tell me, if you cannot trace out the lineaments of your darling son, under the badge of distinguished merit." This ecclaircissement had nearly proved fatal to the landlord, who turned very pale, trembled in every joint, and immediately sunk down in a swoon. The aged churchman blamed himself for the temerity of his proceedings, and wished a thousand times that he had suppressed this affecting part of his narrative. But, since he could not retract his story, he cherished hopes, that a fuller explanation of every circumstance might deliver his brother's mind from this distraction of contending passions. Wherefore, when the unhappy man was recovered from his

fits, the minister tenderly entreated him to compose the turbulency of his thoughts; and further informed him, that his son, by a late signal display of valour, had been rewarded with a hundred louis-d'ors and a lieutenancy. That the dear youth, noticing the officious assiduity of his father, presently inferred from thence his parent's ignorance of him; now disguised, as it were, by his improved stature, and the superiority of his attire. That, pleased with this uncommon adventure, he had apprised his friends thereof, and appointed them to dine with him, that they might share the joys of the family upon his discovery of himself. To all which the abbé subjoined, that this worthy and amiable child had brought his indigent father a purse of money, to obviate his present necessities, and to prevent future anxieties.

Scarce had the uncle mentioned this superlative instance of filial goodness, before the innkeeper dropped to the ground, writhed with frightful convulsions, while the ecclesiastic looked with inconceivable surprise upon the servants, who stood speechless round their seemingly dying master. Amidst these scenes of confusion, the maid recollected, that there was a phial of hartshorn-drops in a closet pertaining to the bed-chamber where the officer had lain the pre-

ceding night. As she was running up stairs for the medicine, she was pursued by the minister, who endeavoured to arrest her in her flight, that he might learn from her, if it was possible, the true cause of these strange and formidable occurrences.

With thoughts more disturbed and embroiled than the stormy deep, he entered the chamber; where, finding that his strength and spirits were hastily departing from him, he threw himself upon a couch, which was accidentally at hand. After he had continued a few minutes in this fainting state, he opened his eyes, and thought that he saw something like a human form lying under the bed. The figure powerfully attracted his sight for a while. But, when the abbé had gazed long enough to ascertain the reality of the object, he started up from his recumbent posture, and collecting all his shattered powers into one effort, eagerly dragged the body from its concealment. To his inexpressible consternation, horror, and anguish, the mangled corpse proved to be the remains of the military stranger. The pious clergyman, penetrated through his very soul at this spectacle, fetched a deep groan, and instantly fell dead upon his murdered nephew.

By this time the innholder was restored from

those dreadful contortions, which had threatened his immediate dissolution. Raising himself out of the chair in which his domestics had seated him, he desired to be taken before a magistrate, to whom he confessed every particular of this bloody tragedy. It seemed, that the eldest son was the first who proposed the destruction of the officer. The father heard the overtures with detestation; but the young man, having bound himself in a joint bond with his father for the payment of a large sum of money, and hourly expecting his parent and himself to be thrown into a jail, urged the necessity of making the soldier's purse their own property, as the only expedient to secure themselves from the miseries of confinement. The father warmly remonstrated against the pursuit of such impious measures; and likewise observed, that the guilt thereof would be highly inflamed by the extraordinary confidence which his guest had reposed in him. The son intimated that he thought it cruel usage to be made subject to the penalties of a bond, for which he had received no pecuniary consideration, and which he had entered into upon no other motive than the preservation of his father from the resentment of his creditors. The parent bewailed their complicated misfortunes; but persisted in suffering the ut-

most extremities, rather than imbrue their hands in blood. When the young fellow noticed that his arguments made no impression, he then artfully enumerated the sore afflictions which his youngest brother endured in Flanders from cold, penury, and toil. Nor did he fail to insinuate, that now an occasion presented itself of succouring the wretched youth, who was daily surrounded with famine, disease, and death. The pitiable father burst into torrents of tears, and hastily said, "Whatsoever we are to do, let us do it immediately."

Thus the lacerated heart, although it had resolutely maintained its ground against the piercing solicitations of poverty, the approaching terrors of a prison, and the importunate clamours of an undone child, nevertheless, fell a sudden sacrifice to the inordinate transports of parental affection.

VISITOR, No. 40.

This dreadful tale is a counterpart of "The Fatal Curiosity of Lillo," a tragedy of great excellence with regard to the construction of its fable, and of which the following correct analysis has been given by Mr. Harris, in his Philological Inquiries:

"A long lost son, returning home unexpectedly, finds his parents alive, but perishing with indigence.

"The young man, whom, from his long absence, his parents never expected, discovers himself first to an amiable friend,

his long-loved Charlotte: and, with her, concerts the manner how to discover himself to his parents.

"'Tis agreed he should go to their house, and there remain unknown, till Charlotte should arrive and make the happy discovery.

"He goes thither accordingly, and having, by a letter of Charlotte's, been admitted, converses, though unknown, both with father and mother, and beholds their misery with filial affection—complains at length he was fatigued (which in fact he really was), and begs he may be admitted for a while to repose. Retiring, he delivers a casket to his mother, and tells her 'tis a deposit she must guard, till he awakes.

"Curiosity tempts her to open the casket, where she is dazzled with the splendour of inumerable jewels. Objects so alluring suggest bad ideas, and poverty soon gives to those ideas a sanction. Black as they are, she communicates them to her husband, who, at first reluctant, is at length persuaded, and, for the sake of the jewels, stabs the stranger while he sleeps.

"The fatal murder is perpetrating, or at least but barely perpetrated, when Charlotte arrives, full of joy, to inform them, that the stranger within their walls was their long-lost son." P. 154, et seq.

No. LXXVIII.

Denique, jam, quoniam generatim reddita finis
Crescendis rebus constat, vitamque tenendi;
Et quid quoque queant, per fœdera naturæ,
Quid porro nequeant, sancitum quandoquidem extat.

LUCRETIUS.

To all has nature giv'n a bound precise
Of being and perfection; and promulg'd,
To every varying rank, her varying laws;
Urging to this, from that restraining firm.

GOOD.

THE little excursions of the Inspector on parties of pleasure generally furnish the town with something extremely different from what might have been expected as the result of such expeditions. If another man had attended the sailing-match the other day to Gravesend, the world, if they were to be afterwards acquainted with the result of his observations, would look for something about navigation: I am not without a relish for the entertainment which I see people about me receive from these occurrences; but I am not so easily satisfied: the observation of the productions of nature is ever infinitely superior to all art has to recommend it; and, as there is scarce any place which

does not afford the means of entering into new disquisitions in regard to these, the Inspector hardly misses any opportunity of improving them.

I ordered the barge, in which we had, on this occasion, followed the vessels to the extent of their course, to fall some miles farther down the river; and while we dined under the shelter of an old mound, ordered our people who were provided with an instrument for that purpose, to rake up from the bottom whatsoever accident should throw in the way of their search. To describe the variety of animals and plants which a half-hour's labour of this kind had spread upon the farther part of this vessel, by that time we had done our repast, would take up the quantity of a volume. I think it a duty upon me, while I am amusing myself, to provide for the entertainment also of those who pay me the sensible compliment of a quarter of an hour of their time every morning: I selected, with this intent, one of the many animals which offered, and took some care of the having it conveyed home alive without injury.

The creature was one of those shell-fish commonly called Sea-Eggs, and by authors Echini Marini: it was one of the round kind, but not of the most common species. We are used to

meet with the empty and naked shell of this animal in the cabinets of the modern collectors of natural curiosities, and we admire the structure of it, even in that state, while we observe the multitude of regularly disposed prominences, and the several series of elegant perforations, which adorn its surface.

It is laudable to admire every object of the creation, even for its form and external structure, but we ought to distinguish between natural history and natural philosophy; and to know the vast difference there is between recollecting the exuviæ of animals, and the investigating the nature, properties, and qualities, of the creature to which they belong, before we suppose ourselves in a condition to judge of the utility of those studies. The admiring the superficies of objects is the delight of children: the investigating the nature and economy of the creature, and the structure and use of its several parts, is an attempt to which the human understanding, at its utmost extent, is hardly equal. Every man who has leisure, to whom accident has given opportunities, or who has but money at his disposal, may get together a collection; he only who has judgment can use one.

I have thought thus much proper to say on this subject, in an age in which natural history

seems to be coming into repute, but in which most who engage in it seem to float only on the surface; and, out of a love and esteem for those studies, I would caution them not to mistake the means for the end: to know that natural history, in the limited sense in which the term is now understood, is but the servant of philosophy; and to understand, that though collections of natural bodies are the essential means of arriving at the depths of this study, yet they are no more than the means: in the hands of those who content themselves with admiring the pretty forms of the things they get together, and cannot even call them by their names, much less give any rational account of the creatures to which they belong, they are but knick-knacks and play-things; and this kind of attention to them deserves the severity with which men of sense have at all times treated it.

I have a great while intended to say thus much to the people who, at this time, on no better principles than these, call themselves naturalists; and am happy in an opportunity of instancing the justice of the observation in the history of this animal; a creature so generally supposed to be known, but so little truly understood.

I will not doubt but the collectors of shells have heard that the shell of this animal, which

appears naked in their cabinets, is, while the creature is living, covered with spines or prickles; but my acquaintance among them never gave me the least reason to suspect they know any thing more of it.

The creature brought to town on this occasion was yesterday put into a large earthen vessel, with a flat bottom, filled with clear salt water. It was alive, and I had a happy opportunity of explaining all its parts to my auditory. The whole shell is of a figure nearly globular; but, in the centre of the base, or that part which is always next the bottom, there is a large opening, in which is placed the mouth of the animal; and on the very summit, or top of the shell, there is another, somewhat smaller, at which the intestines terminate, and by which the remains of the food, after it has served the purposes of digestion, are discharged. This seems, at first sight, a strange situation for these parts; but as the creature feeds on things which it finds at the bottom of the sea, and its digestive faculties are weak, and perform their functions but slowly, no other position of them could have answered the purpose.

From the top of the shell to the edge of the opening in the base, there run, at equal distances, five broad lines: these are of a different appear-

ance from the rest of the surface, and are full of almost inumerable perforations, or little holes. These, in the dry empty shell, as preserved in collections, are easily distinguished by their letting through the light; but, while the animal is living in it, they are only discovered by their uses. Between these lines there run about thirty distinct series, or rows, of little eminences, of different figure and size in the dried shell; but, in the living animal, each of these supports a regular spine or prickle, like that on the skin of the hedgehog, and from these the creature had its Latin name.

These were all entire on the living animal which was the subject of our observation, and the several series of them were longer and shorter, according to the differences of the eminences on the surface of the dry or naked shells. These spines hung flaccid, when we took the creature out of the bladder in which it had been brought to town; but the first thing it did, on being put into the fresh water, was to erect them all; so that the surface appeared as if thick set with needles with the points outward. We had the patience and attention to count the spines of one division, and found, by this, the whole number to be not less than four-and-twenty hundred. The creature, by the vibratory

motion it first gave them, shewed us that they were much at its command; and, on examination, we found that each of them had its separate muscle affixed to its base, and running through a small aperture in the head of an eminence on which the spine turns, as the bones of our bodies at their joints. What an apparatus is this for an animal esteemed so inconsiderable! the muscles of the human body are hardly five hundred, and here are between two and three thousand in this creature!

One of the uses of the spines or prickles of this animal, is evidently the defending it from those fish which feed on many other of the testaceous animals; but it soon shewed us another very important purpose for which they were bestowed; it suddenly bent a multitude of those of the lower part of the shell, all in the same direction downward, and used them as legs, performing its progressive motion by means of them. It was easy to perceive, that the smooth bottom of the vessel was troublesome for it to walk on; after throwing itself sideways, and bringing others of the spines to bear, and using them as legs, as it had done the former, it found motion any way inconvenient; it placed itself on the base again, and prepared for rest.

'Tis easy to conceive, that a creature of this

globular form, if it had no better means of keeping its place than had hitherto appeared, must be rolled about by every motion of the water, and have its armature of spines soon destroyed. We quickly found, however, that nature had not left it unprovided with a security against this danger: it had no sooner placed itself for rest, than we saw a multitude of long and slender white fleshy filaments, resembling the horns of snails, playing in the water all about its surface: these were considerably longer than the spines in their ordinary state, and the creature extended them beyond that at its pleasure. One of these we found proceeded from every hole in the five lines before mentioned, on the surface of the shell; and their number, in the whole, was not less than thirteen hundred. After these had been waved about in the water for some time, we were let into their use; they were directed from all parts towards the bottom of the vessel, and fixed themselves so firmly to it at their extremities, that we found it afterwards very difficult to move the creature.

On throwing a living worm into the water, all these filaments were drawn back in an instant; and we had the pleasure to see the animal move toward the prey, seize on it, and eat it. There

was not much cruelty in killing a creature, which it was impossible we should keep alive. After seeing all that it could shew us while living, I dissected it. The mouth we found very large, and armed with five sharp and strong teeth, fixed at the extremities of as many bones, which were each perforated all along, to give way to a muscle inserted into the base of the tooth, at the extremity, and serving to move it. These bones are covered externally with membranes; they form a cavity, in the centre of which is placed a fleshy tongue, of an oval figure, and behind it lies the throat, opening into the stomach: the intestine is continued from this, and forms a spiral of five turns round the inner surface of the shell, which has a cavity of the same form to receive it, and by which it is suspended by numerous filaments.

It is doing no more than justice to the ancient naturalists, to assert, that Aristotle, though he knew nothing of the parts I have been describing, had a more accurate knowledge of the nature of this creature than many who have since written about it. Gesner somewhere quotes one Gellius for an account of these animals being beautifully variegated with red, and green, and blue, while living; but that

these colours go off when the creature is dead. We saw nothing of this, and I believe there was no more foundation for the assertion, than that the shell, which is originally reddish, grows white by lying to bleach on the shores.

INSPECTOR, No. 68.

No. LXXIX.

Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

HORACE.

That bard I deem of highest powers possest,
Who with fictitious anguish racks my breast,
Who irritates and soothes; whose magic charms
Fill me with terrible, though false, alarms.
Who bears me, as he shifts the scene, at will,
To Thebes or Athens, by his wondrous skill.

BOSCAWEN.

THERE is not a species of writing which has not had its particular admirer, and various affirmations have been made concerning the excellence of each. The famous Doctor South was of opinion, that a complete epigram is the master-piece of composition; and Mr. Addison calls a perfect tragedy the noblest production of human nature. The truth of it is, each person has delivered his sentiments agreeable to his own private temper, and his own peculiar turn of thinking. Doctor South excelled in lively and surprising strokes of wit; every new combination, which he formed in the vivacious sallies of his imagination, was epigram itself, and we find all his writings sown extremely thick with unex-

pected assemblages; and, on this account, we may suppose him inclinable to extol his own favorite talent. In like manner, Mr. Addison had employed many of his hours in planning his tragedy of Cato; and, after it had received the most consummate polish which his skill could bestow upon it, it was to be exhibited as the greatest production of human wit. But the assertions of great men, when they are unsustained by argument, are not to be considered as decrees from which there can be no appeal: tragedy, most certainly, can only claim the second place, because it is manifest that all the powers of genius, viz. imagination, eloquence, and reason, may be exerted in their full force in the epic composition; whereas, in tragedy, they frequently suffer great limitation: the same thing, which, on many occasions, makes tragedy the most powerful performance, serves also to divest it of those advantages which give great brilliancy to heroic poesy; and that is, its coming immediately before the eye. It is justly remarked by Horace, that what is conveyed to our notice through our ears, acts with a more feeble impulse upon the mind, than objects that pass through the organs of sight, those faithful evidences in a mental court of judicature.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator———.

For this reason, many passages, in which the epic writer warms and expands the imagination of his readers with the noblest exhibitions of poetic imagery, are entirely excluded from the dramatic scene; the eye will not suffer itself easily to be deluded, and all the amazement of machinery is also for the same reason totally superseded. A god, says the critic, should not be introduced, unless the occasion should peremptorily require a supernatural agent; he had said better, if he had absolutely interdicted the appearance. We may, in reading, suffer such an incident to be imposed upon us; but the eye would be too much shocked with such representations, and, of course, the marvellous is entirely banished. Besides, tragedy will not admit any extraordinary display of pure poetry, or description; the heroic poet, for the most part, speaks in his own person, and it is expected of him to pay great court to our imagination; but the dialogue of personages engaged in a sphere of action, intended to interest the auditors, will not allow them to take up the scene with florid exhibitions of rural imagery; such as brooks, murmuring in scanty rills through pebbled chan-

nels, &c. The following lines in the mouth of Calista in the Fair Penitent may be extremely picturesque, if considered as pure description; but, if considered with regard to the situation of character, they are certainly very inartificial and undramatic:

> ——— My sad soul
> Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene:
> An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees,
> Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
> Ravens, and birds ill-omen'd, only dwell;
> No sound to break the silence, but a brook
> That bubbling winds among the weeds.——

Hence, then, we find, that, in the regions of fancy, the drama must yield to the epic; and, as this is a very considerable part of poesy, I think it determines the precedence. In the art of eloquence, and in all applications to our reason, tragedy can boast full room for the most vigorous exertion. The drama may be full as sentimental as any other kind of writings; nay, its excellence frequently consists in being so; and, with regard to the passions, the mode of imitation renders its influence more forcible; and, when we are deceived into a notion that the personages are actually suffering distress before our eyes, the performance assumes a kind of reality, and more keen and intenser sensations agitate

our breasts, than in pieces where the description is left to operate upon us without any other aid than that of lively and impassioned expressions. Virgil, I apprehend, was as skilful a master of the passions as any writer, ancient or modern; and, though the passions of his Dido are drawn with as strong and glowing colours as language can bestow; though their various strugglings are all finely and closely marked; though all their vicissitudes, veerings, and doublings, if I may so call them, are finely touched; yet, I believe, Shakspeare's Lear and Othello have made much more lively and deep impressions upon an audience, than ever the former has done upon his admirers in the closet.

These advantages, however, are derived to the tragic queen from supernumerary embellishments, and from the labours of another art, I mean that of acting, which is, in itself, a mode of imitation, and serves to render the touches of the writer more striking, and more feelingly expressive. This superiority the drama certainly has over the epic; and, in consequence of all its additional aids, it can boast a more powerful command over the human heart. It imitates the very voice of nature, and speaks the same simple and affecting language. All that profusion of figures, which mere poetry admits, is dis-

carded from the stage. When I mention figures, I must observe, that men of critical knowledge have justly distinguished between figures of speech, and figures of sentiment: the former including metaphor and all translations of phrases, and the latter consisting of such breaks and transitions in discourse, as the mind is known to make when under the compunction of warring passions. As for instance, when the poet says of Dido, that she is devoured by an inward flame,

Et cæco carpitur igne,

he then expresses love by a figurative expression; but when he says,—

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes,

the repetition expresses the natural workings of the mind when other ideas are awakened, and serves to excite a new conflict of passions. The use of these kinds of figures in tragedy should be as free and bold as possible; and, with respect to expression, no other regard is to be paid to it than to choose such words as may be most significantly picturesque, in order to have the more lively effect on the imagination, the passions being then in a stronger ferment when lively images are presented to the fancy.

I believe our Shakspeare is almost the only poet who has excelled in a masterly power of striking the imagination, the heart, and our reason, all at once; but in him, poetry, sentiment, and passion, are combined in the most agreeable assemblage. In his tragedy of Macbeth, there are several surprising strokes of this nature. Amidst a great variety of instances, the following lines are introduced with a solemnity suitable to the occasion, and they carry with them a pleasing kind of gloomy imagery:

> ——— Ere the bat hath flown
> His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
> The shard-born beetle, with his drowsy hums,
> Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
> A deed of dreadful note. ———

The soliloquy in the tent-scene of Richard the Third is also a further instance of the same beauty; though, by the way, it may not be improper to observe, notwithstanding we must allow that Mr. Cibber was in the right to transplant Shakspeare's own words, that they are not perfectly suitable to the character of Richard; and, I believe, had our great poet thought of shewing his hero in this situation, he would have shewed Richard's feelings quite otherwise on such an occasion.

To conclude: Aristotle was certainly mistaken when he called the fable the life and soul of tragedy; the art of constructing the dramatic story should always be subservient to the exhibition of character; our great Shakspeare has breathed another soul into tragedy, which has found the way of striking an audience with sentiment and passion at the same time.

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, No. 94.

The censure thrown by Mr. Murphy, in this concluding paragraph, on the opinion of Aristotle, appears to be undeserved. To form an interesting fable is certainly one of the most rare and difficult achievements, either in epic or dramatic poetry, and is essential to the perfection of both. Aristotle, after dividing tragedy into six parts, the fable, the manners, the language, the sentiments, the apparatus of the theatre, and the music, very correctly, in my opinion, adds, "that the principal of these parts is the combination of the incidents. For tragedy is not an imitation of particular persons, but of actions in general, of human life, of good and ill fortune; for happiness depends upon action. The main purpose or end of human life consists in a certain mode of action, and not in a quality; and, though the manners of men are derived from their qualities, their happiness and misery depend on their actions. Actions, therefore, are not represented for the purpose of imitating manners, though manners are necessarily interwoven with the action; therefore action and fable are the end of tragedy, and the end is the object to be principally considered in every thing. Tragedy cannot exist without action, but it may without manners, for most of the tragedies of the later writers are without manners; there being many who hold the same character among the poets, that Zeuxis did with regard

to Polygnotus among the painters: for Polygnotus was excellent in expressing manners, in which the pictures of Zeuxis were deficient. If a set of moral sentences should be put together with the language and sentiment well executed, it would by no means produce the effect of tragedy, which would be much rather obtained by a tragedy, that, possessing these in an inferior degree, had a fable, and combination of incidents. It must further be added, that the peripetia, or sudden revolution of fortune, and the discovery, which are the principal causes of a tragedy being interesting, are parts of the fable. And, besides, those who first attempt to write dramatically, can sooner excel in the language and the manners, than in combining the incidents, as was the case of almost all the earliest poets.

"The fable, then, is the chief part, and, as it were, the soul of tragedy. The manners hold the second place, which we may compare to the colouring of a picture; the finest colours, laid on promiscuously, will not please so much as a figure only in chalk. The professed end of tragedy is to imitate an action, and chiefly by means of that action to shew the qualities of the persons acting,"

PYE'S ARISTOTLE, 4to Edit. p. 18.

Mr. Pye, commenting on the above passage, remarks, that the opinion of Aristotle "is undoubtedly founded on nature, and is not only applicable to tragedy, but to every other kind of imitative composition, whether dramatic or narrative.

"Perhaps there is no circumstance in which the tragedies of the present day are so deficient, as in the want of interesting action. This is, in a great measure, owing to the strict adherence to the French rule, of not suffering the supposed time of action to exceed the real time of representation. Dramatic poetry is, by this regulation, almost confined to the boundary of painting, and can only represent a single scene of any great event. And this is attended by another inconvenience; for the allotted space of five acts becomes as much

too great for that single scene, as the confined period of three hours would be too small for the whole action; and hence the poet is obliged to spin out his tragedy by means of the dialogue, and falls under the same inconvenience as would attend a proper and complete dramatic fable, without episodic parts, if swelled to the size of the epopee."

PYE'S ARISTOTLE, p. 162.

ODE TO HORROR.

In the Allegoric, Descriptive, Alliterative, Epithetical, Fantastic, Hyperbolical, and Diabolical Style of our modern Ode-Wrights and Monody-Mongers.

——— *Ferreus ingruit Horror.*
VIRG.

O Goddess of the gloomy scene,
Of shadowy shapes thou black-brow'd queen;
Thy tresses dark with ivy crown'd,
On yonder mould'ring abbey found;
Oft wont from charnels damp and dim,
To call the sheeted spectre grim,
While, as his loose chains loudly clink,
Thou add'st a length to ev'ry link:
O thou, that lov'st at eve to seek
The pensive pacing pilgrim meek.
And sett'st before his shudd'ring eyes
Strange forms, and fiends of giant-size,
As wildly works thy wizard will,
Till fear-struck fancy has her fill:
Dark pow'r, whose magic might prevails
O'er hermit-rocks, and fairy-vales;

O goddess, erst, by Spenser * view'd,
What time th' enchanter vile embru'd
His hands in Florimel's pure heart,
Till loos'd by steel-clad Britomart:
O thou that erst, on fancy's wing,
Didst terror-trembling Tasso † bring
To groves where kept damn'd furies dire
Their blazing battlements of fire;
Thou that through many a darksome pine
O'er the rugged rock recline,
Didst wake the hollow-whisp'ring breeze
With care-consumed Eloise;
O thou with whom, in cheerless cell,
The midnight clock pale pris'ners tell;
O haste thee, mild Miltonic maid,
From yonder yew's sequestered shade;
More bright than all the fabled Nine,
Teach me to breathe the solemn line!
O bid my well-ranged numbers rise
Pervious to none but Attic eyes;
O give the strain that madness moves,
Till every starting sense approves!
What felt the Gallic traveller, ‡
When far in Arab-desert drear,
He found within the catacomb,
Alive, the terrors of a tomb?

* Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book iii. Canto 12.

† Gier. Liberat. B. xiv.

‡ Alluding to a story of a French gentleman (mentioned by several Oriental travellers) who, going into the catacombs, not far from Cairo, with some Arabs his guides, was there robbed by them, and left; a huge stone being placed over the entrance. I do not remember that any poetical use has been made of this story.

While many a mummy, through the shade,
In hieroglyphic stole array'd,
Seem'd to uprear the mystic head,
And trace the gloom with ghostly tread;
Thou heardst him pour the stifled groan,
Horror! his soul was all thy own!
O mother of the fire-clad thought,
O haste thee from thy grave-like grot!
(What time the witch perform'd her rite)
Sprung from th' embrace of Taste and Night!
O queen! that erst did thinly spread
The willowy leaves o'er Isis' head,
And to her meek mien didst dispense
Woe's most awful negligence;
What time, in cave, with visage pale,
She told her elegiac tale:
O thou! whom wand'ring Warton saw,
Amaz'd with more than youthful awe,
As, by the pale moon's glimmering gleam,
He mus'd his melancholy theme:
O curfeu-loving goddess haste!
O waft me, to some Scythian waste,
Where, in Gothic solitude,
Mid prospects most sublimely rude,
Beneath a rough rock's gloomy chasm,
Thy sister sits, Enthusiasm:
Let me with her, in magic trance,
Hold most delirious dalliance;
Till I, thy pensive votary,
Horror, look madly-wild like thee;
Until I gain true transport's shore,
And life's retiring scene is o'er,
Aspire to some more azure sky,
Remote from dim mortality:

At length, recline the fainting head,
In Druid dreams dissolv'd and dead!

STUDENT, vol. ii. p. 313.

This Ode, though intended as a ridicule on the school of the Wartons, possesses so much merit in point of imagery, that were it not for its alliterative extravagance, it might pass for a serious effort of descriptive poetry; the allusion to the story of the Egyptian catacomb is highly poetical.

No. LXXX.

Τὸν ἐλάττω μὴ ἀποσκυβαλίσῃς.

CLEOBUL.

Do not despise your inferiors.

THERE is not, in human nature, a more odious disposition than a proneness to contempt; nor is there any which more certainly denotes a bad mind; for, in a good and benign temper, there can be no room for this sensation. That which constitutes an object of contempt to the malevolent, becomes the object of other passions to a worthy and good-natured man; for, in such a person, wickedness and vice must raise hatred and abhorrence, and weakness and folly will be sure to excite compassion; so that he will find no object of his contempt, in all the actions of men. And, however detestable this quality, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature, may appear, when considered in the serious school of Heraclitus, it will present no less absurd and ridiculous an idea to the laughing sect of Democritus, especially as we may observe, that the meanest and basest of all human beings are generally the most forward to despise others.

So that the most contemptible are generally the most contemptuous.

I have often wished that some of those curious persons, who have employed their time in inquiring into the nature and actions of several insects, such as bees and ants, had taken some pains to examine whether they are not apt to express any contemptuous behaviour one towards another; the plain symptoms of which might possibly be discovered by the help of microscopes. It is scarce conceivable that the queen-bee, amongst the hundred gallants which she keeps for her own recreation, should not have especial favourites; and it is full as likely, that these favourites will so carry themselves towards their brethren, as to display sufficient marks of their contempt to the eye of an accurate discoverer in the manners of the reptile world. For my own part, I have remarked many instances of contempt amongst animals, which I have farther observed to increase in proportion to the decrease of such species, in the rank and order of the animal creation. Mr. Ellis informs me, that he never could discover any the least indication of contempt in the lions under his care; the horse, I am sorry to say it, gives us some, the ass many more, the turkey-cock more still, and the toad is supposed

to burst itself frequently with the violence of this passion. To pursue it gradually downwards would be too tedious. It may be reasonably supposed to arrive at a prodigious height before it descends to the louse. With what a degree of contempt may we conceive that a substantial freeholder of this kind, who is well established in the head of a beggar-wench, considers a poor vagabond louse, who hath strayed into the head of a woman of quality, where it is in hourly danger of being arrested by the merciless hands of her woman.

This may perhaps seem to some a very ridiculous image; and as ridiculous, as I apprehend, to a being of a superior order, will appear a contemptuous man; one puffed up with some trifling, perhaps fancied superiority, and looking round him with disdain on those who are, perhaps, so nearly his equals, that, to such a being as I have just mentioned, the difference may be as inconsiderable and imperceptible between the despiser and the despised, as the difference between two of the meanest insects may seem to us.

And as a very good mind, as I have before observed, will give no entertainment to any such affection; so neither will a sensible mind, I am persuaded, find much opportunity to exert it. If men

would make but a moderate use of that self-examination, which philosophers and divines have recommended to them, it would tend greatly to the cure of this disposition. Their contempt would then, perhaps, as their charity is said to do, begin at home. To say truth, a man hath this better chance of despising himself, than he hath of despising others, as he is likely to know himself best.

But I am sliding into a more serious vein than I intended. In the residue of this paper, therefore, I will confine myself to one particular consideration only; one which will give as ridiculous an idea of contempt, and afford as strong dissuasives against it, as any other which at present suggests itself.

The consideration I mean is, that contempt is, generally at least, mutual, and that there is scarce any one man who despises another, without being at the same time despised by him, of which I shall endeavour to produce some few instances.

As the right honourable the lord Squanderfield, at the head of a vast retinue, passes by Mr. Moses Buckram, citizen and tailor, in his chaise and one; "See, there! (says my lord, with an air of the highest contempt) that rascal

Buckram, with his fat wife, I suppose he is going to his country house; for such fellows must have their country house, as well as their vehicle. These are the rascals that complain of want of trade." Buckram, on the other side, is no sooner recovered from the fear of being run over before he could get out of the way, than turning to his wife, he cries, "Very fine, faith! an honest citizen is to be run over by such fellows as these, who drive about their coaches and six with other people's money. See, my dear, what an equipage he hath, and yet he cannot find money to pay an honest tradesman. He is above fifteen hundred pounds deep in my book: how I despise such lords!"

Lady Fanny Rantun, from the side-box, casting her eyes on an honest pawn-broker's wife below her, bids lady Betty her companion take notice of that creature in the pit: "Did you ever see, lady Betty (says she), such a strange wretch? how the awkward monster is dressed! The good woman at the same time surveying lady Fanny, and offended, perhaps, at a scornful smile, which she sees in her countenance, whispers her friend, "Observe lady Fanny Rantun. As great airs as that fine lady gives herself, my husband hath all her jewels under

lock and key. What a contemptible thing is poor quality!"

Is there on earth a greater object of contempt than a poor scholar to a splendid beau; unless, perhaps, the splendid beau to the poor scholar! the philosopher and the world, the man of business and the man of pleasure, the beauty and the wit, the hypocrite and the profligate, the covetous and squanderer, are all alike instances of this reciprocal contempt.

Take the same observations into the lowest life, and we shall find the same proneness to despise each other. The common soldier who hires himself out to be shot at for five-pence a day; who is the only slave in a free country, and is liable to be sent to any part of the world without his consent, and, whilst at home, subject to the severest punishment, for offences which are not to be found in our law books; yet this noble personage looks with a contemptuous air on all his brethren of that order in the commonwealth, whether of mechanics or husbandmen, from whence he was himself taken. On the other hand, however adorned with his brickdust-coloured cloth, and bedaubed with worsted lace of a penny a yard, the very gentleman soldier is as much despised in his turn, by the whistling

carter, who comforts himself, that he is a free Englishman, and will live with no master any longer than he likes him; nay, and, though he never was worth twenty shillings in his life, is ready to answer a captain, if he offends him, " D—n you, Sir, who are you! is it not We that pays you?"

This contemptuous disposition is, in reality, the sure attendant on a mean and bad mind in every station; on the contrary, a great and good man will be free from it, whether he be placed at the top or bottom of life. I was therefore not a little pleased with a rebuke given by a black-shoe boy to another, who had expressed his contempt of one of the modern town-smarts. " Why should you despise him, Jack?" said the honest lad; " we are all what the Lord pleased to make us."

I will conclude this paper with a story which a gentleman of honour averred to me to be truth. His coach being stopped in Piccadilly by two or three carts, which, according to custom, were placed directly across the way; he observed a very dirty fellow, who appeared to belong to a mud cart, give another fellow several lashes with his whip, and at the same time heard him repeat more than once, " D—n you, I will

teach you manners to your betters." My friend could not easily, from these words, divine what might possibly be the station of the unhappy sufferer, till at length, to the great satisfaction of his curiosity, he discovered that he was the driver of a dust-cart drawn by asses.

COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL, No. 61. August 29, 1752.

No. LXXXI.

Consanguineus lethi sopor!

SENECA.

An apathy allied to death.

THERE are a number of people who live in a manner that disgraces the name of Christian and of man; and this not from any prepossession in favour of libertinism, or infidelity, but from a mere inattention to the means of conviction. I don't know that an indolence of this kind is more pardonable in respect to the laws of God, than to those of man; yet he who dares to treat his Creator in this manner, has not the courage to behave with the same criminal indifference to his sovereign, or to the people in whom the supreme head has vested the power of punishing. The laws of God are as open, as intelligible, and surely they are as important, as those of the community; the latter every man is expected to know, nor was it ever understood as a plea against submitting to their penalties, that the offender was not informed there were such. 'Tis at least as much our interest to be acquainted with those of heaven: there is no more excuse in ignorance for the

offending against these, than for breaking the others: the penalties attending a disregard of them, are infinitely greater: and we have this additional consideration, that the remaining in wilful ignorance of them, is not only a means of falling in the way of the punishments they inflict, but is in itself a crime; and, on the other hand, that as pains and penalties only are the attendants on the breach of earthly laws, rewards are promised to the observance of those of heaven.

The system by which we are required to be governed here, in order to our preparing for a happiness in a future period of existence, is, in itself, so rational, so easy, and so conducive to our very pleasure and tranquillity, to the true relish of every rational enjoyment, even here, that there can be no other motive to the too general disregard of it, but the too general ignorance of its nature! It is this criminal ignorance that I charge upon the indolence and inattention of the people who affect to be thought wise; it is this obstinate blindness that is the great reproach of such as have capacities, that must be convinced as soon as they would open the way to conviction.

I have often looked upon the Sabbath as the intended remedy for this unhappy evil, and, as

often, have lamented the perverseness of our tempers, that will not only reject the proper use of opportunity, but indulge even a painful idleness in the place of it. There is hardly a man, among the generality of those we converse with, who does not complain of this returning day, as the most tedious and irksome of the seven; who does not quarrel with his eyes that they will not close upon a day, in which there is neither amusement nor business stirring! alas, that the sole intent of this commanded remission, should be evaded! an intent that could not but be answered, if we did not reject or pervert the means of it.

We have been told of a youth who had his fortune left him, on the condition of his spending certain portions of time alone in the dark; the first question he naturally asked himself was, to what end did my father order this? and the immediate answer, "That I might think." He thought in consequence, and he thought properly. The parent who laid the injunction knew he had a good understanding; and the event proved that he was right, when he supposed it needed only be employed to make the possessor of it happy.

I have often pleased myself with looking on

this story as a fable, the moral of which tends to inculcate an observation of the Sabbath. Our general parent, he who created us, and who intended we should be happy, threw us into a world, where we had means of good and ill before us; he gave us all the requisites for purchasing happiness; he gave us understandings, that would never fail to distinguish good from ill; and, lest we should forget, amidst the employments and diversions of a life of business and pleasure, to employ those understandings in this their principal and most important office, he enjoined us, on one day in seven, to omit both our pursuits of fortune and of pleasure, to be retired as it were from the bustle and avocations of the world; and to what end? To what, but that we might be at leisure to think, that we might have an undisturbed opportunity of recollecting what had been well, what ill done in the preceding week, and what might be amended in that which was to follow.

The wise enjoyment of the good he hath bequeathed us, was the great end to be attained by this institution; and reason, under this free occasion of exerting it, was expected to tell us, that the present week, the present year, the present age, indeed, was not the whole period

through which we had to live; but that, as we employed this, we were to be happy or wretched to eternity.

The sense of the existence of a God, and of his greatness and his beneficence to us, are the first sources of our good resolutions: happily, therefore, has that benign parent affixed to the very observance of this day, a commemoration of these his attributes. The observation of a Sabbath was, from earliest time, an establishment of immediate command: the having a day of intermission from all worldly pursuits, was coeval with man, and that he might never want the instigation to employ it as he ought, its very institution informed him, that it was observed in commemoration of the finishing of the creation of the universe. What an idea of the appointer of this festival must he therefore naturally set out with! What could he less than burst out into an exclamation on his waking to its returning light! "Thou, Lord, hast made the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands! Thou hast formed this wonderful structure of my body; and the organs of voice which thou hast made, while they have breath, shall praise thee: the soul thou hast thrown into existence, while it liveth, shall be mindful of thee!"

In the number of ages through which the institution of a Sabbath has travelled down to us, every proof of its divine authority, that could be given, has appeared for it; it was from the beginning of time; and, with every new æra of religion, it has been honoured with new establishments. It was, before the fatal crime of our first parents, ordained and sanctified in a solemn manner by the Almighty himself; his immediate word blessed it and exalted it above the rest of the days; God, in those early times, consecrated it in a peculiar manner to his worship, and annexed a blessing to the observance of it. It is an error to suppose the establishment of this day of rest, and of communion with our Creator, was at the time of giving the law in Sinai; it was reinforced, indeed, at that remarkable period, but we find it existing from the beginning; and, after the errors of our first parents, and their fatal consequences, we read of man's calling on the name of the Lord in public assemblies, and on this appointed day, in the time of their grandson Enos.

Adam himself, and Seth his son, had kept this before these, and the patriarchs continued to do so after them. Miracles are recorded, as speaking the sacred nature of its institution:

while the descendants of these first observers of it travelled through the desert, the food that fell from heaven on all other days descended not on this; and, that a second miracle might countenance the first, this food altered its very properties, and, though subject to immediate decay at other times, remained unaltered on the day of rest.

After a regular and strict observation of the Sabbath among the patriarchal families, we find the institution reinforced in the most solemn manner from the Divine presence on Mount Sinai. We find it made one of the great institutions of that eminent dispensation, and introduced with a more solemn preface, and supported by more reasons for the observance, than any one of the other commandments: nor is the cause of this pre-eminence obscure, since, on the regard that was paid to this, depended, in a great measure, even the acquaintance with the rest.

When we look back into the early institution of this day of rest and worship, and attend to the solemn regard that was at all times paid to it; when we see it delivered from the immediate mouth of God to man, in his earliest period, supported by subsequent ordinations, and proved of divine origin by repeated miracles; when

we receive it under the gospel dispensation, honoured by the observance, and enforced by the precepts, of our Redeemer; and when, to this, we add the consideration of the immediate consequence of keeping it sacredly; in what light are we to look upon ourselves, who violate it in wantonness, who set before our inferiors an example of ill, which they never fail to improve, and possibly lead the way to our own massacre by hands, which, if our influence in ill had not prevented, would, perhaps, have been that moment raised to heaven in prayers for a blessing upon honest industry?

If we are willing to amend of the error, to-morrow is before us; we shall find no difficulty in the new attempt; and a continuance in observing it as we ought will bring more than familiarity, it will bring pleasure with it.

INSPECTOR, No. 86.

To the observations contained in this excellent paper we may add, that one of the great objects of the institution of the Sabbath, was the relief of the laborious part of the creation, whether belonging to the brute or human class; an intention too frequently frustrated by the folly and cruelty of man. "A Sabbath-day's journey," observes Bishop Porteus, "was, among the Jews, a proverbial expression for a very short one. Among us it can have no such meaning affixed to it. That day seems to be considered by too many, as set apart by divine and human authority, for the purpose not of rest, but its direct opposite, the labour of travelling; thus adding

one day more of torment, to those generous, but wretched animals, whose services they hire; and who, being generally strained beyond their strength the other six days of the week, have, of all creatures under heaven, the best and most equitable claim to suspension of labour on the seventh. Considerations such as these may perhaps appear to some below the dignity of this place, and the solemnity of a Christian assembly. But benevolence, even to the brute creation, is, in its degree, a duty, no less than to our own species; and it is mentioned by Solomon as a striking feature in the character of a righteous man, that 'he is merciful even to his beast.' He, without whose permission 'not a sparrow falls to the ground, and who feedeth the young ravens that call upon him,' will not suffer even the meanest work of his hands to be treated cruelly with impunity. He is the common father of the whole creation: He takes every part of it under his protection: He has, in various passages of Scripture expressed his concern even for irrational creatures, and has declared more especially in the most explicit terms, that the rest of the Sabbath was meant for our cattle and our servants, as well as for ourselves."

No. LXXXII.

————Est et mihi fortis in unum
Hoc manus: est et amor: dabit hic in vulnera vires.
Persequar extinctum, letique miserrima dicar
Causa comesque tui.

OVID.

Ev'n I for thee as bold a hand can show,
And love, which shall as true direct the blow.
I will against the woman's weakness strive,
And never thee, lamented youth, survive.
The world may say, I caus'd, alas! thy death,
But saw thee breathless, and resign'd my breath.

EUSDEN.

MULEY-HASSEIN, an Arabian prince, or emir, was the last of the ancient race of kings, who had governed Egypt with so much magnificence and glory: but, of all the rights which his birth gave him in that rich and flourishing kingdom, he possessed no more than the dominion of a little canton situated in the midst of a long chain of mountains on the borders of the Red Sea: where he consoled himself for the loss of so envied a throne, in the zeal and devotion of a handful of faithful subjects, by whom he was adored, and the sovereignty of an inestimable mine of emeralds; the only one in Egypt, and the richest in the world. He was born with a great soul, noble and elevated sentiments, a pe-

netrating and comprehensive genius, a courage truly masculine, and capable of the highest undertakings. He had distinguished himself in war, both among the Arabian princes his neighbours, and under the imperial standard of the Porte: whence he was as formidable to his enemies, as amiable to his subjects; and all these great qualities, joined to the royalty of his descent, and his immense treasures, made him regarded with a jealous eye, even at Cairo.

The bashaws of Egypt, successively had heard of his inestimable mine, and avarice needed no temptation to endeavour his ruin: to which end, it was, at last, thought adviseable to render him criminal in the eyes of the Grand Seignior, by the following means. Certain Turks were first prompted to commit outrage in his peaceable states, to insult his subjects, and carry off their camels: and when Hassein, prudently, avoided opposing violence with violence, an Aga in the neighbourhood was commanded to invade his frontier with open hostilities. All which, instead of opposing, he only modestly complained of, and, at the same time, interceded for redress to his injured subjects. But, instead of obtaining justice, his remonstrances were treated as treason, and he himself ordered forthwith to repair to Cairo, to answer for his con-

duct. Hassein, really astonished at this proceeding, and unwilling to be sacrificed in the dark, desired time to deliberate on his compliance: which was looked upon as such an aggravation of his guilt, that he was instantly proclaimed a rebel, and certain troops were employed to punish his disobedience.

But this rancour of his enemies was not excited by the emerald mine alone: Hassein possessed yet a greater and more envied treasure, his wife, a lady of a surprising beauty; but even more celebrated for her prudence, spirit, truth, and fidelity, than the transcendant charms of her person. It was on her the emir doated; it was for her his heart was first and principally concerned; not his former loss of Egypt, or the danger that now threatened the remainder of his ancient patrimony.

A journey which the emir had occasion to make to Cairo, together with the princess his spouse, afforded the Bashaw an opportunity to see her, and that sight was the very moment accompanied by love.—At the time that Hassein was at Cairo, the bashaw had given certain magnificent entertainments to the ladies of his own seraglio, and invited those of all the lords of his court to share in them. As no man of whatever quality was permitted to be a spec-

tator of these sports, Hassein made no difficulty to suffer his dear princess to be present. But, while the whole court shone with lights, and rung with their innocent pleasures, the bashaw, either bewitched by his curiosity, or presuming on his power, interrupted all by his sudden appearance among them: at this unexpected surprise, the apartment echoed with cries of fear and astonishment, and every one made what shift she could to escape. The Arabian princess was the first that had drawn his attention, and, of course, was the last that could avoid him. Her alone he regarded, addressed, and followed; and, having, half by violence, stopped, "You fly me, charmer of my heart," says he, "and would conceal those beauties that deserve the adoration of the world.—Don't envy me the pleasure this charming opportunity gives me; but allow me one moment, at least, to enjoy a felicity that I could wish to be eternal. What have you to fear where you may command?" "Every thing, my lord," answered she fiercely, and disengaging herself eagerly from his hands, "Every thing, where the laws of honour and hospitality are so flagrantly violated."

At these words, she abruptly left him, covered with confusion, inflamed with passion, and

in despair of ever seeing the dear object any more. On the other hand, Hassein was no sooner informed of this adventure by his wife, but he resolved to leave Cairo that moment, and save himself from the treachery of courts in his own more hospitable mountains.

This fatal interview finished what the emerald mine began: a vassal, though a prince, was thought too happy in possessing two such invaluable treasures, and it was resolved to bereave him of both, at the expense of his own life: but Hassein no sooner was convinced his ruin was sought, but he determined to stand upon his guard. He ordered his subjects to retire to the mountains with their flocks and provender, and fortified the passes with all imaginable diligence. Whence, however easy it was thought at Cairo, to reduce a petty prince of the Arabians, those who were charged with the expedition found the difficulties almost insurmountable. Skilled in all the intricate mazes of that wild country, he terrified them with continual alarms, cut off their convoys, and by the advantage of situation repelled their most obstinate attacks.

But, however successfully he had defended himself, his dear princess tormented herself incessantly for being the fatal cause of his danger.

"Wretch that I am," would she frequently exclaim, "that beauty which heaven flattered me with as a pledge of my husband's happiness, that very beauty threatens to be his ruin! Do you see, my dear Hassein, the capriciousness of my fate; I love you, and desire to live only for your sake; and yet I have the curse to see that very life become a snare to put an end to yours. Yes, yes, 'tis I that embitter your pleasures, and poison your repose; that waste your dominions with fire and sword. Without me you would have no enemy to endanger your estate, or calumniate your fame.—Perfidious beauty, how chimerical are thy advantages? how real thy calamities?" Hassein heard these delicate complaints with unfeigned affection, and cordially endeavoured to remove them. "No, madam," says he, "'tis not love, but avarice is the cause of our misfortune! The bashaw never loved, and you do him too much honour to suppose him capable of an inclination so noble? His brutal and savage heart doats only on my emerald mine, and it is to the lust of rapine I am to be sacrificed: but how little will be his gain? Hassein was never the slave to fear; and in such a situation as mine, those who dare die, can disappoint, if not conquer, their enemies.

Neither, on the other hand, was the bashaw

wholly at ease: six months had already passed, and yet Hassein lived, and still possessed both his wife and his mine. Resolved, therefore, to be kept on the rack of expectation no longer, he levied half the force of Egypt, headed the expedition himself, surrounded the mountains on every side, and cut off every possibility even of a retreat.

The unfortunate Hassein, seeing himself now irreparably undone, had recourse to his last and only consolation: there were but six persons in the secret of the mines: these he sent for, and pointing to the Turkish forces ascending the hills on all sides. "My friends," said he, "those are the tyrants that have enslaved you, and murdered your princes: and I, the last of the miserable line, am now to follow them. You know the motive of this unjust invasion; the precious mine, which their avarice persuades them is infinitely more valuable than it really is. In one moment they will be here; and, in imagination, already devour their prey. But, if I am not deceived in your fidelity, that imagination is all they shall ever possess. Death, death will both deliver you from their merciless hands and disappoint their hungry avarice for ever.—Depend upon it, your prince will not long survive you."

As he ended, with a glance of his eye, he shewed them the executioners ready with their bow-strings, to which those faithful subjects submitted with an alacrity beyond example. Hassein dropped some grateful tears upon their bodies, and flew to the tent of his dear princess to take his last leave:—"Madam," said he, "the enemy is at hand, his standards even now arise between the hills: but, I have already had the pleasure of preventing half his triumph. My slaves, by their deaths, have sealed up the secret of the mine for ever. And for you, my dear spouse (added he, tenderly pressing her hand, as to take his last leave), live!"—Here, in spite of himself, tears, for a moment, hindered him from going on. "Live, my dear spouse—remember the unfortunate Hassein! remember his fidelity!"

He could add no more; but, quite overcome with tenderness, would have torn himself away, to conceal, if possible, the residue of what he suffered and designed. But the princess detained him by force: "Stay, Hassein!" cried she, in the anguish of her soul, "it is too soon to die; for that I know is your design, though you strive to conceal it from me. But have you thought me unworthy to bear you company? Do you believe me mean enough to sur-

vive you? Know then, Hassein, that, though you have resolved to shew me the way, it shall be my glory to prevent you. No, my dear lord (added she, folding him in her arms), the barbarian shall triumph over neither of us.—A friendly poison will, in a few moments, secure me from his insults. I foresaw our mutual misfortunes: I foresaw your life was near its period, and found means to reach the goal before you. Happy in the reflection, that our enemy will have every passion, but his cruelty, defeated. Go (she continued, almost fainting as she spoke), go, fight, die!—But fail not to avenge the blood of a wife that loved you beyond her being." In ending these words, she expired in his arms; and Hassein, having taken a religious leave of her dead body, hastened to put himself at the head of his little army; who, inspired with the enthusiasm of their sovereign's grief and rage, behaved as if the right of vengeance was their own. But Hassein, alike hopeless and regardless of victory, charged into the middle of the enemy; and, selecting the vizier, as the only object worthy his fury, killed him in the middle of his guards, and was, by them, immediately cut to pieces on the body of their lord.

CHAMPION, vol. i. p. 300.

No. LXXXIII.

Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto est veniæ minus.
HOR.

'Tis thought that comedy least skill demands,
Since common life is fashioned to our hands.
Far otherwise: since candour will confess,
The toil is greater where th' allowance less.
BOSCAWEN.

ARISTOTLE informs us that Homer wrote a comic epic poem, entitled Margites, which, to the no small detriment of succeeding ages, is unfortunately lost. To this species of poesy, we may suppose, comedy has the same reference that the tragic bears to the heroic. For my part, I cannot conceive why a good comedy has never been styled, by those who are fond of deciding literary precedence, the greatest production of human nature. Certainly, its consisting of known and familiar ideas should not derogate from its merits, because, on account of that very circumstance, it meets with less indulgence: the business of it coming more near to every man's breast, and, of course, the

vulgar being in some measure judges of the justness of the imitations; whereas, in tragedy, frigid declamation lulls, florid epithets amuse, lofty metaphors amaze, and sonorous expressions elevate and surprise.

As tragedy aims more particularly at an excitement of the serious passions, so the chief merit of comedy consists in its effect on the merry affections of the human mind; the former principally awakening sensations of terror and pity, and the latter giving emotions of a gay contempt, as it is elegantly called, or, in plainer English, making us despise and laugh at an object at the same time. To succeed in this last mentioned mode of writing, it requires as fine and as lively an imagination as any of the other imitative arts; for as it is manifest that the tragic poet then excites in us the most intense sensations, when his expressions convey the liveliest images to the fancy; so the comic poet, when he seizes the imagination with a bright assemblage of ludicrous ideas, is sure of agitating those passions, to which his art directs him with an irresistible power. And therefore this animadversion is sufficient to put an end to that idle dispute, which, as we learn from Horace, engaged the learned, viz. whether comedy might be called poetry or not:

——— quidam comœdia necne poema
Esset quæsivere.

It is manifest that it is an imitative art; and, different passions being the objects of its address, it only makes use of means different from the more elevated species of writing; but surely it is full as hard a task to paint ordinary things, as objects of more importance; and, in my opinion, Virgil's line, which describes an old woman running across Dido's apartment with officious zeal,

Illa gradum studio celerabat anili,

is as picturesque, and has as much merit, as the description of the ambrosial locks of Venus:

Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere.

The comic writer, as well as the tragedian, must derive his force from the true primary sources of composition; that is to say, he must learn to seize our imaginations with striking pictures of human life; he must instruct our reason by inserting sensible observations on worldly contingencies, and he must also frequently apply himself to those passions which it is the merit of his art to awaken. In this last-mentioned particular consists the real merit of

a well-wrought comedy; in like manner as the serious drama must fill us with ideas proper to excite terror and pity. To obtain either effect, the poet is to select such circumstances in every object, in every passion, and in every action, as will be most conducive to his peculiar end, and he is constantly to avail himself of such expressions as will serve to convey the liveliest images to the fancy. When this is rightly performed, whether in the solemn or humorous scene, it is true poetry; and, in either case, it is by the means of a mode of eloquence that the art produces its desired effect. For ridicule, by which comedy works, is as much a mode of eloquence as the several arts of persuasion, and the several figures which rhetoric has reduced into a system for the excitement of the more serious passions.

The dispute that subsisted among the learned for a considerable time, and is perhaps not yet determined, viz. whether ridicule is a test of truth, is, in my humble opinion, extremely idle and frivolous; the faculty of reason, which compares our ideas, and sustains or rejects the various affirmations concerning them, being the sole judge of truth, however complicated the means may be by which it gains its end. I have often wondered, that neither Aristotle,

Tully, nor Quintilian, have given a just and adequate definition of ridicule. To say that it consists in raising our laughter at some turpitude, is a very insufficient account of the matter. Mr. Fielding, in his preface to his Joseph Andrews, has thrown some light upon the matter; but, as he places the source of it in affectation, he appears to me not to have taken a comprehensive survey of his subject. I apprehend the ridiculous may be formed where there is no affectation at the bottom, and his Parson Adams I take to be an instance of this assertion.

The best and most accurate definition I have ever met with of the Ridiculous, is in a note of Doctor Akenside's, to his excellent poem on the Pleasures of the Imagination. "That," says he, "which makes objects ridiculous is some ground of admiration or esteem, connected with other more general circumstances comparatively worthless or deformed; or it is some circumstances of turpitude or deformity, connected with what is, in general, excellent and beautiful; the inconsistent properties, existing either in the objects themselves or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate, implying sentiment or design, and exciting no

acute or vehement emotion of the heart." The effect which the circumstances thus specified have upon us, he thus defines: "the sensation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas, but a passion or emotion of the mind consequential to that perception."

The emotions here intended are laughter and contempt; and these it is the business of comedy to excite, by making striking exhibitions of inconsistent circumstances, blended together in such a thwarting assemblage, that a gay contempt irresistibly shall take possession of us. To perform this in all objects which come before the comic muse, in men and manners, in all actions and passions, requires a very delicate hand; and it frequently is necessary to have an almost microscopic eye, to perceive the latent inconsistency in circumstances seemingly fair and praise-worthy. Prior has expressed this with his usual delicacy:

> And though the error may be such
> As Knaggs and Burgess cannot hit,
> It yet may feel the nicer touch,
> Of Wycherly or Congreve's wit.

In producing portraits of mankind, it is not

enough to display foibles and oddities; a fine vein of ridicule must run through the whole, to urge the mind to frequent emotions of laughter; otherwise there will be danger of exhibiting disagreeable characters without affording the proper entertainment. I think Ben Jonson extremely apt to err in this point; his Morose, is a surly, ill-natured, absurd humorist, whom we can hardly laugh at, and he soon becomes very bad company. Many of Jonson's characters are of the same cast; while, in Shakspeare's Falstaff, the ridiculous ideas are placed in such an artful point of view, that our merriment can never be restrained, whenever Sir John appears. Congreve, in my opinion, had a great deal of the same talent; and, what I have somewhere seen objected to him, that many of his characters are obvious in human life, is, with me, a strong proof of his superior genius. An old bachelor, for instance, is very common; but he must pass through such an imagination as Congreve's to support several scenes in the drama with the most exquisite pleasantry: though the character was not new, yet his management of it has all the graces of novelty, and the situations in which we see him are all exquisitely ridiculous. Personages of this class,

unless artfully conducted, may, very soon, tire an audience, but in this excellent poet's hands nothing suffers a diminution. The same, I think, appears in his Sir Paul Plyant, in which character there is, perhaps, as much comic force as in any one piece on the stage. Sir John Vanburgh was also a perfect master of his art in this respect; and of this his Sir John Brute is a remarkable proof. The knight is constantly diverting us with an odd whimsical way of thinking, which at once serves to display his own foibles, and entertains his audience with a pleasantry, of which he seems all along totally unconscious himself.

It is therefore by placing the humours and foibles of human nature in a ridiculous light, that the true comic force is created. The author of the Pleasures of Imagination, whom I have already quoted, has judiciously explained each part of the definition cited above, and has finely traced the several sources from which true ridicule springs. Whoever chooses to consider the matter will find affectation to be but one spring, however diffusive the streams of it may be. To the poem itself I beg leave to refer my readers, and I shall dismiss this paper with observing, that the whole beauty of the

comic diction consists in the words and phrases being so chosen, as to give to the mind the most lively impression of known and familiar images, and, at the same time, the strongest marks of character, and each person's peculiar temper.

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, No. 96.

No. LXXXIV.

> In the cowslip's bell I lie,
> There I couch when owls do cry.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

A VIRTUOSO who lives at a little distance from town, and who knows how fond I am of every produce of the vegetable world, left me, a few days since, a present of a very uncommon kind at this season of the year, a nosegay. It is not easy to suppress one's surprise at such an instance of the effects an artful management can produce among these naturally temporary beauties; one wonders to see it, as it were, anticipate their destined appearance, and produce, at this dead season, the children of the warmer months. He who thinks, however, that art, even carried to this happy extent, is the proper subject of his admiration while he examines such an object, has but a poor idea of the infinite superiority of nature; and while his eyes are open to the effects of a limited, a narrow improvement on the things he admires, is blind to the superior beauties which the meanest portion of the whole affords; beauties that ought to absorb all his power of

contemplation: and he is equally blind to the hand which created not only those objects of his admiration, but the organs through which he performs it.

The principal flower in this elegant bouquette was a carnation: the fragrance of this, at so unusual a season, led me to enjoy it frequently and near; the sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions; while that was satiated with the powerful sweet, the ear was constantly attacked by an extremely soft, but agreeable murmuring sound. Curiosity is a first principle in my nature on all occasions of this kind. It was easy to know that some animal, within the covert, must be the musician, and that the little noise must come from some little body suited to produce it. I am furnished with apparatuses of a thousand kinds for these occasions. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and placing it in a full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking and capering with wild jollity among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre. What a fragrant world for their habitation! what a perfect security from all annoyance in the deep husk that surrounded their scene of action.

I was not cruel enough to pull out any one

of them for examination; but adapting a microscope to take in, at one view, the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance. Thus could I discover their economy, their passions, and their enjoyments. With what adoration to the hand that gave being to these minute existences must a heart, capable of a due warmth in his praise, see the happiness he has bestowed on them! but, alas! all magnitude is but comparative; an accident of matter, not one of its properties; and, in reality, a very nothing, in no degree affecting the subjects themselves, though of such seeming consequence to us.

The microscope, on this occasion, had given what nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contemplation. The base of the flower extended itself under its influence to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged into walks, parterres, and terraces.

On the polished bottoms of these, brighter

than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants: these from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shewn them, were raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with living purple, and with a glossy gold that would have made all the labours of the loom contemptible in the comparison.

I could, at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs vying with the empyræan in its blue; and their eyes, each formed of a thousand others, out-glittering the little planes on a brilliant; above description, and too great almost for admiration. I could observe them here singling out their favourite females, courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades, and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar just bursting from some vein within the living trunk: here were the perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades of the poet's fancy, realised; here the happy lovers spent their days in joyful dalliance; or, in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees; or winged their short

flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the heights of all felicity.

Nature, the God of nature, has proportioned the period of existence of every creature to the means of its support. Duration, perhaps, is as much a comparative quality as magnitude; and these atoms of being, as they appear to us, may have organs that lengthen minutes, to their perception, into years. In a flower destined to remain but a few days, length of life, according to our ideas, could not be given to its inhabitants; but it may be according to theirs. I saw, in the course of observation of this new world, several succeeding generations of the creatures it was peopled with; they passed, under my eye, through the several successive states of the egg and the reptile form in a few hours: and, after these, they burst forth at an instant into their full growth and perfection in their wing-form. In this they enjoyed their span of being, as much as we do years; they feasted, sported, revelled in delights; fed on the living fragrance that poured itself out at a thousand openings at once before them; enjoyed their loves, laid the foundation for their succeeding progeny, and, after a life thus happily filled up, sunk into an easy dissolution. With

what joy in their pleasures did I attend the first and the succeeding broods through the full period of their joyful lives! with what enthusiastic transport did I address to each of these yet happy animals, the jovial Anacreon's congratulation to the Cicada:

> Blissful insect! what can be,
> In happiness, compared to thee?
> Fed with nourishment divine,
> The dewy morning's sweetest wine.
> Nature waits upon thee still,
> And thy fragrant cup does fill.
> All the fields that thou dost see,
> All the plants belong to thee;
> All that summer hours produce,
> Fertile made with ripening juice.
> Man for thee does sow and plow,
> Farmer he, and landlord thou.
> Thee the hinds with gladness hear
> Prophet of the ripen'd year!
> To thee alone, of all the earth,
> Life is no longer than thy mirth.
> Happy creature! happy thou
> Dost neither age nor winter know;
> But when thou'st drank, and danc'd, and sung
> Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
> Sated with the glorious feast,
> Thou retir'st to endless rest.

While the contemplative mind thus almost envies what the rude observer would treat with

an unfeeling contempt, how natural is it to a disinterested heart, employed in surveying the unbounded works of its Creator, to shrink into itself on the thought, that there may be, in the immense chain of beings, many, though as invisible to us as we to the inhabitants of this little flower, whose organs are not made for comprehending objects larger than a mite, or more distant than a straw's breadth, to whom we may appear as much below regard, as these to us.

With what derision should we treat those little reasoners, could we hear them arguing for the unlimited duration of the scene destined for the extent of their knowledge, as well as their action! and how does the infidel dare to suppose, on no better a foundation, that the earth which we inhabit is eternal!

INSPECTOR, No. 109.

This paper is written with uncommon elegance and beauty of style, and exhibits the descriptive powers of Sir John Hill to great advantage.

No. LXXXV.

Saltem daretur in sacris literis tranquillè consenescere.

ERASMI EPIST.

May the evening of my life pass in tranquillity, and in the study of the sacred Sciptures.

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

A GENTLEMAN, a man of genius and discernment, whose ill health had compelled me to banish him into the country, and whose disrelish for the joys of the bottle, or the pleasures of the chase, naturally condemned him to many hours of solitude in his retirement, wrote me word, some weeks since, that he had read through the books I had recommended it to him to take down, and desired me to tell him what the world afforded new. I was sure his understanding would countenance what I had to propose to him. I recommended, instead of new books, the oldest in the world; I advised him to the Bible; and rested my future credit with him upon it, that if he would give it as fair a reading as he had done the trifles which had of late engaged his attention, he would confess it was the only book in the world that deserved it.

I have received many letters from him since, and not one of them without confirmations of the assent which his first brought to my opinion; not one without encomiums on the particular part in which he was at that time engaged, amounting to almost an enthusiastic rapture.

I could wish that a real instance of this kind might recommend the same road to pleasure to a multitude of people, as little acquainted as he was, with a book whose name is familiar to every body. There never was an age in which reading was a more universal employment than this; and I am sorry to add, there never was one, in which the works usually read so little deserved it. The unlucky disposition to things that are new is not peculiar to my correspondent; every body falls too much into it; and to such a height is the custom growing, that a man is hardly qualified for conversation, who is not as well acquainted with the characters of the last romance, as with the names of the heroes and heroines on the stage of life. Novelty, I own, is a very interesting plea to us; but, surely, it is not the period of time elapsed, but the acquaintance we have formed with the work, that makes it new or old to our acquaintance. Things which we have never heard before are new to us, though transacted in the

most distant æra; and books, which we have not read, must be equally possessed of that charm, though co-eval with the creation.

A chapter in the Bible, it is too certain, will be, to the generality of modern readers, as much a novelty as one in Tom Jones could be, when new-fallen from the almost-creative pen of its author; and I have so good an opinion, or, to use a juster phrase, so much knowledge of the present taste of the polite world, that, in spite of all their flights and wildnesses, I am persuaded a man who could give a good account of the one, would be at least as well received by the company, as he who could exert himself in comments on the other.

There is, indeed, no work in which we meet with so much to delight and to improve, to ravish and to instruct us; no work in which lessons of morality are delivered with so pleasing a familiarity, or so compulsive an authority. Strange combination! but inviolably preserved! None, in which facts so great or so interesting are related, nor any other that has language equal to the subjects.

If Longinus knew any thing of the sublime in writing, the Scriptures must be full of it, since his whole work, compared with their several parts, seems but a comment on their beauties;

and if there be any thing in what has been written by Quintilian of the force of oratory, the power of self-assistant arguments, there we behold it all. No work was ever at once so animated, and so correct; so plain, and so full of elegance. What is said of architecture, is equally true of style: that simplicity is the source of all true beauty; and that a profusion of misplaced ornaments and figures, while they strike the eyes of children and idiots, accuse the structure, to the discerning eye, of barbarism. Different authors have made approaches toward excellence in the different manners of writing, but it is in this work alone that we are to look for perfection in all; nor is this a wonder, when we recollect that the others are the products of limited and imperfect conceptions, this of unbounded and infallible; that they are human, this divine. We admire Livy for his historic fire, and Seneca for his morality; but let us compare Livy with Moses, or Seneca with the author of the Proverbs, and we shall be ashamed of the preeminence we have been used to give them in their several capacities; nor, among the poets, will Homer and Pindar make any better figure, under an impartial eye, in the comparison with the Psalmist and Isaiah.

The very style and manner of the Scriptures

might sufficiently prove their origin from that Divine Spirit which the authors of other books have affected to invoke under vain names, as vainly; but these are but the suits and ornaments; the dignity within claims and commands our assent to the declaration. The plan and scope of the Bible are extended beyond imagination; the systems delivered by those authors whom we affect to revere in so high a manner, were confined and local; circumscribed in their bounds, and limited in their intentions; they were calculated only for some one nation; they could not ensure a continuance of the reward they promised, nor had it in their power even to threaten a punishment, which he who dared but to die, had it not in his choice to prevent. On the contrary, the extent of the field, under the influence of the other, is as unlimited as space, the duration as eternity. Truth is universal, and a native of all climes; and, when freed from the fetters under which our limited capacities lay it, must be of equal force in distant regions, and in different worlds. Creatures formed by the same hand, have all the same obligations, and the same dependances, in regard to their Creator; they are to him one progeny, whether parched under the Torrid Zone,

or frozen near the pole; whether inhabitants of this world, or of the thousand others with which he has furnished the regions of unbounded space. He, as the Creator, the common parent, speaks to all; not the Greek or the Roman, the Jew or the Gentile, are the peculiar objects of his ordinance; but the common voice is of equal force to the whole world.

The Scriptures are the language of the Creator to his creatures: they convey to us the duties from those who have received blessings, to him from whom they flow; they inform us what imports our happiness, not for a few transient years, but for an eternity; and lead the way to the enjoying that eternity in bliss. He who formed us with organs capable of enjoyment has placed that enjoyment before our eyes; and, that we may not be called off from the pursuit by shadows and pretences on the way, he tells us that they are but such; that this existence is our journey to happiness, not our period for it; and, in these works, he has given us infallible precepts for the employing the means so as to obtain the end.

The first article advanced in the sacred writings is the existence of a God; the next thing we are informed of is, that we and every thing about us are the works of his hands. We are

told, that he intended us for happiness, and that he exacted no conditions but our obedience. His laws are afterwards laid down, and dreadful instances produced of the effects of violating them: his peculiar favour to the people who most, though that very imperfectly, obeyed his institutions, is delivered with a warmth that ought to animate every reader in the cause of obedience; and lessons of morality, histories of amazing works, songs of praise to him, and promise of his mercy, his favour, and protection, to those who pay due reverence to his laws, are interspersed in every other part. We cannot but form, from the first, an idea of the Creator as full of beneficence and truth, of goodness and of wisdom; and every article of the sacred writings contains proof of all: we are taught to think with a proper respect of his nature, and are informed of the imperfections as well as the advantages of our own: these lead us to the general offices of religion, and from these we are carried, step by step, to the more particular.

To be at once entertained and improved, is the full intent in reading; nor is it worthy a rational creature to accept the amusement without the advantage. He who would have both

in the highest degree must look up to the highest fountain of knowledge for them; he must drink from that eternal spring from which the purest of the others are but obscure and vague emanations.

INSPECTOR, No. 94.

No. LXXXVI.

Si possunt homines, proinde ac sentire videntur
Pondus inesse animo, quod se gravitate fatiget,
E quibus id fiat causis, quoque noscere, et unde
Tanta mali tanquam moles in pectore constet;
Haud ita vitam agerent, ut nunc plerumque videmus;
Quod sibi quisque velit, nescire et quærere semper
Commutare locum, quasi onus deponere possit.

LUCRETIUS

Did men but think, and oft to think they seem,
That from themselves their heaviest sorrows rise,
And knew they, too, whence thus themselves create
These bosom suff'rings—seldom should we see
Life spent as now each passing hour pourtrays.
All pant perpetual for they know not what,
Nor learn by searching—changing their abodes,
As though the change would leave their load behind.

GOOD.

DISCONTENT had long taken up her dwelling in the house of Magiscatzin. He made his abode in the populous city of Zocathlan, the capital of the large and wealthy province, known through India by the same appellation; and the seat of the great Itztapalapa, brother of the sun; on whom two hundred lords wait bare-foot in silence, with their eyes fixed on the ground: and who sacrificeth yearly a thousand of his enemies on the green stone, in the temple of the God Vitzliputzli.*

* See the Religious Ceremonies by Picart.

Magiscatzin saw thousands live in the smile of Itztapalapa, refreshed with the dew of his favour, and blossoming in the sun-shine of his magnificence. He courted that smile, but it beheld him not; he waited long for that dew, but it fell not on his branch. He grew pale with envy, and the fiend of malevolence fixed a cockatrice at his heart. The bosom of his wife, once the seat of delight, was no longer pleasing to him; nor would he drink more of the cup of felicity! refusing the draught from the homely shell of the cocoa, because he could not quaff it from that golden vase which the right hand of Itztapalapa held forth to his favourites.

As, one morning, he wandered in solitude amidst the desert mountains of Tlaslacan, a personage, habited like one of the priests of the God Tlalock, approached; who, touching the ground with his right hand, and laying it to his mouth, accosted him in the language of friendship.

Magiscatzin returned the salutation. They stood silent a moment; the priest began: "Few feet, my son, traverse these lone and gloomy mountains, but those of devotion and disquietude. The placidity which resteth on the brow of the true worshipers of the ineffable

Tlalock is not discoverable on thine. Too plainly do thine eyes bespeak a discomposure of mind. Fear not, my son, to unbosom thy solicitude. The key of secresy is on my lips: and Tlalock hath entrusted me with that invaluable gem, which emits the rich perfume of consolation."

"Father (replied Magiscatzin), thou art as an angel of the god; he hath endued thee with his own penetration. My soul is disturbed within me, and I find no rest; for the bounty of Itztapalapa shineth on the undeserving; while Merit and Fidelity cover their heads in obscurity, or wander through the mountains of Tlaslacan; their necks unadorned with the chains of gold; their helms void of the variegated feathers due to them from the brother of the sun."

"Tremble (said the venerable sage), to breathe the least murmur against the mighty lord of Zocathlan, the ruler of ten thousand provinces, the powerful brother of the sun! whom every element is proud to obey; and to whom, if the rulers of the air (who are privy to every voice of mortals) should bear thy complainings, —inevitable misery!—thou wouldst fall an unpitied victim in the temple of the dread Vitzliputzli.—But hearken, oh my son. Thy mind is

deluded by the sorceress Error; Disappointment hath spread her sable veil before thy sight; and thou canst not either discern the splendour of the great Itztapalapa's wisdom, or the plain and unperplexed path which leadeth to the temple of felicity. Dazzled with the lustre of greatness, thou hast treasured up in thy mind false notions of its bliss; and, disappointed in thy pursuits of it, fondly deemest thyself disappointed of real happiness.—The evil genii, who delight to distress the sons and worshippers of the beneficent Tlalock, triumphing over thy heart-corroding anxiety, have commissioned their busiest instruments to promote thy misery; and to render thee in truth what thou art in imagination only. The ideal blessings denied thee, are, by their agency, turned into real evils; and the loss of fancied gratifications prevents thee from enjoying those of which thou art possessed.—But hearken to the voice of wisdom; obey, and thou shalt be blessed. Tell me, Magiscatzin, point out the man, who buildeth his nest on the towering cedar of felicity."

"Curdistan (replied he in a moment)—"Curdistan dwells secure on its topmost bough. He sits in his prince's favour, like the proud city of Mexico, empress of the world, in the midst of the lakes. Curdistan is happy.—Nor

less so is Tabuca; honour and wealth wave, like yellow fields of ripe maize, around him, and the fairest beauty of Zocathlan encircles him with the snow of her arms. And not less blessed, for not less honourable, is Xicoltencal; for he gives the golden cup, enamelled with the topaz and the sapphire, into the hands of Itztapalapa, and reclineth on the same carpet to play at the royal game of tololoque with the brother of the Sun.—Yucatan, also—"

"No more (said the priest, interrupting him); it is enough my son; mark this emerald. Take it, and preserve it with the utmost attention. It was the gift of Tlalock himself, who descended in thunder while the earth trembled at his approach—the gift of the sovereign Tlalock to my immortal father, who now drinks out of the ruby bowls which Halicasti hands round to the lords of Paradise.—Bind it next to thy heart, and it will render thee invisible to every mortal eye; and haste thee away; enter every dwelling where thy desires long chiefly to dwell; and, in the name of the mighty deity, whose sacrifices I perform, and whose incense I burn, I swear to thee, that thou shalt be the man, whom thou thyself shalt confess the happy one. Finish thy inquiries with all speed; and, when the sun

shall twice have travelled over yon mountains, meet me in this place of meditation."

The heart of Magiscatzin throbbed with ardour and impatience; he seized the emerald; and entered with the step of impetuosity the city of Zocathlan.

VISITOR, No. 24.

No. LXXXVII.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good, pleasure, ease, content; whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed; if dropp'd below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deignst to grow?

POPE.

"REJOICE, son of Alibudah (said Magiscatzin); the eye of Omniscience hath beheld thee with favour, though the dread lord of Zocathlan did not vouchsafe thee a smile; glory standeth ready to bind around thy neck her golden chain; and rosy-wreathed happiness prepareth her softest sofas for thy repose!—Immortal, eternal, life-giving sun! eye of the world! dispenser of health, of riches, of beneficence! Hear me, sovereign with the golden locks. My vows, my prayers, are thine! a thousand victims, in token of thankfulness, shall bleed on thy altars; and the smoke of incense shall waft, in odorous clouds, my praises to thee, seated on thy flaming throne of ruby."

Thus spoke the delusive voice of flattery in the heart of Magiscatzin, as he trod with im-

patience from the mountains; he held the wondrous emerald close to his breast; and formed to himself a thousand schemes of happiness! Ambition mantled in his cheek; and Pleasure, in her saffron vestment, danced before his eye. Disappointment was a stranger to his ideas; vain and erring, he considered not the universal condition of mortality!

Soon as he entered the city of Zocathlan, he turned not to the right hand or to the left; but bent his steady course to the dwelling of Curdistan. "There (said he) will I first prove the power of the great Tlalock's jewel; nor shall I have cause to prove it in any other dwelling than his! Curdistan's felicity shall be mine. Happy son of Alibudah, thou shalt be the magnificent Curdistan!" Unseen and unnoted, he entered the gates, and ascended the numerous steps which led to the palace of Curdistan. He beheld, with rapture and admiration, the splendour of all things; the vessels shining with burnished gold; the paintings glowing with fictitious life; the attendants, richly adorned, and zealous in their services. But when he saw the nobles and grandees of Zocathlan, waiting in a spacious apartment, to catch the smile, and touch the border of Curdistan's robe, he repressed with difficulty the transports of his ex-

pectations; and stood awhile deliberating with himself, whether he should not instantly return to the mountains of Tlascalan; claim the promise of the priest; and assume the envied character of the blest Curdistan. "Rather, first, Magiscatzin (said he within himself), refresh thy soul with a view of the mighty master of these profuse glories; and contemplate, delighted, in him, the radiant beams of gladness, which soon are to play around thee!" Instantly, he sought the apartment of Curdistan. He found it; entered trembling with anxious delight; but in a moment was struck with confusion and amazement! "Curse upon my fortune (were the first words he heard from the lips of him whom he envied), curse upon my fortune, and upon the hour which made me a slave to greatness and Itztapalapa! Had I been born an humble peasant, repose and peace would have smoothed my pillow; and all the torment of power had been unknown to my heart! Now the fears of solicitude drive sleep from my couch all the night; and all the day is enslaved to dissimulation, falsehood, and tumult! Seated high, how difficult is it to preserve that seat; and if I fall, I fall with tenfold destruction! Not respecting my person, but my power, a train of courtiers wait my approach; but, alas, I find no

friend in the circle; he only is my friend, on whom my hand showers gifts! Curse on them all, on myself, on my fortune; I am weary of existence." He had scarce uttered these words, to which every discomposure of countenance gave energy, before a messenger entered with the mandate of Itztapalapa, to deprive him of his honours and offices. Magiscatzin, terrified at the tempest of passions which tore him upon the receival of this fatal mandate (a mandate which he had but too much reason to suspect), shrunk disappointed from the palace, which he entered with the full gale of triumph; and, as he departed, observed every courtier stealing privately away; heard every lip freely owning the justice of the sentence, and cursing the pride and the folly of Curdistan.

Astonishment possessed the mind, and led the feet of Magiscatzin, long devious and unperceiving whither he tended. But, at length, recollection summoned the powers of his soul; he resolved to pursue his inquiries; and, less captivated with the glare of ambition, wished for the softer felicities of life. He hastened therefore to the house of Tabuca, attracted by the beauty of the daughter of Saram; whose graces the tongue of fame loudly resounded through the streets of Zocathlan; and who flourished in

charms, like the first vernal bloom on the trees of Paradise. "Happy Tabuca (said he within himself), the pure joys of immortal love are thine; the rich feast of unparalleled beauty is presented to thee! love, without the interruption of anxiety; peace, without the molestations of ambition; honour, without the clamours of importunity, weave the crown of full and flourishing felicity for thy brow! Oh Tabuca, who is blessed, who is to be envied like thee!" He said, and entered the dwelling! but, behold, a fiend which the malevolent Zaresh sent forth from the regions of darkness and woe, to confound the choicest tranquillity of human beings, stood with ever-watchful eye at the door of Tabuca, and stopped up every avenue that might admit the approach of the dispensers of consolation. Magiscatzin grew pale at the sight. He knew the spirit of jealousy. "And can it be possible (said he), that this accursed demon should make his abode here? Alas, where he dwells, no bliss shall ever spring up and flourish. Plants only of baleful poison mark his footsteps." He pressed forward, however, to the apartment of Tabuca. He found him pale and pensive, lying on the ground. His heart heaved with anxiety. He doubted the fidelity of the fairest beauty of

Zocathlan; he doubted the fidelity of the wife of his soul. Resolved to try the efficacy of his emerald to the utmost, Magiscatzin (though no longer wishing to assume the character of Tabuca, for how can the soul harassed with jealousy join in the chorus of free-hearted joys?) stole to the private chamber of the daughter of Saram; and there he beheld, while she thought no eye conscious of her proceedings—(for, unwise, she thought not of the eye of Tlalock, which no mortal can elude)—he beheld that beauty proves often a snare to itself, and that eminence in charms subjects only to eminence of temptation and peril.

Disgusted and dissatisfied as before, Magiscatzin hastened from the house of Tabuca; "Ambition is madness (said he); the softer pleasures are unmanly; wealth alone is worth a wise man's concern: its blessings are noble, are permanent; it procures all we want, it obtains all we wish. Greatness and honour are in its train; and the daughters of beauty fall down and adore it. I will haste then to the lowly, but wealthy retreat of Devostan. The felicity which flieth from the palace of the great, and the couch of the lovely, is assuredly to be found there." It happened, that, as he went along,

a multitude, innumerable as the stars in the firmament, crowded the grand street of Zocathlan, and denied him passage. In the midst of them, attended by the ministers of justice, he beheld two wretches whose brows indicated the deepest horror. He took the emerald from his heart, and, appearing, in consequence, to the general view, solicited information concerning the cause of the present throng. "Thou seest (said the man of whom he inquired), in those miserable wretches, the only son and the favourite servant of Devostan. The former, wearied by the penurious severity of his father, and allured by the thirst of his countless possessions, engaged the other in a foul conspiracy. And they have washed their hands—impious and detestable—in the blood of the father and master, that they might riot in his wealth. And, lo! they are about to receive their due reward! The earth, astonished at their deeds, is preparing to swallow them up alive!"

"Oh accursed gold (said Magiscatzin), wretched, wretched Devostan! And was I hastening to the place where thy corpse lieth weltering in its blood—its blood shed even by the hand of thy own son!

"Son of Alibudah, how art thou deceived!

where canst thou find the happiness which thou seekest?"

He sighed; and, turning from the crowd, resolved to retire to his own house, and dedicate a few hours to reflection before he renewed his search.

VISITOR, No. 25.

No. LXXXVIII.

Where grows? Where grows it not? if vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil;
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where.

POPE.

HE folded his arms; fixed his eyes upon the earth; and, with slow and pensive step, moved towards his own dwelling. "Oh, Magiscatzin (said he, in the silence of reflection), thou art disappointed, but not satisfied. And dwelleth she not beneath the golden roof of ambition and honour? Doth she not live in the blooming bower of young and fragrant beauty? Is happiness a stranger to that temple of wealth, which every foot delights to enter, where every hand is ready to kiss the mouth in token of adoration! Lead me to the goddess, ye awful powers, endowed with celestial penetration; dispel the darkness of doubt and hesitancy; Oh for a beam of unfailing light! shine forth, and shew me the way; make me great, and make me blessed!"

A deep and hollow groan, at that moment, sounded from a lowly cottage by which he passed; it pierced his heart; he drew near; and the cries of distress awakened his compassion.

He entered the lowly door; and, behold,—stretched on the bed of sickness, lay the mother of six clamorous infants, demanding with the voice of importunity, food to satiate their hunger; she replied only with tears. Magiscatzin sought the cause of her distress: grief is communicative: she informed him, that "the iron hand of death had but lately cut down her husband, the trunk upon which she and her babes leaned for support. He, by his daily and laborious toil, earned for them the scanty pittance, which fed the lamp of life. But now, friendless and unpitied, unknown and unrelieved, famine preyeth upon my children (said she), while sorrow eateth up my heart! How many of the great and the wealthy, whose tables are loaded by the hands of profusion and plenty, dream little of necessity like ours; and care not to diffuse the offals of their feasts, which would suffice to preserve us from the resistless severity of hunger! Not far hence (continued she), lives the great Magiscatzin; wealth and felicity take up their abode in his happy dwelling, and his meanest domestics are the envied children of peace. The very crumbs from his table could more than satiate our wishes; would give gladness to the heart of the disconsolate widow, and wipe away the tears

from the hollow and half-famished eyes of the orphan."

Magiscatzin heard, and was abashed. "No more (said he to the woman); the angel of consolation will visit thy cottage. Fear not: the clouds are dispersing, and the cheerful sun will speedily brighten the heavens." Thus speaking, with hasty steps he left the house of mourning, fearing to be discovered; and "Oh, mighty Tlalock (said he), I had no need of thy emerald to teach me this wisdom. Son of Ali-budah, cease thy search, acknowledge thy error; and be glad to drink of the waters of thy own clear fountain!" Immediately he issued his commands to relieve the wants of the widow, and to feed the hungry orphans. And in that command the glow of benevolence warmed his bosom; he felt that to bless was to be blessed! Cheerfulness resumed her seat on his forehead, and his eye sparkled again with vivacity and delight. "I will get me to the mountains (said he) early on the morrow; I will restore, without a desire to repossess, the wondrous jewel which the venerable priest hath committed to my trust. Let the false glare of honour allure; the destructive pursuit of riches bewilder; mine shall be a nobler aim—sovereign Tlalock, I adore thee! The temple of human happiness is

founded on the adamantine rock of benevolence and virtue."

Early he sought the mountains of Tlaslacan. The sage appeared; "Take back thy jewel (said Magiscatzin), it availeth not; by its aid, I discovered only the unsuspected haunts of misery and woe; without its aid, I have found the unerring path, which leads to the immortal dome of happiness.—"Charge not the jewel, but thyself (said the priest); thou mightest well have found that path long before; but without the jewel, know that thou wouldst never have found it. The chief cause of human discontent is the envious eye, which, looking to the loftier state, longs for the pleasures, which, as it deems, dwell plenteous there; while it contemns and neglects the satisfactions in its own power; and judges them worthless and inconsiderable, in comparison of the blazing glories above it! Erring mortals! how false, how vain is your estimate of things! The jewel hath enabled thee to know, what otherwise, Magiscatzin, little else than experience could have taught; that the heart full often is a stranger to joy, where the face wears the constant sunshine of smiles: that the serenity of peace dwells not always, where the outward triumphs of splendour exult; that the breast, not

rarely, is torn with the tempest of cares, which seems hushed with the profoundest calm.

Yet, mistake not; happiness, in a degree, though not in perfection, is a flower that will flourish in almost every soil. It withered in the garden of Curdistan; but it withered because Curdistan gave it not a proper culture. It requireth not to be fostered with the dews of honour, it wisheth not to grow beneath a shelter of gold; even the fair tendance of the hand of beauty is not peculiarly needful; it often is found in fresher verdure in the gardens of the homely. Yet neither will it fade because beauty tends it, honour fosters it with her dew, or wealth spreads over it the alcove of gold: if the former is virtuous, the latter beneficent, diffusive, humane—the heart-felt joy, which enlivens and immortalises, will lift up the soul, and make it divine.

For know, Magiscatzin, the eternal powers that dwell beyond the sun, are perfect in unutterable bliss, because they are perfect in unchangeable goodness. Wouldst thou be exalted to a participation of the joys which they share, conform thy soul to some similitude with theirs: to be immortal hereafter, labour to be god-like here. The nearer approaches thou makest to the temper of the

gods, the nearer approaches wilt thou make to their happiness. The more thou dost cultivate the virtues of divine original, and cast forth from thine hand the blessings of benevolence, while the generous sensations of humanity expand thy heart; the more wilt thou find of serenity in this world; the more lightly will the unavoidable difficulties of morality lie upon thee; the more cheerful will be thy resignation; and hereafter, in the world of eternity, thou shalt quaff perennial delight, in full draughts, from the inexhausted fountain, which pours its streams of pleasure through the boundless realms of Paradise."

The writer of this history adds, in the eastern Manuscript whence we have taken it, that "the fame of Magiscatzin's humanity, after this, was borne upon every breeze through the territories of the great Itztapalapa; that sorrow never went from his gate, with a tear in her eye; that distress and desolation never sought his roof, but they found a comforter. That, as he passed through the streets of Zocathlan, the blessings of age and infirmity, of sickness and hunger, of the orphan and the widow, fell upon him. That he lived long in the favour of the gods and left many wise maxims to his children; two of which were, "Would'st thou, Oh my

son, find real happiness and content, look into the cottage of the slave, not upon the splendor of the prince."—"Happiness, Oh my children, dwelleth in the heart; and he who would find her, and bring her home to that dwelling, must follow the guidance of virtue, and listen to the instructions of benevolence."

VISITOR, No. 26.

No. LXXXIX.

——*Tolle periculum*
Jam vaga prosiliet frænis natura remotis.
HORACE.

But take the curb of fear away,
Nature springs forth and grasps her prey.
BOSCAWEN.

I HAD lately a singular instance of what the naturalists have so often observed, that, to the discerning eye, there is scarce any of the most familiar objects that does not abound with theme for contemplation. I had received, among the remembrances of friendship that pass from place to place at this social season, a quantity of oysters, of a particularly large kind, from a new discovered bed off the island of Sheppy: as a servant was taking away the shells of some which I had been opening, I was struck with the profusion of vegetable furniture with which the surface of one of them was covered; and ordered it to be laid before me.

With what amazement does the mind accustomed to look up from effects to their causes, from created beings to the great source of being from whom they derive their existence, view

that profusion, as we may almost term it, of beneficence, which leaves not the smallest space capable of supporting existences of any kind unplanted with them. The covering of an animal, esteemed of the lowest tribe, appeared, on examination, a kind of world teeming with inhabitants. Its surface was a spacious continent to millions of little worms that wandered up and down within the boundaries of a straw's breadth on different parts of it, and had each its cavern, burrowed with its own teeth in the solid shell for its retreat: among these, some larger insects, scarce confined, perhaps, to the limits of a single shell, rolled their unwieldy forms about, preying on these as they on others, too minute to be perceptible; and over all were spread the vegetable productions I had first seen, covering the whole extent, and inviting the eye to examine their variety and elegance.

We are always ready to admire the verdure of the meadows, and stand in rapture before the varied purple and gold in the flower of a tulip: we send to the Cape for its beautiful sea-shrubs, and purchase the mosses of the most distant regions at a vast price, ignorant that every thing they have to boast is excelled among the refuse of our own productions. On one part of the surface of this little garden, a cluster of con-

fervæ spread their entangled branches, glowing with all the vivid tint of the emerald; in another, a snow-white eschara covered the subjacent clusters with a piece of regular network; near it, a bunch of fuci stretched abroad their divided arms, painted throughout with colours beyond the highest stains on the most gaudy flower, polished as the wrought tortoiseshell; and, in another part, the transparent ulvæ covered, without hiding, a thousand little shoots that promised beauty.

All these, for want of a denser medium than the air to support them, lay flat upon the shell; but, in the midst, a plant of firmer mould, a coralline, raised its towering head self-supported, and of an elegant and surprising figure. It was this which had first attracted my eye, and this continued to demand my principal attention. To examine it the more favourably, I ordered the shell, with all its furniture, to be put into a glass of clear salt water. On the instant, the several tufts of herbage, that had laid as dead on the surface, erected their tender forms, and made a kind of under-wood, in the middle of which stood this stately cedar. Its trunk was, for about the first inch, naked; from thence to the summit, which was near two inches more, there grew, in wonderful regularity, a number of branches; these answered evenly to each other

on the several sides of the trunk, and grew only in the same circle, at small distances from one another. The branches from each circle were equal in length; but those of the lowest range were longest, and those of the several others gradually shorter to the top, where the main trunk terminated in the pointed pyramid. The form of this vegetable inhabitant of the deep, elegant as it appears, is not the greatest object it affords of our admiration: the structure is not less singular. The land-plants, in general, are formed of a continued stem, shooting forth branches of the same kind; but, in this surprising body, the whole was composed of short and regular pellucid joints, each smaller than the head of the least pin, and each received into its parent articulation at the base, and receiving into its summit the succeeding joint. How wonderful a structure for a plant destined to a place of growth where there are no eyes to see it that are capable of admiring its form!

Thus might we argue in that pride that swells us into an imagination of all things being made for us; but so does it not appear to him who created them. Every portion of this wonderful organisation has its uses, and those of the noblest kind; nor, though not formed for our amusement, are they utterly hidden from our in-

quiries. As the diameter of this elegant vegetable was not equal to a twentieth part of that of the shell on which it grew, there was necessarily, in a vessel capable of receiving that, a great space of vacant water on every side of the branches. Such it had appeared for some hours; but after this time accidentally casting my eye upon the glass, after I had sate near it reading, and perfectly still for some minutes, I was surprised with a multitude of extremely slender white threads, as it were, filling up all that space, and extending themselves every way from the branches to the sides of the glass; on my starting to observe them, they instantaneously disappeared. It was not difficult to guess that they were the parts of animals inhabiting the curious vegetable, not of the plant itself, since otherwise they could not have been capable of motion. I placed a microscope in a proper situation to see all that passed without disturbing the objects of my observation, and waited the event with my eye continually upon the object.

It was not long before I found that every joint of this beautiful plant was hollow, and was inhabited by an insect. The effects of the motion which had discomposed them had no sooner ceased, than I saw from the centre of

the top of every joint the head of a small red animal: at first sight, I could only distinguish on each of these heads five little protuberances; but by degrees each of these thrust out its extremity farther and farther, till at length it formed one of those filaments I had before observed extending itself to such a distance. I had now opportunity to examine what I had before only seen. I found these were a kind of arms of which each animal had five, and in the centre of which was placed the mouth; eyes or other organs there appeared none.

On close observation of these arms, I found the upper surface of each all the way furnished with a kind of little cups, or tubercles, hollow, and open at the top, and could discover that the creatures had a power of closing or opening them singly at pleasure. These are the instruments which nature has given to creatures unprovided with eyes, to procure their food: these extend themselves to a very considerable distance, and are endued with a quick and exquisite sensation: whatever minute insect falls upon them is received into one of the cups, and instantly conveyed to the mouth, or whatever of a proper size passes near them, gives the signal, by the motion it makes in the water, for their turning upon and seizing it.

Thus are these minute insects plentifully sup-

plied with food; and the same sense of feeling which arms them for the taking their prey gives them notice of approaching danger. On the motion made in the surrounding water, by the approach of anything larger than themselves, they instantly draw in their limbs, and find themselves secure in their cells within the body of the plant; and so exquisite is this sense, that but the setting a foot in the room in any part of which they are placed, is instantly followed by their disappearing.

So little is yet discovered of this interesting part of natural history, that the very existence of an insect with five arms has not before been known, and that some among the French who have chanced to see creatures, perhaps of this kind, in the corals and other marine productions, have been wild enough to suppose the very plants themselves made by the creatures that inhabit them. How infinitely more just to see the amazing whole as nature formed it! to see, in the universal chain of being, a motionless and almost shapeless animal affording place to a vegetable of surprising beauty; and that supporting the tender frames of a thousand other animals of a defenceless kind, which every larger insect must have else devoured, and every motion of a wave have dashed to pieces.

INSPECTOR, No. 125.

No. XC.

> At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
> Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fins
> For wings; with smallest lineaments exact;
> These as a line their long dimensions drew,
> Streaking the ground with sinuous trace.
>
> MILTON.

THE animals which had afforded me so much pleasure, a few days ago, on the oyster-shell, lived with me till yesterday morning. It was not, indeed, without some difficulty that inhabitants of the ocean could be supported out of their natural element; but when one has pleasure in an inquiry, there scarce remains any sense of the trouble that attends it.

It was easy to conceive that creatures destined to spend their lives in the sea-water, could not support themselves in fresh; and it was equally palpable that there would be a necessity of food for them. The insects that people, in such myriads, all our waters of ponds and rivers, might serve in the place of creatures of equal magnitude natives of the sea, but the salt necessary to be added to make the fluid of a proper nature for the creature to be supported, destroyed, in an instant, all that should have been their food. To evade the threatened

destruction, I was at the pains to supply them alternately with salt water and with fresh many times in the day, and to give them food at one hour in the latter, and their proper fluid at another. This care kept them in health till the night before last, when, an unexpected incident taking up three hours of my time beyond what I intended, my little family sickened in the midst of their food, and, though I gave them salt-water as soon as I returned, they all perished yesterday morning.

As I had an apparatus for examining them in an increased magnitude, always at the side of the glass in which they were kept, it was with great delight that I observed the manner of their feeding. When they had kept hungry four or five hours in uninhabited salt-water, the eagerness and confusion visible among them, on putting in the fresh, was a surprising agreeable sight. The disturbance given by the pouring it in, always sent them on the instant, in great precipitation, into the very innermost recesses of their cells; but the motion of the millions of animals, many of them scarce large enough to be seen, unless by the assistance of the glasses, instantly summoned them out; they received the gentle tremulation of the water, as a signal of their prey being near, and in an in-

stant all thrust forth their arms together to seize them.

What was at other times, in some degree, the effect of wantonness, and usually done with deliberation, was now urged by necessity, and executed with the utmost hurry: instead of observing first one, and then another, protending an arm this or that way, now all were seen at once darting them forth with a surprising rapidity to the utmost verge of the glass. This was a very considerable increase of length; it made them equal to many hundred times the diameter of their bodies; but as the limits were set in this case by those of the vessel, it is not easy to see how far nature would have allowed the extension.

Those who have observed the emotions of protrusion and retraction in what are called the horns of a snail, may form some idea of that of these delicate bodies. They were all of a snow-white colour, slender as the finest single filaments spun by the silk worm, and yet perfectly manageable according to the creature's inclination. It was a pleasing sight to observe the vibrations given them when at their full extent, and the steady stillness immediately after visible in all of them, while waiting for their prey. In the first moment of their protrusion, the whole

fluid seemed itself in motion; the floating filaments, dancing to their extremities with an undulatory motion, represented the sun-beams darted aslant on the water of some broad pond, whose surface is just ruffled by an evening breeze. A moment after they formed so many straight lines, drawn as by the exact hand of some mathematician, from the centre to the circumference of the vessel. This stationary situation, however, was but for a moment: each was instantly after employed in search of food, and one saw them in a thousand actions at once; some snatching at the prey, some conducting it to the mouth, and many in the hurry of their motions, with their arms entangled with one another in a very dangerous manner: where hunger gave way to pain, these unlucky embarrassments were often unfolded without mischief, but where the creatures were impatient, one of them usually lost an arm.

The first time this incident offered itself, I was curious to know whether the severed limb would be a morsel for the conqueror. Carp, we know, though far from a voracious fish, will, when kept together and not fed, eat off one another's fins; but this was not the case with these minuter animals; where the opportunities of destruction are great, nature has taken away

the temptations to it: had these insects been appointed to feed on one another's limbs, the whole race must have been eternally crippled, since they are always immediately within the reach of one another; but I soon found this was not the case: the little creature first seized by the victorious animal of my company was swallowed with great precipitation, but the separated arm of its companion was thrown away.

The creature that had lost its limb, pursued the business of feeding with a perfect unconcern; and, as I cast my eye over the numbers that crowded through every part of the fluid, I saw several others in the same condition, many having lost an arm, and some two. The concern which I should have felt for the frequent mutilation of these unhappy animals lessened, when I considered the present scene of destruction was owing to an incident, out of their usual course; that in the road of their natural lives they feed quietly and leisurely, and that all this mischief had been owing to the ravenous appetite which a general deprivation of food for several hours had occasioned.

I had the curiosity to examine the mutilated creatures in the injured limbs, and was surprised to see, that though the arms in the several instances had been seized in different parts, yet

they had all broke off in the same place. I was ready to reprove nature for leaving one part of the limb so weak that it would give way, while the rest could support the violence: but my accusation, as will always be the case when we come to a more perfect knowledge of the circumstances, was soon changed into wonder. On observing these hurt individuals from time to time, I found that the loss of a limb to them is not irreparable, as to us; but that, as in the crab and some others of the crustaceous kind, a new one grows in the place of the other, as a fresh shoot from the lopped branch of a tree. This could only have its origin from one spot, and the individual place where nature, or, in wiser terms, that being whose protecting care extends to every thing he has created, has made the limb most weak; and where, in case of violences, it must necessarily break.

INSPECTOR, No. 129.

No. XCI.

Virtû to such a height is grown,
All artists are encouraged—but our own.

GARRICK.

Sir,

As an Englishman, and a true lover of my native land, I cannot see the performances of foreign artists preferred to the labours of my own countrymen without indignation: and think people of distinction, and those who are fond of aping them, censurable for giving encouragement to the former, and treating the latter with indifference and neglect.

Curiosity led me some weeks ago to Langford's room, where a collection of capital pictures was exhibited to view: I am a great admirer of the pictorial art, and will venture to say I have a little—you know what I mean, Mr. * * * *. Though I am not a connoisseur, I will confess honestly, sir, that I beheld the genuine performances of several eminent foreign masters, now no more, with delight; but I must also tell you freely, that there are several rising geniuses in this kingdom, who, if properly patronised, would produce pieces not inferior to

the most celebrated antiques; many of which, I will not scruple to affirm, are elaborate copies, and palmed upon people of fortune, by those pretenders to taste, those sworn foes to our English painters, the dealers, for originals.—But to the point.

On surveying with admiration a fine Claude, I was accosted by Tom Canvass, a very ingenious and industrious young fellow, for whom I have a hearty regard; but I am afraid he will never make his way in the world by dint of merit: his dress was shabbily genteel, and he looked so much like the poor apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, that I did not immediately recognise him. After an interchange of compliments, he asked me how I liked the collection. "Here are several highly-finished pieces," said I; "but I want to see some paintings by English hands, and particularly by your own." "Why," replied Tom, "I have pieces enough at home, which would make a pretty figure here, but then they would be known to be mine, and nobody would vouchsafe to look on the paltry daubings. Indeed, if I had recourse to the dealer's arts, made use of the spaltham-pot, and gave it out that they were executed by Signor Canvassini, all the connoisseurs in town would flock about them, examine them

attentively with their glasses, and cry out with rapture,—What striking attitudes!—what warm colouring!—what masses of light and shade!—what a rich fore-ground!—did you ever see any thing more riant!—If you will be so kind (continued he) as to go with me to my lodgings, I will shew you a fine piece, which I have lately finished." I readily accepted of his invitation, in hopes of being serviceable to him.

We then left the Piazza, and proceeded to a miserable house near the Seven Dials, in which, on the second-floor, was Mr. Canvass's apartment. As soon as the street door was opened, Tom desired he might go up first to shew me the way, and it was with the utmost difficulty I followed him; for the stairs were so dark, narrow, winding, and full of chasms, that I was in danger of breaking my legs every step I took. When we arrived at the top, my guide opened a rotten door, which admitted the light through numberless crevices, and discovered a small dirty room, decorated with pictures, which helped to conceal the cracks in the walls that had once been white. But my attention was soon taken off from inanimate objects, and fixed on living ones—my friend's wife and children.

Mrs. Canvass is tall, and formed with the utmost delicacy; her complexion is extremely

fair; she has two blue eyes, bien fendus, a very pretty mouth, and light glossy hair. She is indeed a perfect beauty, but appeared in so unbecoming a dishabille, that I was at the same time both charmed and shocked. She was without stays, in a ragged greasy bed-gown, tied loosely over a ragged, greasy, short, red petticoat, which gave me an opportunity of seeing the finest legs and feet I ever beheld, though disguised by green stockings full of holes, and black leather shoes down at heel:—an old muslin handkerchief was all her head dress. She was sitting in a low, tottering chair, when we entered the room, with a large fine girl at her breast, and a rose-lipped boy, about five years old, stood innocently smiling with a cherubic countenance at her knees, and playing with his sister's little finger, covered only with a short dirty shirt. Mrs. Canvass gave me her chair, the only one in the room, fetched a joint stool for her husband, and entreated us to sit with the politeness of a princess. As Tom was expected to dinner, the cloth was laid. It was a shabby bit of coarse sheeting, and on it was placed half a cold shoulder of mutton, in a black and yellow earthen dish, accompanied by a couple of wooden trenchers, a small quantity of coarse salt in a play-bill, a pewter-pot of

porter, and a quarter of a peck-loaf. The eldest daughter, a fine girl about eight years of age, in a pink jacket full of slits and spots, was boiling a few radish-tops in a glazed pipkin, over a handful of fire; and a boy, a year younger, was grinding some ochre in one of his father's Monmouth-street waistcoats, with a narrow gold edging, which served him for a coat.

Mrs. Canvass, and her children, hung round the room in various shapes.—Here she was drawn like a sleeping Venus, with her two sons like Cupids; the one throwing an azure mantle over her, the other endeavouring to peep under it. There she was crowned with a garland of flowers by her daughter, who attended her like a grace: in a third piece she was a Diana, with her nymphs: in a fourth a Madonna, with her holy infant: in a fifth a Magdalen, and in a sixth a Lucretia. All these pieces were executed in so masterly a manner, that I could have gazed on them with the highest satisfaction, had not the wretchedness of my friend and his family engrossed my attention. I was pained to see so much merit and industry in the husband, so much beauty and modesty in the wife, and so much innocence and cheerfulness in the children, unadmired and unrewarded. I called the youngest boy to me, gave

him a guinea, and bade him carry it to his mamma, that she might buy clothes for him. The poor woman blushed her thanks, and by so doing, added new lustre to her charms; while Tom, whose heart overflowed with gratitude, desired her to procure a chicken and a bottle of wine for my dinner:—I could scarce hinder her from flying to obey her husband—"Hold," said I, "Mr. Canvass, I am engaged to-day; but as I have a leisure half hour, give me leave to ask you a few questions, not out of an idle curiosity, but with a sincere intention to serve you. Your performances, I think, deserve the highest encomium, and I commend your fondness for so amiable a wife, and such fine children. But why don't you vary your objects?" "Alas! sir," said Tom, "I would willingly vary my objects, but nobody will give me an opportunity by sitting; besides, this room is not proper for the reception of company.—I should not have invited you to it, I assure you, sir, had not my vanity got the better of my pride; for I longed to shew my pictures to a man of real judgment, not considering that, while I exhibited them, I should expose myself." "Why do not you begin with landscapes," said I, "or history pieces? I know you are capable of excelling in those branches: you might finish

them by yourself, and present them to the public afterwards." "Your advice, sir, is very good, and I would follow it with all my heart; but, as I told you before, nothing that's English, though ever so well executed, will be relished by the beau-monde. Once, indeed, I painted a landscape for a dealer, who gave me two guineas for it, and sold it for fifty, by telling every body it was a Poussin: I also finished a few heads for him, which he put off for the productions of Rembrandt; but he gave me so paltry a sum for them, that I could not afford to supply him. I should be glad to take a trip to Italy, merely for a name, but cannot think of leaving my Peggy and her children, whom I fondly love, and would work for with pleasure night and day, because they are good creatures, and can make themselves happy without the superfluities of life."

This last speech of Tom's affected me very much: I agreed immediately to sit for my own picture, and ordered two landscapes for my library, which were soon painted and paid for; and, with the money, Tom clothed his family in a decent manner, and took a first floor in Covent Garden, to which I send all my acquaintance.

If you are desirous of being thought an en-

courager of merit in your countrymen, you will warmly recommend them, and endeavour to convince men of fortune and fashion, that England produces excellent painters as well as France, Italy, and Flanders.

By complying with this request, you will be admired and esteemed by a great many deserving young fellows, and particularly oblige

Your very humble Servant,

T. F.

I am so well pleased with my correspondent's true English spirit, and his generous behaviour, that I shall cheerfully comply with his request, and recommend the artists of my own country, without dreading the appellation of a tasteless Prater; and I hereby give public notice, that I expect all my relations, friends, acquaintance, and readers, who would be thought sound patriots, and encouragers of merit and industry, to sit immediately for their pictures to English painters only, and to order houses, horses, dogs, parks, and gardens, to be drawn by the same hands.

PRATER, No. 11.

The complaint in this paper of the preference given to the productions of foreign artists, to the exclusion of the labours of our own countrymen, has been lately repeated in a very ener-

getic manner, both in verse and prose, by Mr. Shee. The subsequent lines, descriptive of the modern amateur, and the closing exclamatory couplets, are peculiarly animated, and but too applicable:

> Look round his walls—no modern masters there,
> Display the patriot's zeal, or patron's care:
> His Romish taste a century requires,
> To sanctify the merit he admires;
> His heart no love of living talent warms,
> Painting must wear her antiquated charms,
> In clouds of dust and varnish veil her face,
> And plead her age, as passport to his grace.
> To critic worship, time's a sacred claim,
> That stocks, with fools, the calendar of fame.
> Shame on the man, whate'er his rank or state,
> Scorn of the good, and scandal of the great;
> Who, callous, cold, with false fastidious eye,
> The talents of his country can decry,
> Can see, unmov'd, her struggling genius rise,
> Repress the flight, and intercept the prize;
> Profuse of fame to art's past efforts roam,
> And leave unhonour'd, humble worth at home.

The establishment of the British Institution, however, since the first edition of Mr. Shee's poem, will, it is hoped and expected, lead to a more extended and efficient protection of native genius.

No. XCII.

——— An me ludit amabilis
Insania? audire, et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.
HOR.

Dost hear? or sporting in my brain,
What wildly-sweet deliriums reign!
Lo! 'mid Elysium's balmy groves,
Each happy shade transported roves!
I see the living scene display'd,
Where rills and breathing gales sigh murm'ring thro' the shade.
OGILVIE.

THE operations of the human mind are at all times extremely subtile; and, while we compound, vary, and associate our ideas into so many different combinations, the workings of the soul are not attended to, and the traces they leave are so delicate, that they are afterwards scarcely to be perceived. I do not think this phenomenon in the ideal world, is at any time so surprising, as in those moments, when the faculties of bodily sensation are lulled in sleep; then the imagination calls forth her abstracted train, and, being free from the incumbrance of flesh, disports herself in the most

whimsical manner, and is at liberty to form what appearances, what scenery, what imagery, and what reasoning she thinks proper. This I experienced, in a lively manner, the other night; and, as I cannot help believing that any of my readers would have been glad to enjoy the same visionary scene, I shall, instead of a formal essay, make my dream the subject of this day's paper.

I retired home to my chambers a few evenings since, in a very poetical mood; and, to gratify the present course of my ideas, took into my hand Virgil's Georgics, which has always been considered by the critics as the most perfect poem of the most accomplished poet. The delicacy of expression, and every refined beauty in the turn of the style, have been finely treated by the elegant Mr. Addison; and, for my part, I never look into it, but I perceive some concealed stroke which had before escaped me. But the enthusiasm which animates the following passage, struck me the other night in a manner which had never happened to me before:

> Me quoque Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
> Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
> Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

The fire and rapidity in the first line, and the rapture and air of inspiration in the succeeding one, must warm any imagination, that has but the least spark of fire. I could not help dwelling on it with admiration; it opened to my mind a train of images which gave me the most exquisite pleasure, and made such an impression on my spirits, that, even in sleep, they continued to flow in the same traces they had before been thrown into, and thus my waking thoughts were recalled to me with double delight.

I thought that, of a sudden, I was hurried away to the realms of Parnassus, and that I towered with rapture over the several cliffs which are frequent in those regions. The air, methought, seemed to be clearer than what I have ever met with; the skies were brightened into the pure azure; the sun darted his genial rays all around; and different streaks of light, blending themselves in sundry parts of the hemisphere, served to diversify the scene; the country smiled in vernal delight, covered with the most cheerful green I ever beheld. In one part was displayed to view, an ample lawn, stretched to such a length that the eye lost itself; on the other side, presented themselves meads and gardens, and laurel groves. Hills there were, whose blue tops grew fine by degrees, and les-

sened to the sight amid the clouds. From one of these, issued the Pierian fountain, which, divided into several rills, came tinkling down the mountain, and, at the bottom, all assembling into one general reservoir, they there expanded themselves into a pleasing surface, and formed a river, which watered all the country round. Here I fell into that state of mind which is so excellently described in the Pleasures of Imagination:

> ——— Then the inexpressive strain
> Diffuses its enchantment; fancy dreams
> Of sacred fountains, and Elysian groves,
> And vales of bliss; the Intellectual Pow'r
> Bends from his awful throne a list'ning ear,
> And smiles; the passions, gently sooth'd away,
> Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
> Alone are waking; love and joy serene
> As airs that fan the summer.

I felt the most ardent ambition to gain the summit of the hill; but it was, in several places, so steep, that I believe I should never have reached it, if Apollo had not been favourable to the humble prayer which I preferred. I did not build my supplication upon merit in the literary world, but humbly presumed upon the delight which I always took in the works of genius; and, in Apollo's eye, the next thing to

a good author, is to have a taste and relish for the beauties of fine writing. I was struck with reverential awe at the sight of the God of wit; and such melody filled my ears, such divine harmony enchanted the place, that I instantly fell on my knees, and worshipped the heavenly strain. They beheld each other with an air of mutual affection and complacence; their eyes were bright with meaning; and I thought that, in delicacy of shape and feature, they had a near resemblance to two ladies known to the world by the name of the Hibernian Beauties.

After paying sufficient adoration, I withdrew from the presence of the deities, and went round the place, in order to view the country more particularly. The greatest part of these regions is portioned out into different tenures; some of them conveyed to the person for ever, others for life, and many for a shorter duration. There are mansion-houses built on many of these estates, and the great geniuses who have made a figure in the world have here fixed their residence.

The ancients seemed to have by much the largest possessions, though a great part of their property was transferred to the moderns. Dryden, besides his own hereditary estate, has purchased a large scope of ground from the cele-

brated Virgil, and Mr. Pope has bought near half of Homer's rent-roll. Mr. Dryden spent most of his time in writing Prefaces and Dedications to the great men of Parnassus; and Mr. Pope retired to his own house, which was situated on the banks of the river already mentioned, and the country adjacent was laid out in the most exquisite taste. Mr. Pope was formerly very attentive to the improvement of his land, and where the soil did not yield spontaneously, he assisted with hot-beds. This turn was now quite over with him, and his chief care was to embellish a temple of virtue and happiness, which he had raised in the middle of his garden:

> There his retreat the best companions grace;
> Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.

In company with these celebrated personages he maintained his own ease and dignity; and though his soul glowed within him, when sitting with Bolingbroke and Marchmont, he seemed to receive a more near delight from his Gay and Parnell.

The great Shakspeare sat upon a cliff, looking abroad through all creation. His possessions were very near as extensive as Homer's, but, in some places, had not received sufficient

culture. But even there spontaneous flowers shot up, and in the unweeded garden which grows to seed you might cull lavender, myrtle, and wild thyme. Craggy rocks, hills, and dales, the woodland and open country, struck the eye with wild variety, and over our heads rolled thunder, deep and awful, and the lightning's flash darted athwart the solemn scene, while, on the blasted heath, witches, elves, and fairies, with their own queen Mab, played in frolic gambols. Mean time, the immortal bard sat with his eyes in a fine phrensy rolling, and writers, both in the tragic and comic, were still gathered round him. Aristotle seemed to lament that Shakspeare had not studied his art of poetry, and Longinus admired him to a degree of enthusiasm. Otway, Rowe, and Congreve, had him constantly in their eye, and even Milton was looking for flowers to transplant into his own Paradise.

I was called off from surveying the possessions of the immortal Shakspeare, by repeated peals of laughter, which resounded from an adjacent grove. This I soon perceived was occasioned by the irresistible humour of Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift; while, at some distance from them, Rabelais threw himself into a thou-

sand antick attitudes, and brought together the most ludicrous assemblage of ideas, with all the sprightly frolic of his wild imagination.

Sir Richard Steele fixed his residence under Mr. Addison's roof; where Tickell was encouraged to translate a book of Homer, and Phillips was assisted in finishing the Distressed Mother. Addison had before him several of the Periodical Essays which have lately been sent abroad into the world, among which, methought, I saw a paper entitled the Grays-Inn Journal, when * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *.

The effect this had upon me was such, that my vision was immediately dissipated, and I awaked in the most pleasing serenity of mind.

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, No. 4.

No. XCIII.

Studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium et solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.

TULLY.

These studies afford nourishment to our youth, delight our old age, adorn prosperity, supply a refuge in adversity, are a constant source of pleasure at home, are no impediment while abroad, attend us in the night season, and accompany us in our travels and retirements.

KNOX.

THE application of part of our time to letters is recommended by the author of my motto in such glowing colourings, as serve at once elegantly to display the manifold advantages resulting from study, and, at the same time, prove an incentive to every mind to enlarge its views, and increase its store of ideas, by a due attention to the labours of the learned. "Letters," says the Roman orator, "cherish and invigorate the mind in its greener years, amuse it in its more advanced periods of life, beam a lustre on prosperity, and soften the shocks of adversity; they yield delight in our domestic hours, and are no incumbrance abroad; they protract the mid-

night hour, are our fellow-travellers in foreign parts, and make the best part of equipage in all our rural excursions."

I am aware, that the translation which I have here offered falls many degrees short of the purity and graceful strength of the original; but, such as it is, it may, in some sort, serve to inculcate the real utility of a very pleasurable occupation, which is, at present, too much neglected by people of condition of both sexes. Mr. Addison wonders how men of sense can spend so many hours together, without receiving any other ideas than what are suggested, by an arrangement of black and red spots. But such is the prevailing fashion of the times, that the book of four kings, is the only volume at present perused with any degree of attention; and, I will venture to affirm, the four motley monarchs, are better beloved by several persons of condition than any real king in Europe. A friend of mine, who has a knack in conforming all his compositions to the prevailing taste of the town, tells me very seriously, that he has often wondered how men of discernment can sit down to performances, which a little experience might inform them will never be read; such as, the History of England, the Life of Harry the Seventh, the History of Charles the

First, the History of Lewis the Fourteenth, &c. For his part, he is determined to avail himself of the favourite passions of his readers, and is now actually employed in compiling Memoirs of the King of Spades, the Annals of the King of Clubs, Anecdotes relating to the King of Hearts, Remarks on the King of Diamonds; including battles more memorable than those of Cressi and Poictiers, fought in the verdant plains of Piquet, Cribbage, Quadrille, Whist, &c. in which will be interwoven the private characters of the Knaves, with the secret history of the Queens, their intrigues, &c. The work to be published in numbers, price One Guinea each Weekly Number; in proper places will be inserted a beautiful Copper-Plate of the Crowned Heads and eminent personages, taken from the original Drawings now in possession of the Club at White's; at the particular desire of several persons of quality, five thousand Copies will be printed upon Royal Paper; the subscribers' names to be annexed, with their places of abode, and how many card-tables each person keeps; which may serve to give posterity some idea of the grandeur of the present age.

I make no doubt but this work, if carried into execution, will be in great demand; and I

am sensible that a dissuasive from pursuits of this nature will be the jest of every tittering card-table in town. I must, however, beg leave to inform my pretty readers, that they are highly mistaken if they imagine, that, by dedicating a few hours to literary amusements, they endanger their lovely features, and run the risk of dimming the sparkling lustre of the eye. On the contrary, a page or two in a morning may serve to adjust the countenance, and the acquisition of a new idea may give a more engaging ornament to the head than a new Paris cap; and the eye will certainly beam with more attention when directed by an active principle within, than when it swims round the room in pretty, giddy, vain, senseless, affectations? How finely has Mr. Pope described the consequences attending a life spent thus in a circle of folly:

> See how the world its veterans rewards!
> A youth of frolicks, an old age of cards;
> Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
> Young without lovers, old without a friend;
> A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
> Alive, ridiculous!—and dead, forgot.——

How much more eligible, therefore, is it to employ some portion of our time in a way that will furnish the mind with ideas fit to be communicated to rational creatures, and give an

embellishment to the highest sphere of life. Add to this, that softening quality which letters have in all cases of adversity. In the day of affliction, the surest and most certain relief the mind can receive, will be derived from the habit of being conversant with books. If I remember right, it is Mr. Locke that observes, in his Conduct of the Understanding, that a power of transferring our thoughts from one object to another is an essential requisite in a well-formed understanding. And surely nothing can better help to prevent the mind from dwelling too long upon any habitual set of ideas which may induce a settled form of melancholy, than an attention to the performances which men of learned leisure have sent into the world. Instead of urging any thing farther on this subject, I shall conclude this paper with a Journal, for one week, of an acquaintance of mine who never reads at all, and a journal of another who devotes part of his time to letters.

JOURNAL OF WILLIAM TASTELESS.

Monday. Dozed away five hours after natural rest—rose at one o'clock, pulled on one stocking, then yawned for a quarter of an hour by the bedside, and pulled on the other—journeyed into the next room to breakfast—looked out of

the window—every thing appeared the same; no variety in life—lounged at the coffee-house—looked over the papers—paragraphs all the same—deaths, births, burials, and marriages—played cards at Tom's in the evening—went to bed fatigued.

Tuesday. Got up fatigued—the same thing over again—the Park—the Play—the tall woman at Charing-Cross—Cards at night.

Wednesday. Nothing done.

Thursday. Nothing again.

Friday. Horrors all day—weary of my life—ready to hang myself.

Saturday. Waked in bad spirits—wished myself dead—went to the play at night—slept during three acts—lost my pocket-handkerchief as usual—weary of the world.

Sunday. Weather gloomy—Horrors—Sunday the most muzzy day in the year—went to ten different routs—came home tired—ready to hang myself again.——

JOURNAL OF ALEXANDER TASTEFUL.

Monday. Waked at eight o'clock out of a pleasant dream of being in company with Horace, Virgil, &c.—went to breakfast; read a paper in the Adventurer—opened my book-case—went back three thousand years with Mr. Pope

to converse with Homer's heroes—looked over Spence's Polymetis—went to my bookseller's—adjourned from thence with two men of genius to dinner, and afterwards to see Mr. Garrick in the character of Hamlet—supped at the Rose, and admired the poet and the player—went home, and read the three first acts of Hamlet.

Tuesday. A rainy dull morning—had recourse to Virgil, who dispensed blue skies, lakes, caverns, lowing herds, &c.—turned to Warton's elegant Criticisms on several Passages, and went through the Dissertation on the Eleusinian Mysteries—went in the evening to a rout—tired of the company—retired home, and spent the evening with Locke, Sir William Temple, and Lord Bacon.

Wednesday. Met with an unexpected misfortune; soothed my uneasiness by reading Fielding's Joseph Andrews.

Thursday. Read the World at breakfast, also the Connoisseur—opened my book-case, and took in hand Brown against Shaftesbury—highly pleased with the author's account of Ridicule—turned to Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination, to see what he has on the subject—carried away by the enthusiasm of his poetry, and could not lay down the book till I went through it.

Friday. Rose somewhat feverish—my mind

unsettled—had recourse to the Letters between Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, &c.—walked into the Park—the softness of the season, and glad beauty of the hemisphere called to my mind several elegant passages in poetry—went home in the evening, and read Addison's Pleasures of Imagination.

Saturday. Walked in the fields early in the morning—turned over Dodsley's collection—breakfasted at the coffee-house—over-heard a debate between two politicians—went home and read Swift's Dissertations in Athens and Rome—went to the Opera—best singers had sore throats—tired—went to Drury-Lane Play-house, to see Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber in the last act of Tancred and Sigismunda.

Sunday. Brown against Shaftesbury again—read one of the Bishop of London's Sermons—dined with two men of genius—went home at six o'clock, and read the Tragedy of Cato—concluded the evening with Pope's Essay on Man.

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, No. 80.

In the essay from which I have taken the translation of the motto from Cicero are some excellent observations on the pleasure and consolation to be derived from letters, with part of which I shall favour my readers.

" Solitude invites to reading; and amid the great variety of books, some one may always be found in unison with our own

temper. In the retirements of our library, no insolent intruder can upbraid us for disinclination or incapacity to taste convivial enjoyment. There we find balsam for every wound of the mind, and a lenient medicine for every disease.

" When the prospects which present themselves in the common road of life are dark and dreary, the man of taste can step aside into the elysium of poesy, and tread the flowery paths, and view the gilded scenes which fancy raises with the magic of enchantment. The ingenious biographer of the poet Gray has informed us, that the most approved productions of his friend were brought forth soon after the death of one whom the poet loved. Sorrow led him to seek for solace of the muse. That the muse smiled on her votary, every reader of taste has already acknowledged. Sacred history has acquainted us with the power of music over the passions, and there is little doubt but the verse as well as the lyre of David, can soothe the troubled spirits to repose.

" It is difficult to be attached to the common objects of human pursuit without feeling the sordid or the troublesome passions. But in the pursuits of learning, all is liberal, noble, generous. They require and promote that comprehensive mode of thinking which overlooks the little and mean occupations of the vulgar mind. To the man of philosophical observation, the world appears as a theatre, in which the busy actors toil and weary themselves for his amusement. He sees the emptiness of many objects which are ardently pursued; he is acquainted with the false glitter that surrounds him; he knows how short and unsubstantial are the good and evil that excite all the ardour of pursuit and abhorrence; and can therefore derive a degree of delight from reflection, of which they who are deeply, and even successfully interested in them, can never participate. Notwithstanding the charms of opulence, Socrates and Epictetus have attracted more admirers, and probably enjoyed more tranquillity of mind, than the richest publican of Athens and Rome.

" It is true, that learning should be pursued as a qualification for the several professions of civil life; but excluding

the motives of interest and ambition, it is to be cultivated for its own sake, by those who understand and wish to enjoy, under every circumstance, the utmost attainable happiness. Next to religion, it is the best and sweetest source of comfort in those hours of dejection which every mortal must sometimes experience. It constitutes one of the most solid pillars to support the tottering fabric of human felicity, and commonly contributes as much to virtue as to calm and rational enjoyment."

ESSAYS MORAL AND LITERARY, 14th ed. No. 51.

No. XCIV.

Is it no pleasure, when prevailing frost
Has harden'd earth's dank surface, and the foot
Treads upon rock where erst it sank absorb'd—
Is it no pleasure ———
To mark the wonders of the frozen world?
Fountain of elegance, unseen thyself,
What limit owns thy beauty, when thy works
Seem to possess, to faculties like mine,
Perfection infinite? the merest speck
Of animated matter, to the eye
That studiously surveys the wise design,
Is a full volume of abundant art.
If to the spot invisible we strain
Our aching sight, and with microptic tube
Bring it at last within our feeble ken,
What wonders owns it not?

HURDIS.

MANKIND are more distressed by dangers and accidents than any of the lower ranks of the creation; not because they are exposed to more, but from the superior sense and apprehension of them. Our lives, though longer than those of almost any other species, pass in more continued alarm and terror than any, because we are conscious of their period; and have also a sense of the extent of time, which represents that period as short and inconsiderable.

What an imperfect view might paint to us in this as matter of complaint and disgust, a better

acquaintance with our nature shews us in the contrary light, as an object of triumph and congratulation. The same faculties which alarm us with a sense of dangers before they arrive, assist us with the means of obviating them; and that knowledge which shews us the short period of our residence here points out also an immortality behind it. To us who have a more interesting state in view, even the unavoidable distresses and miseries that present themselves in vain in their approach, serve to the excellent purpose of taking off our thoughts from a scene, the allurements of which might otherwise influence us to a fatal neglect of all farther considerations: and the consciousness of an inevitable and approaching dissolution, forces upon us the reflection on what is to happen afterward. What appears to us a severe decree is, therefore, an act of indulgence; and the prescience which is the source of immediate pain to us is our road also to the supremest pleasure.

With the rest of the animated world it is otherwise: a sense of dangers which they could not avoid would have been a source of unnecessary anguish; and a consciousness that their frame must be destroyed would have had the tenfold horror and no one advantage. It is best

for them to submit to that which cannot be escaped, without foreseeing that it is to happen: it is happiest for them to enjoy their existence, undisturbed by a knowledge of its termination, till the moment in which they sink again into that nothing from which they sprung. Instinct offers them all the necessary advantages of reason without its ineffectual torments; and it is as much mercy in the Creator to have withheld it from them, as to have given it to us.

The contemplative mind will find every disinterested application of thought, every pursuit of a rational inquiry, thus leading to the praise of his Creator. The minutest, and, as they appear to many, the most abject things, may give opportunities for such investigations; and even the instances in their several accidents, which seem at first to shock his apprehension, will, in the end, most palpably convince him that all is of a piece. The beauties of a minuter part of the creation are not more hidden from the unassisted sight, than the ends and purposes of their economy from the casual observation. The microscope does not more amaze and charm us with the discovery of the first, than the application of our faculties does in tracing the latter; nor is it possible to look about us,

amidst the most trivial occurrences, without being convinced of the one as strongly as of the other.

The advantages of exercise, as necessary to the mind's health as that of the body, carry me, as often as the weather will permit, into some of the fields and openings on the skirts of this region of smoke: nor do I ever return from such a walk without improvement and information. One of the last expeditions of this kind carried me to the side of a little brook near Kensington, which every shower extends to twenty times its natural limits, and every dry week retrenches to almost nothing.

The morning was sharp though bright; the overflowed part of the channel of this rivulet was now covered with ice, and the tops of a few water-plants appeared at distances above the surface. A consciousness that no product of nature is unpeopled by other of its creatures even under disadvantageous circumstances, prompted me to take up two or three of these frozen vegetables; and a cursory observation shewed me that neither the part of them that was above, nor that which was under the surface of the ice, was destitute of its inhabitants; neither that part which was frozen by the air, nor that drenched in water, was vacant. Creatures of

different forms and natures indeed appeared on the different parts; but even these, as I afterwards found, were not wholly unconnected with one another in the great chain of beings.

When I examined them at home, I found the subaqueous inhabitants were mere reptiles; *those which occupied the drier part, on the contrary*, were of the winged tribe; both were minute, but the microscope raised both into a state of importance worthy a continued observation.

Of all creatures, the most minute are in general the most voracious. I could observe the reptile hunting every part of the plant for lesser creatures, feeding on its juices, and devouring them insatiably. The winged race, on the upper part of the plant, were employed in a very different manner. The cold had pinched these, and seemed to threaten them with destruction; and they were avoiding its rigour, by burrowing themselves hiding places between the two membranes of the leaves. I saw several of them busied in different stages of this operation: some were just making the opening with their forefeet, and the pointed extremity of their trunk, the proper use of which was to draw in their nourishment; others were half got into their more forward holes; others had completely hid themselves: and some of them I could even

trace to a great distance from the place where they had entered.

The juices of the plant are the proper food of this insect, and its means of coming at them is by wounding the vessels with this instrument at its head. All this could be done in security while they were under covert, and, on a slight view, blind as themselves to the future, I was congratulating them on their safety. While I was making the observation, the drippings from the eaves of the houses proclaimed a thaw. The consequences of this, I immediately recollected, must, of necessity, be a rising of the little brook from whence these plants had been taken, and where a number of them were left peopled in the same manner: the melting of the snow which had fallen during the drier state of the air, must of necessity swell its waters to many times their former extent, and the whole plants must be submerged in them, under this state, though, while shallower, their tops had appeared above the surface.

Nature which had destined the inhabitant of the upper portion of the plant, to feed on a vegetable thus liable to be covered with water, and had not given it organs to subsist under that fluid, had bestowed on it wings, by means of which to avoid the danger. The crea-

tures of this species, however, which had been the objects of my late observation, had, instead of this means of escape, under the numbing influence of the frost, preserved themselves from that threatened death, by burying alive in the very substance of the plant; and the result must be, their perishing by the submersion of the whole from the effects of the swelled stream. Thus they preserved themselves from the frost to be destroyed by the thaw; but with this difference in the general economy of nature, that by the former means they would have perished uselessly, but by the latter they afforded, in their death, a supply of food to the reptile inhabitants of the same plant, who would, perhaps, otherwise have perished of hunger from the destruction of the same frost among their more immediate food.

INSPECTOR, No. 147.

No. XCV.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
GRAY.

It is a common, but, I believe, a very unjust assertion, that this is not the age of genius. I make no doubt but that every age and every country has some portion, though perhaps not an equal one, of the heavenly fire: why this burns brighter at one time, and in one place, than another, is not so much from the difference of genius as of encouragement. I am sorry to say that the whole circle of polite arts are neglected in England, at present, to a degree of barbarism: but shall in this essay confine myself to poetry; the most pleasing, and, in the judgment of the wisest and best ages, the most noble and truly inspired of them all.

That the seeds of this divine art are every where, is a truth which cannot be contested (the wild Indians have their songs of war and love; and even Lapland, if Scheffer is to be credited, has produced odes full of inspiration); but to make them grow to any great perfection, the

warm beams of favour are necessary: they may sprout in an unkindly soil, by an extraordinary effort of nature, even without the necessary culture; but their growth will be slow and languid, and the greatest part will never put forth at all.

Why did the courts of Augustus, of Leo the Tenth, our two glorious Queens Elizabeth and Anne, and of Lewis the Fourteenth, abound with poets whose works will be immortal? Why, but because they were sought for and encouraged. Fame and fortune then attended the Muses' steps; they led their raptured votaries into the cabinets of princes, who distinguished them by honours and rewards, and were by them, in return, crowned with wreaths of immortality.

This is so far from being the case in our age, that the daring mortal, who, in defiance of poverty, envy, and contempt, will deserve well of his country as a writer, must be content to have his life a perpetual warfare: he must bear to be traduced, ridiculed, despised; and, as to profit, he must be very successful indeed, if, after neglecting every other means of raising a fortune, and devoting his days to the most painful labour, that of the mind, he gets a support equal to that which recompenses the toil of the meanest artisan: nay, what to one of a liberal turn of think-

ing is ten thousand times more dreadful than this kind of distress, he will become contemptible for that very poverty which ought only to reflect on the nation which suffers him to be poor:

> Want is the scorn of ev'ry wealthy fool,
> And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.

There is nothing which an embroidered beau pronounces with such disdain, as, a fellow that writes for bread, when almost all mankind are pursuing the same end, though not all of them by means so laudable. Indeed, this particular mode of expression is more applicable to authors than to any other body of men, since the most fortunate of them seldom arrive at more than bread, and few even at that.

It seems to be the received opinion, that poverty is so truly the sister of poetry that they ought to be inseparable. I have often wondered how such a connexion came to be thought of. Surely the man who is blest with ease and influence has more chance to write well, than he whose mind is torn by continual anxiety, and who, perhaps, when he should be thinking how to wind up the catastrophe of his poem, is considering how he shall get a dinner. One argument, indeed, there is for continuing to starve poets; that the muses delight in solitude; and

all who know the world, will allow that being poor, is the most infallible means of being alone.

I doubt not but this Gothic contempt of the most charming of all arts has buried many a noble genius in oblivion; and unless some redress is speedily applied, poetry in Britain will soon be at its last gasp.

I know a very sensible man, who, finding some excellent poetical compositions of his son's, threw them all into the fire, charged him, on his blessing, to abandon all studies of that kind, and bound him clerk to an attorney; and, as a man of the world, he did right: he well knew the greater his merit as a poet was, the more likely he was, from the modesty inseparable from true genius, to starve; and he is now possessed of a good estate, which, in the judgment of the great part of mankind, comprehends every thing desirable.

That all genius is not extinct, might be proved by the mention of some writings of authors now living; but, as I will not by praise, however just, bribe the applause of any, I will only say, that we have now poets who in lyric, elegiac, didactic, and dramatic compositions, have shewn that they are capable, if properly encouraged, of rivalling ancient Greece and Rome. When I say dramatic, I would not be understood to

mean, that our modern theatrical pieces are really equal to those of the last age; but that it is not from want of fire in some of the writers that they fall short of them; but from particular circumstances which I may, perhaps, endeavour to explain in another paper.

It indulges my pride, as a woman, to reflect, that the two bright æras of wit and learning in England were female reigns; reigns which not only in this respect, but in all others, will be the admiration of posterity; when arts, arms, and liberty, were in their highest perfection. Even in the last years of Queen Anne, embarrassed as she was by the fury of contending parties, she gave not up the protection of genius and learning: however she varied in other things, she kept this point steadily in view to the last: and both her ministries, fired by her example, strove as eagerly for the honour of protecting the liberal arts as for power.

Since our present great men are so shamefully, I may add so impoliticly, negligent; I recommend it to my own sex to take poetry under their protection. Beauty, even in this age, will give them influence; and they cannot employ it better than in raising the drooping muses, and restoring them to that esteem which they have been of late so unjustly deprived of. The

other sex are, in general, so devoted to the sordid pursuit of interest, that I give them up: but I hope the love of well-deserved fame is still the ruling passion in many female breasts; and what a glory will it be to them, that when the fire of genius was, by the carelessness and insensibility of the men, just expiring, it was revived by the favour of the women.

Since my country-women are so fond of imitating a neighbouring nation, let it not be said they borrow nothing from them but their follies. A French woman of distinction would be more ashamed of wanting a taste for the belles-lettres, than of being ill dressed; and it is owing to the neglect of adorning their minds, that our travelling English ladies are at Paris the objects of unspeakable contempt, and are honoured with the appellation of handsome savages.

I am too sincere a lover of my country to suppose we are all inferior to our enemies in understanding; and, was this laudable ambition once awaked amongst us, am confident the females of England would soon outstrip the French as much in literary accomplishments, as they do in beauty.

I leave it to the consideration of my fair readers, whether the protection of true genius of our own would not do them more honour

than the ill-judged patronage some of them lavish on Italian singers and dancers, for which we have been deservedly laughed at all over Europe, and which I am sorry to see likely to rise much higher than ever. Farinelli, it is true, was paid extravagantly; but he was paid for singing; but we have now a female at the Opera, who, with a salary near double to what the best theatrical performer ever had, dares to absent herself from the stage whenever she chooses to be out of humour, and notwithstanding this, is sure to be applauded whenever she condescends to honour us with her appearance. I will suppose the ladies who protect these people imagine they are encouraging arts; and that it is only for want of having had their thoughts early turned to proper subjects, that they give their approbation to trifling accomplishments, to the neglect of real merit. However this may be, I myself know many who are as good judges of polite literature, at least, as most men; and I advise all poets for the future to seek patronesses instead of patrons. After what I have said I cannot finish this paper with more propriety, than by inserting an Ode which I received from a correspondent, and which, I am told, is written by one of my own sex. The gentleman who sent it tells me the

author of it never yet appeared in print, and with great reluctance and fear consented to suffer this to be conveyed to me for that purpose. Whether it ought to have been published or not, the town must determine; for I shall never take upon me to give my opinion of any thing which may appear in this paper.

ODE.

O, far remov'd from my retreat
Be av'rice and ambition's feet!
Give me, unconscious of their power,
To taste the peaceful, social hour:
Give me, beneath the branching vine,
The woodbine sweet or eglantine,
While evening sheds its balmy dews,
To court the chaste, inspiring muse!
Or, with the partner of my soul,
To mix the heart-expanding bowl!
Yes, dear Sabina, when with thee,
I hail the goddess Liberty;
When joyous, through the leafy grove,
Or o'er the flow'ry mead, we rove;
When thy dear tender bosom shares
Thy faithful Delia's joys and cares;
Nor pomp, nor wealth, my wishes move,
Nor the more soft deceiver, Love.

OLD MAID, No. 3

That the present age is not the age of genius, has been a complaint in almost every period, and has been repeated as frequently during the course of the last ten years as at any

former æra. Were Mrs. Singleton, however, to revisit the light of day, she would no longer have to lament the dearth of female talent, or the neglect manifested for poetic powers. The productions of Southey, of Campbell, and Scott, have met with the encouragement due to their merit; and, among the fair disciples of the muses, how would she have gloried in selecting the names of Seward, of Smith, of Baillie, of Bannerman, of Radcliffe, and of many others, who form a constellation of uncommon brilliancy in the female world of letters!

No. XCVI.

——— *Gratiæ decentes*
Alterno terram quatiunt pede.

HORACE.

——— The decent Graces
Weave the light dance.

A CELEBRATED French critic has given it for a rule, that every author should from time to time sacrifice to the Graces; thereby beautifully insinuating, that writers should endeavour to fashion their minds into an elegant way of thinking, which will be always sure to transpire into their compositions, and will be manifested by a delicate choice of sentiment and expression. *Inest facundis gratia dictis* is the phrase by which an author of taste has signified a polish and refinement in a performance; and, indeed, among the ancients in general, it is this peculiar grace, this genteel manner of conceiving and expressing their thoughts, that has made their productions the admiration of ages; and those have been accounted classic writers among the moderns, who have succeeded best in imitating the Greek and Roman originals.

Full of these reflections, I retired to rest a

few nights since, when, in the hours of sleep, my busy imagination pursued the same track of contemplation, and presented to me the following scene. I dreamed that an order was issued out from the high court of Parnassus, requiring the immediate attendance of all the inhabitants of the place at a sacrifice to the Graces, according to an anniversary institution in honour of the day on which Apollo slew the Python. For this purpose the three lovely sisters walked together, interchanging in their way mutual glances of cordiality and affection, to an elegant edifice raised by Inigo Jones: each had in her hand Mr. Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty. They placed themselves on an eminent altar in such amiable attitudes, as have not been equalled in any of our theatres, since the managers of Drury-lane house withdrew a certain lady from the public eye.

As soon as the goddesses were thus prepared for the solemnity, Apollo, in all the pride of manly beauty, advanced to the altar and paid his adoration. This done, the Muses came forward in procession, and, after prostrating themselves in a respectful manner, they mixed together in a dance, and sung hymns of praise in honour of the Graces. Ducunt choreas, et carmina dicunt. The whole poetic region was exhilarated at the sound; every thing, that before look-

ed beautiful, seemed to glow with additional charms.

This part of the ceremony being concluded, a trumpet sounded three times, as a signal for men of genius to make their approach; and instantly a Grecian band appeared. The most remarkable among them were Homer, Socrates, Plato, Sophocles, and Longinus; Aristotle having sent word that he was engaged in a syllogism, and could not attend. Socrates, who, we are told, called dancing a sacrifice to the Graces, immediately began a movement before the altar, and Plato eyed him with a steadfast look. Longinus, having acquitted himself in the due forms of veneration, fixed his attention on Homer.

Lucretius was leader of the next division; he thanked the Graces for having scattered so many flowers amidst the thorns which shot up in his part of Parnassus. Terence, who was always an elegant observer of forms, seemed to receive great delight from beholding so much beauty, and he preferred his prayer with the utmost purity of diction.

The posture in which Tully placed himself recalled to my mind the description of him in the Temple of Fame:

> Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
> In act to speak, and graceful wav'd his hand.

He declared in a flowing style, that " from a habit of surveying the beauty of external objects, the mind makes an easy transition to the fitness, the order, and regularity, of its own inward frame, and from a view of outward decorum it begins to acquire the same correctness and elegance in its own operations; studiously careful not to think or do any thing unhandsomely, from whence results that grace of character which is, in its very nature, highly eligible and praiseworthy."

Virgil came forward with a modest mien, and great regularity in his motion. He desired to pass all his time with the Graces and the Muses; and, bowing respectfully, thanked the Graces, for that elegant simplicity, the Molle atque facetum, which they had conferred upon him. He then retired to a laureat shade, where he almost hid himself in illustrious ease. Statius, Lucan, and Silius Italicus, endeavoured to walk in the same path after him, and sometimes they even aimed at his footsteps, but an awkward strut in their gait rendered it impracticable. The goddesses told Ovid, that they were sorry they could not follow him into exile. At the approach of Horace, Venus, and all the laughing Loves, smiled with peculiar pleasure. Tibullus was received with every token of affection, and,

before he withdrew, he begged leave to introduce Mr. Hammond to their presence, which was granted, and accordingly Mr. Hammond had the honour of kissing their hands.

After this a pause ensued in the rites, occasioned by the delay of several monks and fathers, to whom a summons had been sent commanding their attendance. They were all in a cluster at the foot of Parnassus, and they at length returned for answer, that they did not choose to worship false deities. After such a declaration, it was with surprise I beheld a certain bishop lay aside his mitre, and venerate the Pagan goddesses. Upon inquiring his name, I found this personage to be the celebrated Vida. He was followed by Erasmus, Strada, Bohours, and several Jesuits, who were at length joined by Boileau and La Fontaine. The former had a degree of severity mixed in his smiles, and the latter was all quickness, vivacity and wit. In imitation of Tibullus, they begged leave to present their friends, and accordingly, Garth, Prior, and Gay were introduced.

Shakspeare and Milton came down from the highest eminence in Parnassus to pay their respects; but, while they were performing their duty, I observed they both raised their heads to look at a part of the heavens where there

was a distant thunder. Dryden had not money to procure a sufficient quantity of frankincense, but the Graces accepted the intention for the deed, convinced by several touches in his works that no one had a finer sense of beauty. Mr. Pope advanced with his eyes fixed upon Homer, who was then in company with Virgil; his look was thoughtful, but bright, and he delivered himself in the most harmonious numbers. Addison followed close at his heels, and he acquitted himself in his peculiar manner of giving good sense all the embellishments of ease and artful negligence. He observed how much good humour added to the beauty of the Graces, and he was pleased to see them without any fashionable edifice of hair on their heads, and free from any enormous circle of the hoop.

By this time a general whisper began to run through all ranks, owing, as I soon perceived, to the appearance of Dr. Swift, who approached with Cadenus and Vanessa in his hand, as an offering to the Graces. As he drew nearer, he sucked in his cheeks, and the Goddesses turned to each other with a smile. Upon his making an apology for some strokes in his works, they assured him that they could overlook those singularities on account of his admirable qualities; and they added, that what was formerly

granted to Virgil should be also allowed to him, viz. to toss about his dung with an air of gracefulness.

Lord Shaftesbury was ready to yield all veneration to the three Goddesses, who had always warmed his fancy with the brightest ideas. This noble writer was succeeded by the Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, who, by the way, declared himself an enemy to all forms of worship. He avowed at the same time, that he was readier to pay adoration to those bright existences, than to the God of Moses or the God of Paul, on which topics he harangued with a roll of periods, in which, though he did not advance the strict truth, he deserved at least to be called, in the words of a witty satirist, 'a polite apostate from God's grace to wit.'

His Lordship withdrew, and I perceived some certain modern periodical writers entering the temple. They approached the altar with a college mien, and a pompous affectation of learned industry. Though no charge could be brought against them for want of matter, their style appeared too elaborate, and their words frequently formed an exotic dialect of adventitious phrases, by which means all ease was discarded from their writings; and where ease is wanting, grace will be always deficient.

Emboldened by the example of my brother writers, methought I approached the altar; but I was told by Euphrosyne, that I advanced with rather too great an air of negligence, and the goddess advised me to avoid the appearance of thoughtlessness, while I endeavoured to be easy and graceful. I was so stung with this reproach, that my repose was instantly disturbed, and, when awakened, I pleased myself in the reflection that the whole was but a dream.

GRAYS-INN JOURNAL, No. 51.

No. XCVII.

The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire;
Then criticism the muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd.
POPE.

IN Mr. Pitt's very estimable translation of the Æneid, a critical observation upon a passage in the sixth book is extracted from one of the most judicious writers of our times, the Rambler. The lucubrations of this admirable genius, whom, however far I fall short of, I will, upon this occasion, venture to call my predecessor, have constantly been perused, and I may say studied by me with very great delight: So much sense, judgment, and morality, flow throughout those papers, that I look upon them as a model of writing, which does honour to our nation, and which must be always acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. As I pretend not to rank myself with the latter, I hope the former will give me shelter on account of my sex, and because I publicly, but humbly, endeavour to be serviceable to the age in which I live.

As there are comments upon that immortal poem, as well as translations of it, in more than one language that I understand, I have very attentively considered such as have come to my hands, recommended for an excellence by those who are learned in the original; upon this foundation I shall offer a conjecture of mine upon the silence of Dido at the sight of Æneas in the Elysian fields, and shall venture to assign for it a very different reason from any that I have yet met with, submitting my conjectures to the judgment of my readers.

I agree entirely with all the commentators that have fallen within my observation, who have celebrated the beauty of Ajax's silence in the thirteenth book of the Odyssey; and will suppose with them, that Virgil copied the silence of Dido from his great master the Mæonian bard. The silence of the son of Telamon was undoubtedly founded in pride, and proceeded from a consciousness of his own defects in the art of eloquence, and therefore I join with the Rambler in thinking that the sullen taciturnity of Ajax had a much more contemptuous and piercing effect, "than any words which so rude an orator could have found." But the silence of Dido appears to me to have arisen from another cause: a cause extremely natural, and parti-

cularly beautiful in the manner that Virgil, with his usual distant and insinuative delicacy, has introduced it.

I make no difficulty to pronounce that her silence proceeded from shame; not from the shame of seeing Æneas, the sight of whom must have roused her, as the Rambler justly observes, into clamour, reproach, and denunciation, but from the sight and presence of the most virtuous of all women, the Cumæan Sibyl. Such an unexpected guest, stifled at once every sentiment of fury, and choked every intended purport of rancour and revenge, in the Carthaginian queen. I am now to endeavour to prove my assertion.

The menaces of Dido were not only that her vengeance, but that her ghost, should follow Æneas wherever he went: as evidently appears from what she says to him in their last interview at Carthage:

> When death's cold hand my struggling soul shall free,
> My ghost in ev'ry place shall wait on thee.
>
> PITT.

The immutable laws of Pluto's kingdom hindered her from fulfilling her intentions. Her ghost was not permitted to follow the Trojan hero into the higher regions, but her ghost was not prohibited to speak to him, or to answer

him, when she saw him in the regions of the dead. What motive therefore hindered her from venting her passion, and giving a loose to the dictates of resentment, fury, and all the violence which we women, when injured by our own misconduct, generally exert too late? What, but the reproaching sight of the Cumæan Sibyl. Her conscience struck her, by seeing a chaste and most exemplary virgin, who had withstood the offers of a god. Frailty dare not look up at virtue: accordingly we find Virgil has painted the queen of Carthage as looking down upon the ground:

Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat.

I give this line in the original language to oblige my learned readers, by the advice of a friend to whom I communicated my thoughts upon the subject, and by whom I am told the literal translation is, "She, unwilling to look up, kept her eyes fixed upon the ground." The translators I have seen, misled by imagining Virgil so exact a copier of Homer that he makes Dido as proud and as sullen as Ajax, have constantly given the turn of haughtiness and contempt to the whole behaviour of the Tyrian queen. In this they are, in all probability, mistaken; the passage is a delicate and

tacit implication of conscious guilt; which, upon all occasions, is observed to be remarkably apparent by downcast eyes, and by the silence of a distracted and uneasy mind, whose horrible sensations dread to give themselves utterance.

The modern annotators have run into the same error: and Doctor Trapp, in pointing out the several imitations of Homer throughout the sixth Æneid, particularly mentions the sullen silence of Ajax, transferred to that of Dido. Give me leave to differ from him, and to observe that the chief beauty consists, in turning the proud and sullen silence of Ajax, into the confusion and speechless horror of Dido. Guilt stopped her tongue. She stood self-condemned before the chaste priestess of Apollo. She was convinced that no subterfuges, no pretence of marriage (arts which she practised in her life time), could be prevalent, or could deceive the Cumæan prophetess.

Æneas supplicates, and, with great eloquence, addresses the unhappy queen; who, incapable of hearing one word he says, becomes, for some time, motionless and inanimate; not from rage, that must have had another effect; but from the misery she feels in being in the front and personal view of a woman whose conduct was a reproach to frailty; and, therefore, to me Virgil

seems evidently to imply that Dido's guiltiness had in a manner turned her into stone, and rendered her as deaf as flint or marble. Doctor Trapp's translation takes in the whole passage sufficiently to let the English reader see the foundation upon which I have chosen to build this new superstructure:

> With tears and blandishments, Æneas sooth'd;
> She bends her eyes averse upon the ground.
> And by his speech begun, is mov'd no more
> Than a hard flint, or fix'd Marpesian rock.

But I have still a farther discovery to propose, which, I believe, has hitherto escaped all the annotators. Flight was the immediate resource of Dido, as soon as she recovered herself from the tumultuous impulse of shame and surprise:

> Then, where the woods their thickest shades display,
> From his detested sight she shoots away:
> There from her dear *Sichæus*, in the grove,
> Found all her cares repaid, and love return'd for love.
>
> PITT.

Her flight into the most recluse part of the Elysian woods, seems to be a confirmation of what I have already advanced: guilt always seeking gloom and solitude, and being particu-

larly desirous to hide itself from the sight of eminent merit, or unspotted virtue. But this is not my point. I imagine that I see the particular drift of Virgil in hastening her away to Sichæus. The affrighted queen dreaded that the Trojan prince and the Phœnician monarch might meet; the sight of Æneas, the successor to his nuptial bed, must have been more irksome to Sichæus, than the sight of Pygmalion, the successor to his throne. He might possibly forgive the injuries done to himself, but he never could have forgiven the injurious treatment to his consort. Had the two princes met, their altercations must have run high, and the Cumæan Sibyl, the dread object of Dido's sight, must have interposed. The cunning queen therefore shews great presence of mind. She prevents Sichæus from coming towards her, by hastening to find him, and then detains him at a distance from Æneas, by all the enticing blandishments of connubial love.

I must look upon this hint which Virgil has given us, as a particular beauty, and as one of the many instances of delicacy and address in the Mantuan poet, who, although perspicuous and noble in the great and important parts of his Æneid, never fails to glance obscurely, and to touch lightly upon such natural minute pas-

sages, as by too full an explanation might lose their dignity, be improper, or give offence.

As I look upon myself to be a kind of Sibyl, I hope these observations may not be thought out of character, or be unacceptable to the public; especially as an author who does not shew some turn towards criticism is esteemed little better than an ignorant gamester, who knows not how to shuffle his cards.

OLD MAID, No. 8.

No. XCVIII.

> But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
> Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
> Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
> A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
> Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
> Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green,
> Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
> And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
>
> POPE.

Madam,

As the incomparable authors of the Spectators did not think it beneath them to criticise Chevy Chase, and the Children in the Wood, and condescended to the labour of drawing forth the natural and beautiful thoughts in those antiquated pieces, which had long lain buried under the rubbish of rustic and unmusical language; I hope it will not be unacceptable either to you or your readers, that I offer to your observation the following song from a play of Beaumont and Fletcher, in which the images are not only fancied with the greatest beauty, strength, and propriety, but are heightened with all the colouring and ornament of the most exquisite poetry; and the versification, allowing for the distance of time, surprisingly smooth and har-

monious even to modern ears, though accustomed to the studied correctness of these latter days:

> Hence all ye vain delights,
> As short as are the nights
> Wherein you spend your folly;
> There's nought in this life sweet,
> If men were wise to see't,
> But only melancholy;
> O sweetest melancholy!
> Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
> A sigh that piercing mortifies,
> A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
> A tongue chain'd up, without a sound.
>
> Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
> Places which pale passion loves;
> Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
> Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls.
> A midnight bell, a parting groan,
> These are the sounds we feed upon;
> Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
> Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely melancholy.

It is, I think, almost impossible for the strongest and most lively imagination, to draw a design more truly picturesque than is contained in the four last lines of the first stanza; and I could wish to see it executed by our British Rosalba, who has an uncommonly happy turn for this characteristic style of painting. As I am writing to a lady, and am a constant

advocate for, and zealous admirer of, the softer sex, I shall make no apology for stepping a little out of my path, to do honour to myself by mentioning one who is so excellent in an art which has hitherto in England, and almost every where else, been confined entirely to ourselves, or at least has been only practised by a few ladies for their private amusement.

But to return to my subject. The last stanza is also beautifully imagined: I think I can discover that Rowe, in the despairing speech of Calista, had this description in his eye, though he varied from it in many circumstances: but I shall produce an imitator, who does our author much greater honour; and who, by catching the divine fire from this truly inspired ode, has paid it the highest compliment it could have received from mere mortality: the imitator I mean is Milton, who is supposed, by the late editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, and with great appearance of reason, to have taken the first hint of his Il Penseroso from this song: it must be allowed he has improved the plan, and carried it on to such a degree of perfection, as to make his poem one of the most finished in our language; but the first ground-work appears to be taken from this little lyric performance of our author's.

It may be no disagreeable task to compare them together; and I believe it will be found that the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher was not mistaken in his conjecture; since, if the resemblance in the sentiment appears, on examination, strongly striking, and the very expression sometimes almost the same, it is more reasonable to suppose an author of Milton's universal reading, who must have seen this beautiful song, took the first hint of his Il Penseroso from it, than that two poets should exactly, from mere accident, hit upon the same thoughts, and almost clothe them in the same language. I beg leave to give from Milton the passages most apparently similar, that the resemblance may be seen in the strongest point of view.

Il Penseroso begins thus:

> Hence vain deluding joys,
> The brood of folly without father bred:
> How little you bested,
> Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
> Dwell in some idle brain,
> And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
> As thick and numberless,
> As the gay motes that people the sun beams;
> Or likest hovering dreams,
> The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train:
> But hail thou goddess sage and holy,
> Hail divinest Melancholy!

The imitation of Beaumont and Fletcher in these lines is too obvious to be overlooked, if we compare them with the first seven lines of the song: and I think we may safely conclude, Milton had them here in his eye; but he immediately starts away, and his divine genius hurries him into the unbounded fields of fancy, where he makes such noble excursions as convince us he wanted no hints, though he had modesty enough to take them from authors, who, with all their merit, were much his inferiors.

There is another passage in which the likeness is too strong, at least in my judgment, to be accidental, though not so very striking as in that before quoted. I submit it to my readers:

> Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
> A sigh that piercing mortifies,
> A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
> A tongue chain'd up, without a sound.

The passage in Milton is so beautiful, that I will venture to give it whole, as I can plead Mr. Addison's example for the liberty, though only a part of it has any relation to my comparison:

> Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
> Sober, stedfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn:
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thy eyes:
There in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

I am far from intending, in this comparison, any disrespect to the memory of Milton, whose genius was above all praise; and who, in this very poem, and its companion L'Allegro, if he had written nothing else, has displayed such extensive powers of imagination, as would have given him a place among the foremost of the sons of Phœbus: but great as my reverence for Milton is, it must not take place of my regard for truth.

It is, I think, no vulgar praise to this small well-polished gem, that it will bear being viewed in the same light with Il Penseroso, without losing its radiance: and that such a writer as Milton should think it worthy imitation, is a proof of merit infinitely beyond any thing I can say in its praise.

It is impossible, I think, to point out all the beauties of this little ode, unless we were to examine every line separately; for there appears to me scarce a sentence that is not conceived in the real sublime spirit of poetry; truth, nature, and simplicity, the most animated fire, and the most studied correctness, are conspicuous through the whole; and all your readers, who have, at any time in their lives, felt the influence of this sober goddess, will, I am sure, acknowledge, that nothing can be more justly imagined, or executed in a more masterly manner.

For my own part, madam, I will own to you, that I have long been a votary to this pensive power, which may possibly be the reason why this ode strikes my imagination so forcibly; I lost, seven years since, a wife I adored, in all the bloom of youth and beauty: whose dear remembrance, even at this distance of time, calls the sacred drops of sorrow into my eyes. The world has now no joys for me; and since I have been thus unhappily deprived of the soft companion of my hours, I have preferred

> Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
> Places which pale passion loves,

to all the hurry of cities and pomp of courts.

I can say with the strictest truth, that to me,

Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

I am, madam, with the sincerest wishes for the continuance of your success,

Your very humble Servant,

T. W.

OLD MAID, No. 12.

Milton has not only imitated this exquisite song in the Nice Valour, or Passionate Madman, of Beaumont and Fletcher; but he has also taken some of his imagery, and, in some degree, the measure of his versification, from a poem prefixed to Burton's Anatomie of Melancholy, entitled "The author's Abstract of Melancholy," which was probably written about the year 1600. It consists of twelve stanzas, of which I shall present my reader with the first six.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things fore-known,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen;
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den;
With discontents and furies then,
A thousand miseries at once,
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then there, the world is mine,
There beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes,
Doleful outcries, and fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damn'd as melancholy.

BURTON'S ANATOMY, eighth edition, 1676.

No. XCIX.

> Sudden she storms! she raves! you tip the wink:
> But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
>
> Pope.

Madam,

In one of your former papers you were pleased to point out to us some latent beauties in Virgil, which I confess never occurred to me till I saw them illuminated by your pen. You have given us a noble example, in searching into the hidden treasures of a classic author, who never can be admired too much, or read too often. If the Roman poet has been blamed for the improper sullen conduct of Dido, he has also undergone very severe censures for his treatment of queen Amata, the wife of the good Latinus, and mother of the fair Lavinia. "What an ignominious death," exclaims the critic, "has Virgil assigned the queen of Latium? She hangs herself. Where was the bowl of poison, or the golden-hilted dagger? either of which might have sustained her royal character, and sent her with dignity to the lower world. Master Cotton of the Peake has humorously ridiculed the catastrophe of Amata,

by sending the celebrated queen of Carthage, in the same manner, to the mansions of the dead:"

> ———She mounts the table,
> Because, though tall, she was not able
> To reach the halter, that must tie
> Her fast to doleful destiny:
> And having, like too apt a scholar,
> Thrust her plump neck into the collar,
> * * * * * * *
> * * * * * &c.
> Thus, thus (quoth she) to shades of night
> I go, and thus I take my flight.
> With that she from the table swung
> And happy 'twas the rope was strong.

I should never be forgiven by the admirers of this species of wit, if I here omitted to give the lines which describe the release of Dido from the fatal noose, by the many-coloured maid:

> O Dido! thus I let thee loose
> From twitch of suffocating noose;
> Which said, and tossing high her blade,
> With great dexterity, the maid,
> O wonderful! even at one side blow
> Spoil'd a good rope, and down dropp'd Dido.

But to all outcries of the critics, and to all such poor attempts as those of Cotton, Scarron,

and all the buffoon writers that have already appeared or ever shall exist, give me leave to answer by asserting, that their whole force united can never in the least degree wound the fame or sully the brightness of Virgil. But their fate will be the same as that rash fool, who by shooting his arrows frequently at the sun, soon became so blind that he could not distinguish day-light.

The low, inconsiderate, hasty manner, in which Amata puts an end to her own life, seems to carry in it as fine a moral, and as delicate satire, as ever was conceived in poetry. Let us consider the character of that queen, and we must then allow, that the meanest catastrophe suited her, and was almost the inevitable consequence of her ill conduct. Let me not offend your delicacy, Mrs. * * * *, nor the delicacy of your fair readers, if I affirm that the chief characteristic of Amata, and the only particular very distinguishable in her, is her devotion to the jolly god; her majesty seldom appears but under the full influence of his inspiration, and is generally, to use the language of inferior mortals, half seas over. The imperceptible progress of this detestable failing (I wish to give it the mildest appellation) is described distantly,

but most exactly, by the Swan of Mantua, in the picture which he gives us of Alecto; an immortal being, whom I really suppose to be the true and genuine goddess of drams:

> Unfelt the monster glides through every vest,
> And breathes the secret poison in her breast;
> Now like a fillet round her temples roll'd.
>
> PITT.

Can there be a more exact, or a more pointed description of the effects of the liquor? It slides down her throat into her bosom, and from thence rises into her head. You will permit me, madam, to quote Pitt or Dryden, as I deem either of them most answerable to the original, or clearest in conveying what I suppose to have been Virgil's original intent.

When Amata has swallowed down enough of the poison to give her courage, and not a sufficient quantity to take away her speech, she attacks her easy husband, and, if I may make use of a very low but very expressive phrase, "she gives him his own:"

> At first the silent venom slid with ease,
> And seiz'd the cooler senses by degrees;
> Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
> In plaintive accents she began the war,
> And thus bespoke her husband.
>
> DRYDEN.

Talking gave, as indeed it never fails to give, new force and vigour to the liquor. I have known several of my friends, by the help only of two glasses of wine, talk themselves into a state of ebriety. Liquids have the same consequences, I presume, madam, in your sex, as in ours. Effects never deviate from their causes: and the intoxicated Amata, who began in a maudlin manner, soon rose into a more furious strain; but I will not trouble you with too many quotations. The Latian queen, finding that what she said rather moved the grief than roused the anger of Latinus, quitted him, and rushed franticly into the street, having, in all probability, stopped a moment at the favourite royal cabinet, to which, for the sake of dignity, I dare not give the appellation of a corner cupboard:

> But now the spreading poison fir'd the whole,
> Ev'n to the last recesses of her soul.
> In her wild thoughts a thousand horrors rise,
> And fierce and madding through the streets she flies.
>
> PITT.

Then follows a simile, which if it were not a most apt allusion to Amata's wild state of mind, might not indeed appear sufficiently exalted for an epic poem:

So the gay striplings lash in eager sport
A top, in giddy circles round a court;
In rapid rings it whirls, and spins aloud,
Admir'd with rapture by the blooming croud;
From ev'ry stroke flies humming o'er the ground,
And gains new spirits as the blows go round.

PITT.

My thoughts were so attentive to the aptness of this simile, that I had almost transcribed the last line, "as the glass goes round." Let us examine the justness of the image. A drunken person kept up by the strength and repeated assistance of spirituous liquors, can scarce be more minutely described than by a top, sustained entirely from the lashes of constant whipping. The top, if the lashes cease, reels, and is in the utmost danger of falling. But what are the highest effects of those lashes; the same as the effects of strong liquors. The top having jumped about, not from a proper agility of its own, but by the force impelled upon it, falls asleep, and snores most lethargically loud. The moment the sleep is at an end, the wooden body requires more lashes; otherwise, with an awkward kind of rumbling noise, it waddles, reels, and tumbles headlong to the ground. By such a similitude, Virgil's strokes of satire, which are always hid with the utmost caution

and bashfulness, appear most emphatically adapted to the mark at which they aim. But the poet, in so conspicuous a character as Amata's, thinking it necessary to become less mysterious, unfolds the hints that he has already given us, by shewing the queen openly and indecently devoted to Bacchus:

> She flies the town, and, mixing with a throng
> Of madding matrons, bears the bride along.
> Wand'ring thro' woods and wilds, and devious ways,
> And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
> She feign'd the rites of Bacchus, cried aloud,
> And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
> Evœ, O Bacchus, thus began the song;
> And Evœ, answered all the female throng.
> O virgin worthy thee alone! she cried;
> O worthy thee alone! the crew replied.
>
> DRYDEN.

The meaning of these lines, and of some other immediately subsequent, seems very obvious. The queen, after having exposed herself to an amazing degree in town, resolved to pursue her bacchanalian revels more at leisure, and less publicly, in the country. She withdrew to some distance from the city, and carried with her the princess her daughter. As soon as the place of her retirement was known, she was followed by a numerous set of courtiers of her

own sex: and then the poet proceeds to tell us, that her majesty, and the Latian ladies, were guilty of excesses, which, from his description, must evidently have been inspired by the strength and potency of wine. They sung, they shouted, they danced, and practised every frantic wildness, that suggested itself to their thoughts and inventions. But what rendered the indecency still greater, was, their pranks being executed under the mask of religion, and the affectation of rites due to a God. After such a scene of immorality, it was highly proper in the poet to bring the chief actress to a shameful and uncommon exit. The catastrophe is described by Dryden in a very masterly and pathetic manner:

> Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
> The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air;
> She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
> And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will;
> She raves against the gods, she beats her breast,
> She tears with both her hands her purple vest:
> Then round a beam a running noose she tied,
> And fasten'd by the neck, obscenely died.

Here we see the horrors and the effects of a guilty conscience; blasphemy, despair, and an untimely death. The objection still lies against the poet, in having delineated the cha-

racter of a lady, and more especially of a queen, in the odious light of ebriety. The objection might have weight, if, in the opposite scale, we did not consider that Amata had in the most violent manner, declared herself against Lavinia's marriage with Æneas; the supposed and acknowledged ancestor of Julius and Augustus Cæsar. What higher compliment could Virgil pay to his imperial patron, than to represent the Latian queen, and all those of her friends and followers, who were determined against the Trojan alliance, as a set of frantic, mad, intoxicated creatures, averse to every wholesome counsel, regardless of sacred prophecies, and even disobedient to the dictates of oracles, and the venerable declarations of the gods.

But I suspect that the poet had still a farther view. He wrote his Æneid at a time when luxury, and its companion intemperance, were at their meridian height in the court of Augustus. I cannot help being tempted to infer, that Virgil aimed, not only at describing the general bad effects of bacchanalian mysteries in the female sex, but at exposing the madness and follies which the Roman ladies were guilty of in particular, by too violent a devotion to the son of Semele. It may be difficult positively to determine, whether or not the Mantuan poet

intended such a particular piece of tacit satire, but it is certain that ebriety must ever draw upon itself the severest and most shocking catastrophe, ill health, ill humour, a painful death, or suicide.

I could wish, madam, in the pursuit of your paper, that you, who are a water drinker, would give us some animadversions upon an evil, from which the present age is not totally exempt.

Permit me to subscribe myself, with the most perfect devotion,

Mrs. * * * *'s constant reader,
Servant, and admirer,
JOHANNES AMATISSIMUS.

OLD MAID, No. 11.
OLD MAID, No. 23.

No. C.

——Veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas.
Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepidéve putetur, sed quia nuper.
HOR.

——Their ancients lavishly they raise
Above all modern rivalship of praise.
I feel my honest indignation rise,
When, with affected air, a coxcomb cries,
T e work, I own, has elegance and ease,
But sure no modern should presume to please.
FRANCIS.

Sir,

I KNOW the importance of an author to himself is so very great, that he looks upon it as absolutely necessary, that the public should be informed of every particular circumstance relating to his body or mind; as, for instance, at what hour he goes to bed, on which side he composed himself to sleep; whether his slumbers were interrupted, and, above all, the purport of his dreams, for dreams descend from Jove. This practice, I believe, is perfectly just; but I hope Mr. Ranger will not monopolise dreaming, and that he will give an occasional writer the liberty of communicating to the public how he passed the night. My hopes of

succeeding in this request are the more sanguine, as the intellectual scene, of which I mean here to give some account, was occasioned by a perusal of a vision of your own, in which you describe a Sacrifice to the Graces.

The images which that piece excited in my fancy, incorporated, if I may so call it, with the ideas that have been uppermost in my waking thoughts for some time past; and I imagined, in my sleep, that there was a general election in Parnassus, for proper members to represent the Republic of Letters. It seems, Apollo was induced, by frequent murmurs and complaints, to dissolve his parliament; some malcontents among the moderns being of opinion, that the ancients had arbitrarily voted themselves perpetual dictators of wit; whereas, upon a free uninfluenced election, they believed themselves capable of returning a larger number than the said ancients. The party for the moderns was led on by Monsieur De la Motte, Perrault, and Wotton; the two former were vigorously opposed by Boileau and Madame Dacier, and the latter by Mr. Pope and Dr. Swift. Swift ordered a new edition of his Battle of the Books to be published forthwith, and Pope took occasion to reprint his Essays and Criticisms upon Homer. The old and new interest were the words by

which each party signified their attachments; and reams of lampoons, acrostics, and rebusses, were issued out by the moderns, which were all answered by epigrams, fables, and burlesque pieces, written by the friends of the ancients.

At length the writs were issued out to the proper officers to choose representatives for the several counties and borough-towns in Parnassus; some places, by poetic licence, having leave to return as many members as could fairly prove a qualification. Homer and Virgil were declared for epic poetry; Milton was set up by the encouragement of several friends, and they were all three accordingly chosen. Homer had four and twenty upon the poll, and Virgil twelve; Milton, by an assessment a little before the election, created two new votes, by which he also reached the number twelve, and Virgil was so modest, that he made no objection to it. Tasso and Sir Richard Blackmore were declared candidates, but the former was proved to have bribed with false ware and tinsel, and the latter could not make out a qualification.

In the regions of tragedy, Sophocles and Euripides joined interests, and Aristotle undertook to canvass for them; but Shakspeare carried it by a great majority: Corneille and Racine stood next upon the list, but a scrutiny was

demanded in favour of the old interest, upon a suspicion that several copy-holders had polled for the moderns, and the new interest employed some French critics to go through their answer; it was thought it will at last end in a double return: and it was farther said, that Otway and Rowe would be declared duly elected. Dryden and Lee joined interests, and though many gay and flighty persons were very warm in their cause, their schemes were looked upon, by the cool and judicious, as rather too wild and romantic. The French critics threatened, that at some future election, they should be able to make more members, being resolved to put up Crebillon and Voltaire, even against Shakspeare, to which end several libels against the last-mentioned genius were already drawn up by Voltaire.

In the comic territories the ancients lost their election by a very great majority; Moliere, Ben Jonson, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, being declared duly elected. Shakspeare was made an honorary member for this quarter, and was universally allowed to be a representative of both places. Dryden found means, by the assistance of a Spanish friar, to insinuate himself into this place; and it was given out, that when Colley Cibber arrives here, he will put up

as a person duly qualified, though it is apprehended that his quarrel with Pope has deprived him of several votes.

The new interest exulted greatly upon their conquest in the last election, and, in order to complete their triumph, proceeded farther into the regions of humour and ridicule. Homer was here again put up by Aristotle, who urged the Margites as a sufficient claim; but, the writings of that estate being lost, he was obliged to decline the poll. After this, an advertisement was published, desiring all the votes and interest of all the true sons of merriment, for Aristophanes, Menander, Plautus, and Terence, who had just lost their election in another place; Lucian set up on his own interest. The moderns declared Cervantes, Rabelais, Swift, and Butler, joint candidates, being all gentlemen heartily attached to true wit and humour. Votes were also solicited for several other personages; Monsieur la Sage, Scarron, Marivaux, and Addison, were strongly recommended; but the latter being returned, in conjunction with Terence and La Sage, for the borough of Polite Mirth, Sir Richard Steele appeared on the hustings, and withdrew his friend's name. Swift mixed with the lower sort of people; joked with the women about their dressing-rooms, and re-

published his account of the Strange Man just arrived in Town. Rabelais contributed a good deal to the general mirth. Cervantes occasionally gave vent to a vein of low humour; but Lucian could not make himself universally understood, and many of his turns did not allude to modern-practised life. Scarron got together a company of strollers, and exhibited entertainments in booths, with great success. Ward, Concanen, and Tom Brown, offered themselves on this occasion, but were rejected with contempt. At length the books were closed, and Lucian, Cervantes, Butler, and Swift, were declared duly elected, at which the managers for the new interest were highly inflamed: they lodged a petition in favour of Rabelais; but such a vein of extravagance runs through the whole, *and some passages are worked up into such a strain of unintelligible frolic, that it was generally* supposed it would be given against him. However, his friends were determined to bring him in for an inferior borough, and Scarron and Marivaux were also assured of their election. Whenever Fielding shall arrive to his estate in this part of Parnassus, there is a borough ready to elect him.

To have so many moderns chosen for the last division, was highly agreeable to the new

interest; they were, however, a good deal dejected at the election for history, for which the contest was ineffectual; Thucydides, Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus being chosen by a great majority. Faminianus Strada endeavoured to hurt the election of the last-mentioned writer, in order, as it was thought, to substitute himself; but peers being allowed to appear at elections in Parnassus, Lord Bolingbroke gave all his interest to Tacitus, and assured him that his works were of infinite use in all his political tracts. Sallust recommended St. Real, an approved French historian, to a borough. Julius Cæsar was put up without his consent, a literary fame not being the object of his ambition; Lord Clarendon was for a long time decried by a party, but was at last declared duly elected.

Demosthenes and Cicero harangued from the hustings, and were unanimously chosen for oratory: and it was thought that some who have made a conspicuous figure in the British parliaments would be admitted to the honour of a seat with those immortal geniusses. A party of Frenchmen endeavoured to make a stand, upon the strength of some certain funeral orations, but in a few hours they found themselves greatly out-polled.

Horace, Boileau, Dryden, and Pope, were made the representatives of Satyr; Juvenal and Persius having set up for places upon their own separate interests. As soon as the election was over Mr. Pope, thanked the constituents for the honour conferred upon him, and signified his inclination to take his seat for Ethics, to which he was recommended by the Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, and the voters came to a resolution to fill up the vacancy by putting up the famous doctor Young, though in his absence.

Lord Bacon and Mr. Locke were returned for real and useful philosophy, at which Aristotle was violently enraged. He was, however, somewhat comforted to find himself the first on the poll for criticism; Longinus, Quintilian, and Bohours, were also declared duly elected. There was a great number of Boroughs in this county, most of which were represented by Frenchmen, the chief of whom was the Abbe du Bos, author of the Reflections upon Poesy and Painting. Mr. Addison was also returned in this district; but being previously chosen, he thanked the voters in general, and told them they would not be at a loss for a proper representative for that place, whenever the author of the Polymetis should be willing to stand the poll.

In the regions of miscellaneous poetry Dryden had an offer from almost every place; Spencer was elected for a borough, said to be over-run with witches and fairies; in pastoral, Ambrose Phillips exerted his utmost interest; but it was said, that Mr. Pope, though he did not choose to be the representative himself, had resolved to hinder Phillips from coming in. Virgil thanked the country people for the offers made to himself, expatiated on rural happiness, and said he should always be a lover of woods and rivers; but begged leave to recommend in his room Vaniere, writer of the Prædium Rusticum, and the late Mr. James Thomson, author of the Seasons.

Æsop, Phædrus, La Fontaine, and Gay, were chosen for the fabulous country, where a new party was springing up for the author of the Fables for the Female Sex, and also for the Fables lately addressed to the Prince of Wales.

With these proceedings the new interest had no reason to be dissatisfied, though they were highly disappointed in several places. However, they were determined to keep up their spirits, with a shew of a general victory. I fancied their acclamations of joy were so loud on

the occasion, that I was awaked from my dream.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

Oxford, June 7, 1754.

J. NIGHTMARE.

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, No. 86.

The lapse of half a century has in no departments of this critical dream made greater alterations, in favour of the moderns, than in those appropriated to History and Criticism, even if we restrict ourselves to the consideration of mere English literature. The names of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, of Henry, Gillies, and Mitford, in the former, and of Johnson and the two Wartons in the latter, of these provinces, will amply vindicate the justness of this remark.

END OF VOL. II.

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